AND

# FABLES.

By JOHN DRYDEN, Efq; Late POET LAUREAT.

Now First Published together.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

To which is prefix'd,

An Account of his LIFE and WRITINGS.

#### CHARMAN TO SERVING TO

DUBLIN:

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# RARIES.



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And Account of the LIFE coll.

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For Wintell Englisher at the Horarist
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JOHN DRYDEN, Elq.

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the Amies Altrob He: "The Year of Wonders 1666.

OHN DRYDEN, one of the most eminent English Poets of the seventeenth Century, was descended of a worthy Family in Huntington bire, often ferving as Representatives for that County. He was Son of Erajmus Dryden of Tichmersh in Northamptonshire third Son of Erasmus Dryden of Canons Albby in the same County Baronet. He was born at Oldwincle or Aldwincle near Oundle in that County, August the 9th 1631, and educated in Grammar Learning in Westminster School under Dr. Richard Busby, being one of the King's Scholars upon the Royal Foundation, as he tells us himfelf in an Advertisement prefixed to his Translation of the Third Satyr of Perflus, where he observes, that he had translated that Satyr, while he was at that School, for a Thursday-Night's Exercise, and believed that this and many other of his Exergifes of that, Nature in English. Verse were stillin the Hands of Dr. Bushy. While he was here likewise in 1649 he wrote a Roem up-In Dryden and Sir Wilk AD avenant. The comi-

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on the Death of the Lord Hastings; and the Year following was elected thence a Scholar of Trinity College in the University of Cambridge. In 1658he published Heroic Stanza's on the late Lord Protector: written after bis Funeral; and in 1660 a Poem, intitled Aftran redux, a Poem on the hapby Restoration and Return of bis sacred Majesty Charles the Second; and a Panegric to the King on his Coronation the fame Year. On New-Year's-Day 1662 he presented a Poem to the Lord Chancellor Hyde. In 1665 he wrote a Poem to her Royal Highness the Dutchess on the memorable Victory gained by the Duke against the Hollanders, June the 3d' 1665 : and on ber four ney, afterwards in to the North; and the Year following he published. his Annus Mirabilis: The Year of Wonders 1666. An Historical Poem. In 1668, upon the Death of Sir William D'Avenant, he was made Poet Laureat, and the same Year published an Ellay of Dramatic Poely, London 1668 in 4to. In 1669 his Comedy, intitled, The Wild Gallant, was. acted at the Theatre Royal; after which he wrote a great Number of Dramatic Performances, which we hall give a Lift of in the Note , and which Mr. wiele near Oundle in that County, August time

He wrote a great number of Dramatic Performances, which we shall give a List of in the Note.] The Indian Emperor: or the Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards; being the sequel of the Indian Queen. London 1667 in 4to. The Dedication to Anne Dutchess of Monmouth and Bucclugh is dated October 12th 1676. Tyrannic Love: or the Royal Martyr, a Tragedy. London 1670 in 4to. He tells us in the Presace, that it was contrived and written in seven Weeks. The Tempest: or The Inchanted Gland, a Comedy. This Play was originally Shakespear's, and was altered by Mr. Dryden and Sir William D'avenant. The comical

Mr. Gerard Langhains has for the most part treated with great Severity, and represented our Poet as a Plagiary; upon which Account Mr. Langhains has

cal parts of the Sailors were of Sir William's invention, and for the most part of his writing. An Evening's Love, or The Mock Aftrologer, a Comedy. London 1671 in 4to. Secret Love: or the Maiden-Queen, a Tra-gedy. Amboyna, a Tragedy. London 1673 in 4to. Marriage a la mode, a Comedy. London 1673 in 4to. The Miffaken Husband, a Comedy. London 167; in 4to. Mr. Langbaine tells us, that our Poet " was not the Author of it, tho' it was adopted by " him, as an orphan, which might well deferve the " charity of a scene, which he believed on it." Anreng-zebe, a Tragedy. London 1676 in to. All for Love : or The World well loft, a Tragedy London 1678 in ato. The State of Innocence; or The Fall of Man, an Opera in Heroic Verfe. London 1678 in 4to. To this piece is prefixed an Apology for Heroic Poetry, and Poetic Licence. Mr. Nach, Lee in his Verfes to our Author upon this Opera has the following lines:

" To the dead Bard your fame a little owes, of ?

" For Milton did the wealthy mine disclose.

"And rudely cast what you could well dispose: J.
"He roughly drew on an old-festion'd ground,

" A chaos; for no perfect world was found,

" Till through the heap your mighty genius thin'd:

" He was the golden ore, which you refin'd."

But these lines will as Mr. Dryden himself observes, rather be esteemed the effect of Mr. Lee's Love to him, than his deliberate and sober judgment, seigned Isrocence; or Sir Martin Mar-all, a Comedy. London: 1678 in 4to. The Assignation: or Love in a Numery, a Comedy. London 1678 in 4to. The Conquests of Granada, in two parts. London 1678 in 4to. The the sirst part is presixed An Essay on Heroic Plays, and

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has been censured by the anonymous Writer of the Lives and Characters of the English Dramatic Poets; the Latter owns, that "Mr. Dryden has borrowed from the French, at the fame time that he seems to contemn them; unless it may be presented that he used them as "Virgil did Ennius of Sid, to extract Gold out of

to the latter he has fubjoined a Defence of the Epilogue, or an Effay on the Domatic Poetry of the last Age. Troilus and Confleda; or Truth found out too late, a Tragedy. London 1670 in 4to. This Play was originally written by Shakespear; but the Plot is new modelled by our Author. The Preface to it contains a Discourse concerning the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy. Oedipus, a Tragedy. London 1679 in 4to. It was written by Mr. Dryden in conjunction with M. N. Lee. Mr. Langbaine affirms, that " this Play " is certainly one of the best Tragedies we have, " the Authors having borrowed many ornaments, not " only from Sophocles, but also from Seneca." The Rival Ladies, a Tragi-Comedy. London 1670 in 4to. The kind Keeper: or Mr. Limberham, a Comedy. London 1680 in 8vo. This Play was fuffered to be acted but thrice. The Spanish Fryar : or The Double Discovery, a Tragi Comedy. The Epilogue faid to be suritten by a friend of the Author, is, as well as the Play, very fevere upon the Romish Clergy. The Duke of Guise, a Tragedy. London 1683 in 410 It was written by our Author in conjunction with Mr. Lee. Albim and Albanius, in Opera performed at the Queen's Theorie in Dorset-Garden. London 1685 in fol. In the Preface he tells us, that it was originally in-tended only for a Prologue to a Play of the nature of the Timpeli, and that " the subject of it is wholly al-"that it will no fooner be read than underflood."
Mr. Langbaine observes upon this, that "by the

of their Dung in For Linever found him feomi-" nices that Writery in any Theft indeed, but what he gave as news Lustre to when taken even from the best of the Ancients." The the sublines, but very variety the pathetet; for in all

man on the pedefial, who is drawn with a long, lean pale face, with fiends wings, and fnakes twitted round his body, and encompassed by several far " matical rebellious heads, who fuck poison from him, which run out of a tap in his side, is meant the " Lord Shaftfbury and his adherents." Don Sebastian King of Portugal, a Tragedy London 1690 in 4to. Amphytrion; or the two Sofias, a Comedy. London 1691 in sto. King Arthur : or The British Worthy, a Tragedy. London 1691 in 4to Cleone nes. the Spartan Heroe, a Tragedy! London 1692: in Atoria In the Preface he tells us, that it was then feven or eight years fince he defigned to write this Play. It was at first prohibited by the Lord Chame berlain to be acted but upon examination being found innocent of any defign to fatirize the Government, was fuffered to be represented, and had great success: He observes, that " a foolish objection was raised a gainst him by the sparks for Cleomenes not accept Sing the favours of Caffandra They would not "have refused a fair hady I grant, fays he, they would not ; but let them grant me, that they are throw Heroes 1 and formuch for the point of honour: A man might have pleaded an excuse for himself, if " he had been falle to an old wife, for the fake of a " young mistres; but Clears was in the flower of her " age, and it was yet but honey-moon with Cleomes the nes; and fo much for nature. Some have told me; Hithat many; of the fair few complain for want of tender frenes and foft expressions of love. I will "endeavour to make them fome amends, if I write "again's and my next Heree shall be no Spartan." Love triumphant; or Nature will prevail, a Tragi-Co. medyse London 1694 in 4touth and animal reserve fame

3 7000

Same Author likewise is of Opinion that our Poet's Dramatic Pieces, if we take our Standard of their Excellence from the Ancients, are the most incornect of any of his Productions. There is generally indeed the sublime, but very rarely the pathetic; for in all his Plays he has not touched Compassion above thrice, and that but weakly. Terror he has often hit on: Mt. Gilden has also criticised upon his Tragedies b.

S which run out of a tap, in his dut, is thespt the

Lord Shalifoury and his adherants? Low be-Mr. Gildon alfo bas criticized upon his Tragedite. That Writer having observed, that Otway, who was a perfect mafter of the Tragic Passions, every where draws them with that natural simplicity recommended in the Duke of Buckinghamshire's Kifay on Postey, tells as, that Mr. Dryden, who affects a ouite different file, that flile which is condemned by the Effar, feldom or never touches the Paffions, at Leaft till he had left off in a great measure that uniformity of Diaton, that perpetual swelling, and " continual tropological expression, and endeavoured here and there more nearly to imitate nature, in a " just simplicity of the language. But this was not \* his natural inclination, nor a soad, that he was fond " of travelling, but only deviated foractimes into stiby a happy chance. That this was his true Guffe is " pretty plain from two inflances; the first is, that "when the Translation of Enripides was recommend-" ed to him, initead of that of Homer, he replied, " That be confessed that be bad no relife of that Port, " who was a mafter of the Tragic Simplicity. The "other is, that for the most part of his time he com-" monly expressed a very mean, if hot contemptible " opinion of Otway state at lafty especially him his " Preface to Freshoj, he declared in his favour and " yet even here he could not but throw in fame ex-" ceptions against his Distine? Mr. Gildon afterwards remarks, that pompens expression for give it me worfe

But perhaps his greatest Defects arose from his conforming nimitely to the popular taste ; and he tells us himself that his Spanish Friar was given to

worse a name) was brought into Tragedy soon after the Restoration by Mr. Dryden, and some other Poets, by subject they ded more injury to Tragedy than they did good to it by their nearer approaches to a regularity in other particulars: for that affectation of fine language (as they call it) and idle descriptions, leads the Poets from nature, which ought more to be their fludy, than those Dalilah's of the Stage, as Dryden calls them, which have given success to Plays above these fifty years, The occasion of Mr. Dryden's taking up this way was his great conversation with French Romantes, and little acquaintance with and relife of the time and beautiful

But perhaps his greatest defects arose from his con-forming himself to the popular take. The late Lord Landdowne has the following lines on this subject:

"Dryden himself, to please a frantic Age,

Was forc'd to let his judgment floop to rage:
To a wild audience he conformed his voice,

Comply'd to cultom, but not err'd thro choice.

Deem then the people's, not the writer's fin.

Almansor's rage, and rante of Maximin.

That fury igent, in each elaborate piece."

He vies for fame with antient Rome and Greece."

Mr. Gildon observes upon these Verses, that Mr. Dryden in one of his Prologues has those two lines:

He's bound so please, not to swrite well, and knows, There is a mode in Plays, as well as Cloaths.

Let the centurers of Mr. Dryden therefore, Jays Mr. "Gildon, be fatisfied, that where he has exposed " himself the People; and that he never wrote any thing to pleafe himself, but Anthony and Cleopatra. In 1671 he with some other Writers was ridiculed with great pleasantry in the Rehearsal a Comedy a.

himself to be critical, it has been only when he has endeavoured to follow the fashion, to humour others, and not to please himself. Mr. Dryden likewise centures himself in the following passage a I remember some Verses of my own, Maximin and Almanzar, subject cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance, which are, I hope, not many, is, that I knew they were had enough to please, even when I writ them. But I repent of them among my sins: and if any of their sellows intrude by chance into my present writing. I draw a stroke were all those Dalilah's of the Theatre, and an repliced I will settle myself no reputation by the applause of soots. Tis not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I storm as much to take it from half-writted judges, as I should to raise an estate by cheating of bubbles; neither do I discommend the losing site in Tragedy, which is naturally sompous and magnificent. But nothing is truly sublime, that is not sust and proper.

on the 7th of December 1071, and several times after printed in 4to. and the 4th edition was published in 1683. It is said, that the Duke of Buskingham in writing this Play had the assistance of Dr. Thomas Sprat, his Chaplain, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, Mr. Martin Clifford, Master of the Charter-House, and Mr. Samuel Busler, Author of Hudibras. Mr. Wood observes, that in this piece he satirizes Mr. Drydon, and several of his Plays: among which Mr. Langbaine particularly mentions the Conquest of Granada, Tyrannic Love, and Love in a Nunnery. Mr. Drydon tells us, that he answered not the Renearfal, because I knew, says he, the Author said to bimself,

JOHN BAYEN, EG

The Year following there was published the Hiller ry of Henry IV, Jurnamed the Great, King France and Navarre, Written originally in Fre by the Bishop of Rodez, once Tutor to his now most Christian Majesty; and made English by J. D. whom some have supposed to be our Poet; but it was probably John Damis of Kidwelly, a great Translator of that time. In 1673 his Conquest of Granada was attacked by Mr. Richard Leich 2 Player belonging to the Duke of York's Theatre, in a Pamphlet, intitled, a Censure on the Rota: on Mr. Dryden's Conquest of Granada, Oxford Pamphlets, particularly, The friendly Vindication of Mr. Dryden from the Centure of the Rota. Cambridge 1673, in 4to. Mr. Dryden windledsted in a Reply to the Friendly Vindication of Mr. Dryden with Reflections on the Rota. London 1673, in 4to, and A Description of the Academy. of the Athenian Virtuel, with a Discourse beld there in Vindication of Mr. Dryden's Conquest of Granada against the Author of the Censure of the Rota. London 167.35 in 4to. Mr. Elkanab Settle likewise activitied on this Play of our Au-Too Lin ato, which was supposed by Mr. Settle to be written by Mr. Dryden in exclanelion with Mr. Thomas

notion be dress the pitture, and was the very Rays of his sound forces because also I knew, that my betters were more concerned than I was implied Says and lastly beause MA Smith and Men Johnson, the main pilled soft is source to be such languishing Gentleman is about their convergence of their source of their of their and pleasure when the town.

Mr. Elkanah Settle Ilkewise criticized on this

Play of our Author. 1 Mr. Settle having written a ne being of our Author. 1 Mr. Settle having written a ne being a le enclus la ever a rew ere a Togety.

Tragedy, intitled, The Empress of Morocco, London 1673 in 4to, it was attacked in a Pamphilet intitled, Notes and Objervations on The Empres of Morocco's or fome for Errata's to be printed inflead of the Stulp tures worth the feethed Edictor of that Ping. Loud 1674 in 4to, which was supposed by Mr. Settle to be written by Mr. Dryden in conjunction with Mr. Thomas Shadwell and the Author of Pandire and Amphigmia. Upon this Me. Settle wrote Notes and Observations on The Empsels of Morocco revised with four fow Erraand s to be printed infload of the Rollforige, with the ment Building The Conquest of Granada, London 1694 in veral of Mr. Dryden's Plays , presimilarly the fielt, and Josoud part of the Conquest of Granada By H. Settle Gent. s this 160 the published by Abialom and Achien-There were several editions of it printed in a hort Duke of Buckingbam under the character of Zince, it occasioned a Story that his Grace had produced him to be beaten; but this as Mr. Wood affaces us was false; since the Duke only wrote or exulate to be written Reflections on that Poem. The same Year he likewise published his Poem, intitled The Medal, a Satyr against Sedition. By the

fort time; and commendatory veries written to the then unknown and concealed Anthon of it by Mr. No. thaniel Lee, Mr. Richard Duke, and Mr. N. Tates It was translated into Latin by Mr. William Coward, afterwards an eminent Physician in Loudon, and printed at Oxford 1682 in 410; and by Mr. Francis Attesbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, in conjunction with Mr. Francis Hickman, and printed at Oxford the fame year in sto. In the Preface to the Second Pury of this Poem, reprinted in the Miscellers Poems published by Mr. Dryden, we are informed, that our Antho undertook the first Part of this Poem in 1680 were to defire of King Charles II; and that the performance was applauded by every one; and that several perso prefing him to write a fecond Part, he upon declining it, himlelf, tooke to Mr. Tate to write one, and pave his his advice in the direction of it; and that past beginning

most certainly to provoke the rabble into thundle and disorders, third and disorders, third and the Play, and affects, that our Poets

Province was to corrupt the missners of the Saibas bas

Lay woods their morals ; and that his endeavent wow work bay Alat All Mat Al

containing near two hundred verses, were entirely of Mr. Drudes's composition, besides some touches in other places. In answer to the fest Past was published drawing and Hashai a Form. London 1682 in an laid to be written by Mr. Elkanah Sertles.

Author

his Religio Linici was printed; and the Near following the Tragedy of The Duke of Guife, written by him and Mr. Nathahiel Les, gave great of fence to the Whigs, and was attacked by feveral Writers. In the reign of James II he recon-

His Poem, intitled, The Medal, a fatyr against Bedition.] It was written upon occasion of a Medal struck on account of the indictment against Anthony Barl of Shaftsbury being found Ignoranus by the Grand Jury at the Old Bailey London in November 1681. Mr. Elkanah Settle wrote in answer to this Poem another, intitled, The Medal revers'd. London 1661 in 4to.

The Tragedy of the Duke of Guile. This Play was immediately attacked in a Pamphlet, intitled, A Defence of the Charter and Municipal Rights of the City of London, and the Rights of other Municipal Cities and Towns of England. Directed to the Citizens of London. By Thomas Hunt. London in 4to. In this Piece Mr. Ffunt tells us, that the Charter and City of London were already condemned, and the Ma-giffrates executed in effigy in Mr. Dryden's Dake of Guife, to frequently acted and applauded, intended " most certainly to provoke the rabble into tumults " and disorders:" He then makes leveral remarks upon the defign of the Play, and afferts, that our Poet's Province was to corrupt the manners of the nation, and lay waste their merals; and that his endeavours were more bappily applied to extinguish the little remains of the wirtue of the age by bold impleties, and befooling Religion by impious and inept chimes ; to confound wirtue and wice, good and will, and leave us without conferences.
About the fame time were printed likewise come Reflections upon the Pretended Parallel in the Play called, The Duke of Guife. London 1683 in 4to. The Muthor of this Pamphlet tells us that he was wearied with

#### JOHN DRYDEN, E/q; wir

the dulues of this Play, and extreamly incomfed at the wicked and barbarous defign it was intended for , and that the fiercest " Tonies have; been ashamed of this " Piece;" in short that he " never faw any thing " that could be called a Play, more deficient in " wit, good character, or entertainment than this " is." He remarks, that he was informed, that it was written by another Gentleman with an intention to expose the villany of the Papitts in the massacre at Paris; " and Mr. Bays himself, as of writing the flory of the Sicilian Vefpers, to lay " open the treacherous, inhuman, bloody principles of the Disciples of that Scarlet Whore. But he " is fince fallen from all modefly and good fenfe, and is not content, with his own devil-like fall, but like " old Satan, he tempts his friend, poisons and per-" verts his good intentions, and by his wicked management of the Play turns it from the honest aim of the first Author to so disholical an end, as methinks it should make a civil government bloth to suffer, or not to put the highest mark of infanty upon it. But it is observable, though this could not be acted as it was first written against the Papists, yet when it was turned upon Protestants it found reception. . . It is not enough, when he meets some of his old sequaintance (whom he knows to be of an opinion, which he once professed to be of, and much different from what he now pretends) that be thinks as they do Rill, but be mult write as " be does, be is put upon it, &c. For certainly most exemplary punishment is due to him for his devi-" lish parallel; and methinks Magistrates, that respect their oaths and office, should put the Law in execution against this lewd scribler." In answer to this
and Mr. Hunt's Pamphlet, Mr. Dryden published,
The Vindication: or the Parallel of the Pamph Holy
League, and the English League and Covenant, against into a Seditions Libel against the King and his Royal mest by Thomas Hunt and the Authors of the Reflections Auckor.

flections upon the pretended Parallel in the Play called The Date of Guife. London 1683 in 4to. In this Vindication he cells us, that in the year of the Reftoration the first Play he undertook was The Duke of Quife as the fairest way, which The Act of Indemnity had then last, of justing forth the rife of the late Reballion. As this was his first Essay, so it met with the forcuse of an unfinished Piece; that is to fay, it was damaed in private by the advice of fome friends to whom he showed it; who freely told him, that it was an excellent Subject, but not fo artificially wrought, as they could have wished. The fcene of the Duke of Guide's repara to Paris against the King's positive command was then written. He afterwards informs us, that it was at Mr. Lee's earnest defire, without any follicitation of our Author's, that this Play was produced betwint them; and that after the writing of Of sipus, he passed a promise to join with Mr. Lee in another; and he happened, fays Mr. Dryden, to claim the performance of shar promise just upon the finishing of a Point, when I would have been glad of a little pice before the undersaking of a ferond talk .... Two thirds of it belonged to bim; and then to me only the first scene of the Play, the whole fourth att, and the first balf or somewhat move of the 1996.

cited himself to the Church of Rome; and in 1686 wrote a Defence of the Papers written by the late.

Mr. Thomas Browne wrote upon this occasion, The Reasons of Mr. Bays's changing his Religion considered, in a Dialogue between Crites, Engenius, and Mr. Bays. London 1088 in sive sheets and a half in 4to. The same Writer afterwards published another Pamphlet, intitled, The Conwerts exposed: or the Reasons of Mr. Bays's changing his Religion considered, in a Dialogue. Part the second. London 1000 in 4to. There was another Pamphlet likewise written against our Author.

### JOHN DRYDEN, Eg; xix

late King of bleffed Memory, and found in his Grong.
Box \*, in Opposition to Dr. Edward Stillingfled's.
Answer to some Papers lately printed, concerning the Authority of the Catholic Church in Matters of Faith, and the Reformation of the Church of Englished.

Author, intitled, The Revolter: a Tragi-Comedy acted between the Hind and Panther, and Religio Laici. London 1687 in 4to. pag. 32.

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be The Defence of the Papers written by the late King of bleffed memory, and found in his firong box.] The Author of the Continuation of the present State of the Contropers, between the Church of England and the Church of Rome; being a full account of the Books that bare been of late written on bath fides, tells us, that this tract of Mr. Dryden "this very light, and in lone places even ridiculous, and which hews. " that the Author's talent lies towards controverly no " more in profe, than it appears by the Tring and "Panther, that it does in verfe." In this Place Mr. Dryden afferts, that the Church is more wighte than, Scripture, because the Scripture is feen by the Church, for which he brings St. Augustin's authority. And if by faying that the Scripture it in print, be understood, a thing out of question, then he demies it to be visible, that the Scripture is in print, because many men,
do call Scripture in question at this day; and to question
subether the Book in print he Scripture, is manifestly to
question subether Scripture be in print. He affirms like, wife, " that the Pillars of the Church established by "Law are to be found but broken flaffs by their own "concessions. For after all their undertaking to heal " a wounded conference, they leave their Profelytes fi-"have emptied the pockets of their patients, with, out curing them, fend them at last to Tunkridge, "Waters, of the air of Montpellier;" that we are reformed from the virtues of good living, i. c. from the

land. London 1686, in 4to. Upon which Dr. Stillingfleet published A Vindication of the Answer to same late Papers. London 1687, in 4to. In 1687

the devotions, mortifications, austerities, humility; and charity, which are practifed in Catholic Countries, by the example and precept of that lean mortified Apostle &. Martin Luther; that the Reformation in England was erected on the foundation of lust, sacrified, and usurpation; and that no paint is capable of making lively the hideous sace of the pretended

" Reformation,"

A Vindication of the Answer to some late Papers, &c.] The Author treats Mr. Dryden with fome leverity. If I thought, lays he, there were no fuch thing in the world as true Religion, and that the Priests of all Religions are alike, I might bave been as nimble a Convert; and as early a Defender of the Royal Papers, as any one of these Champions. For suby ould not one subo believes no Religion, declare for any? Mr. Dryden refers to this Vindication in the Preface. to his Hind and Panther; where he writes thus: " I refer myself to the judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late King's Papers and that of the Dutches (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been reprefented there. I am now informed both of the Author and Supervisors of his Pamphlet, and will reply when I think he can affront me; for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot ..... "He would have infingated to the world, that her " late Highnels died not a Roman Catholic., Hedeclares himself to be now fatisfied to the contrary > in which he has given up the cause; for matter of " fact was the principal debate betwirt as ... In the mean time he would dispute the motives of her-" change : how prepofteroully least men indge, when " he feemed to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up \$4.18

Poems,

1687 Mr. Dryden published his Hind and Panther A Pount; which was immediately attacked by Mr. Charles Montague's afterwards Earl of Hallifang and Mr. Matthew Prior, in a Pamphlet intitled The Hind and the Panther transversed to the Story of the Country-Mouse and the City-Moufe. London 1687, in 4to; and by Some Re-flections upon the Hind and Panther, subjoined " to a Pamphlet intitled Some Notes upon Mr. Dryden's Poems, in four Letters. By Mr. Clifford, lete Master of the Charter House London . London fudicions, centures, seu de tivo in au much teno-

pan " this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world, I can-" not argue. But he may as well infer that a Catho-" lic cannot faft, because the will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James, to confuse the Prote-

and by Some Reflections upon the Hind and Ranther ] This Author confiders the feveral points infifted on by Mr. Dryden in his Room, and for the fake of brevity and diffinction, he denominates them after this manner, and in this order: I. Transubstanarter this manner, and in this order: I. Transubstantiation. He Reformation. Itil. Infallibility. IV. Novelty and Schism. Vo. The pussive Church. He treats Mr. Dayden with great severity, and observed, that the Protifican Poets say, ghat Mr. Bays could never bave been as Author without stealing from Milton, and many others, that have been thelps for his wif to family out the stage limited herb many gradeboughts bath be stade his much can be phrasent in the Reheaffal, by transproting and transversing it as more be bopen, these areaments for Better many chase for his charges he have argumente for Pepery may paje for his, because he bath put them visto de unulual drefs, and bath thinged shen until his minimes no dad in Spank the traits, and bath thinged shen until his minimes no dad in Spank the traits, abbere us very lift-sle no fished outs in any Bank; that he hash spablished ble the nation and any mariallelled it ensures in exhibite Be exceptifies often all abbert Writeras 10001 at it extants of the complete states of the complete

Pocuas.

1687, in the Not long before this our Author was supposed to be engaged in translating Mon-ficur Varillar's History of Herbied 3; but this Translation never appeared in print, though in the

fed to the Stary of the Country-Mouse and the City. Forms, in four Letters. By M. Chifford, &c. 1 The fourth Letter is dated at the Charter-House July 1, 1672.) but the former Letters have no date. In the fold Lotter he affines Mr. Dryden, that he will detect this theft; lessing the world throw, laye he, bow great plagiary you are; and that for all your pretences to wit and judicious censure, you do live in as much ignovance quit der hiefe an peis did in the weith; that your meriety, but mowahe. In the found and shired Letters he criticizes another Company of Grandles and in the fourth animadverts upon Mr. Dryden's Salles and concluded with their wordsoft Si Camb their this " have the confidence too fay, the Plays are within M with more flame than sing I may optime, blican-M not perceive either sit, flame, servine both finele of " fire in thy Poctopicale must acknowledge it has all the qualities of another alement, I mean the surth; If 'tis sold, dry, and fo heavy, that at they less special the judicions part of the conjugation of the construction Not long before this are Action was inpered to be togged in transfering Mant. We rillage Village at the coloring pullege:

together transfering May! Varillage History wildle refies J. De G. Burnet has the following pulley:

"I have been informed from England, that a Gondeman, who informed out for Poetry and yours!

"About things, hard focus three months in transfering

"Ma. Varillants Higher is thus that who may be the find the appeared, her differentiated his interior will per
"I feel the anglet of his Muchos was gone will per
"her got on with his Transferior years? this may be,

#### JOHN DRYDEN, Efq; xxiii

Year 1688, he published The Life of St. Francis Kauici, translated from the Francis of Father Babons. Upon the Revolution he lost his Place of Poet Lauteau and Historiographer Royal; in which his was succeeded by Thomas Shadwell, Esq; against whom he entertained an implacable Resentment, as appears from his Mac Plecknes, one of the severale Satyrs in any Language. In 1693

for ought I know, as good an entertainment for him as the conversation, that he had fet on between the Hinds and Postbers, and all the reft of animals, for whom Mr. Varillas may ferre well enough as an Author; and this Hidney and that Four are such extraordinary things of their kinds that is will be " but fuitable to fee the Author of the sour Point become likewise the Translator of the worst History, " that the Age has produced. If his grace and his wit improve both preportionably, we will hardly find, that he has gained much by the change he has made, from having no Religion to choose on of the worth. It is true, he had somewhat to fink from in matter of wit; but as for his merels, it is Caree possible for him to grow a worse man than he was. He has lately warsked his malice on me for speiling his three months labour a but in it he has done me all the honour that any man can receive from "him, which is to be railed se by him. If I had " if nature enough toprompt me to with a very had with for him; it should be that he would go on and finish his Translation. By that is will appear, whether the English Nation, which is the most competent judge in this matter, has upon the feeing our Debate, pronounced in Ma Varillas's fayour or in mine. It is true Mr. D. will fuffer a little be it, but at least it will serve to keep bim in from other extravagancies; and if he gains little homens by this work, yet he cannot loss to much by it as he has " the lende of his Katasmyolomestal aid to shad sait " he

he published at Landen in folio a Translation of Juvenos's Satyrs by several Hands, and a Translation of Persons, done entirely by himself; and to the whole prefered a long and beautiful Discourse by way of Dedication to the Earl of Durset. Mr. Congreve wrote to him a Poem on his Translation of Persons. In 1605 he published a Translation of Monsieur Du Frosnoy's Act of Painting 1; and

"for orghe I know, as good as entertainment for His Translation of Monfr. Du Freinoy's Art of Painting ] It was printed in 1695 in 4to under the following title: De Arte Graphick: The Art of Painting by C. A. Du Fresnoy, with Remarks, and a Parallel between Painting and Poetty, by Mr. Dryden. With the Lives of the Painters. The second Edition, printed at London 1716 in 8vo, has the following tithe The Art of Painting by C. A. Du Frelnoy, with Remarks translated into English, with an original Preface, containing a Parallel between Painting and Portry. By Mr. Dryden. As also a foors account of the most eminent Painters, both ancient and modern. R. G. Blog. The ferond Edition correlied and enlarged. This Edition is dedicated to Richard Earl of Burlington by Richard Graham Efg. who observes in the Dedidation, that fome liberties have been taken with Mr. Dryden's excellent Translation, because for want of a competent knowledge in painting he Suffered himself to be milled by an unfaitful guide, Monfre de Piles told him in his Preface, that his " French Version was made at the request of the Author himself; and altered by him, till it was wholly to his mind. This Mr. Dryden taking upon content, thought there was nothing more incumbent on " him, than to put it into the best English he could; " and accordingly performed his part here (as in every thing elfe) with accuracy. But it being manifest, that the French Translator has frequently militaken the fense of his Author, and very often also not 0.1

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# JOHN DRYDEN, E/q; XXV in 1697 a Translation of Virgil's Works q. His last Work was his Fables, which were printed at London in folio. He died the 1st of May 1701 at his

" fet it in the most advantageous light; to do justice " to Monfr. Du Fresnoy, Mr. Jerwas (a very good " Critic in the language, as well as in the fub-" ject of the Poem) has been prevailed upon to cor-" rect what was found amiss; and his amendments " are every where diffinguished with proper marks." To this edition are prefixed Mr. Pope's Verses to Mr. Jervas with Fresnoy's Art of Painting translated by Mr. Dryden. Mr. Dryden in his Preface tells us that when he undertook this work, he was already engaged in the Translation of Virgil, from whom, fays he, I borrowed only two months; and he afterwards obferves, that this Preface containing a Parallel of Poetry and Painting, was begun and ended in twelve mornings; and perharps, fays he, the judges of Painting and Poetry, when I tell them bow short a time it cost me, may make me the same Answer, which my late Lord Rochester made to one, who, to commend the Tragedy, faid it was written in three weeks, How the Devil could he be so long about it? For that Poem was infamously bad; and I doubt this parallel is little better; and then the shortness of time is jo far from being & commendation, that it is scarcely an excuse.

His Translation of Virgil's works.] It was attacked with great severity by the Reverend Mr. Luke Milbourn in a piece printed at London 1698 in 8vo; but "he did Mr. Dryden justice, in printing at the "same time his own Translations of him, which were "intolerable." Dr. Henry Felton tells, that if our Author has failed in some parts of his Translation of Virgil, "we may in part ascribe it to "his using, as it is said, some French and foreign assistance, and partly to some defects of our language,

" for he was an absolute master of its whole reach and Vo L. II.

his House in Gerard freet, where he had lived many Years, and was interred in Westminster-Abbey,

compass; but chiefly to the inimitable perfections " and elegance of the Author, who hath weighed and The chofen every word, that is most beautiful and figsificant, and best adapted to the purpose it is used for Virgil is not only the greatest and corrected of " the Roman Poets, but of the Roman Weiters; and as he is numerous, various, and rich in his verse and " expressions, his expressions are so full and abundant with his fenfe, his fenfe is fo crowded, and yet fo " clear in the admirable choice of his words, that unless the English were equal to the Roman, and the Translator to the Poet, it is impossible but that the atural difadvantages of our Tongue must appear in the Franslation And yet, my Lord, give me "leave to fay in commendation of Mr. Dryden, we those who may excel him, where they observe he " hath failed, will fall below him in a thouland inflances " where he hath excelled". Mr. Gildon is of opinion, that this Translation, if we allow for the time Me. Doyden did it in, is better done than any Poet in any other language has performed, and I; am ape, fays he to believe then any one will do in our own. Dr. Joseph Trapp having observed in general, that our Anthor's writings being their dank as well as their ght fide; and that subgt was faid of fonebody elfe. may be as well applied to him, Uhi bene nemo melius; uhi male, namo pejus; rells us, that with regard to his Franchition of the Aneis, " as he was the great % Refiner of our Budish Pactry, and the beit Marin finiter of words, that our nation had then at limit "produced; and all, who have followed him, are th extremely indebted to him; as fuch; his werlificati "on here, as every where elfe, is generally flowing " and harmonique, and beauties of all kinds are feat." "tered through the whole." But then, continues the Doctor.

JOHN DRYDEN, Efq: XXVII Abbey , where a Monument is erected to him by John late Duke of Buckinghamshire. He married where of the British Princes. Speciarive

Doctor, befides his often grofts miftaking his Author's senses as a Translator be is extremely licentious. Whatever be alledges to the contrary in his Preface, be makes no scruple of adding or retrenching, as his turn is best ferved by either. In many places, where he shines most as a Poet, he is least a Translator; and where you most admire Mr. Dryden, you see the least of Virgil. Then whereas my Lord Rolcommon lays down this just rule to be observed by a Translator with regard to his Author.

#### Fall as he falk, and as he rifes, rife :

nuthing being more abfurd than for those two counter-parts to be like a pair of scales, one mounting as the other finks; Mr. Dryden frequently acts the contrary to this precept, at leaft to the latter port of it. Where his Author soars, and towers in the air, he often grovels and statters upon the ground. Instances of all these kinds are numerous, Dr. Trapp produces some sew; and with regard to Mr. Dryden's finking where Virgil most remarkably rifes, he makes this general remark ; that it is acknowledged by every body, that the first fix Books in the original are the best, and the most perfect; but the last fix in Mr. Dryden's Translation. Not that even in these Virgil properly finks or flags in his genius, but only he did not live to correct them, as he did the former. However they abound with beauties in the original; and they have many indeed in the Translation; more, as L " faid, than in the first fix; which is visible to any

one that reads the work with application."

Interred in Westminster Abbey. A very remarkable story concerning his funeral, is related in the Memoirs of the Life of Mr. Congreve; in which we are informed, that Mr. Dryden dying on the Wednelday morning, Dr. Thomas Spratt then Bi-

the Lady Elizabeth Howard, Daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and Sister to Sir Robert Howard, Colonel Philip Howard, and Edward Howard, Esq; Author of the British Princes. She survived Mr. Dryden about eight Years. He had by this Lady

shop of Rochester, and Dean of Westminster, fent the next day to the Lady Elizabeth Howard, Mr. Dryden's Widow, that he would make a present of the ground, which was 40 pound, with all the other Abbey Fees. The Lord Hallifax likewife fent to the Lady Elizabeth, and Mr. Charles Dryden her fon, that if they would give him leave to bury Mr. Dryden, he would inter him with a Gentleman's private funeral, and afterwards bestow 500 pound on a monument in the Abbey; which, as they had no reason to refuse. they accepted. On the Saturday following the company came, the Corps was put into a Velvet Hearfe, and eighteen Mourning Coaches filled with company attended. When they were just ready to move, the Lord Jefferies, Son to the Lord Chancellor Jefferies, with some of his rakish companions coming by, asked whose funeral it was? and being told Mr. Dryden's, he faid; " What shall Dryden, the greatest honour " and ornament of the nation be buried after this " private manner? No, Gentlemen, let all that loved " Mr. Dryden, and honour his memory, alight and " join with me in gaining my lady's confent, to let me have the honour of his interment, which shall be after another manner than this; and I will be-" flow a thouland pounds on a monument in the "Abbey for him." The Gentlemen in the coaches not knowing of the Billiop of Rochester's favour, nor, of the Lord Hallifax's generous defign, (they both having, out of respect to the family, enjoined the Lady Elizabeth and her fon to keep their favour concealed to the world, and let it pass for their own expence ; readily came out of the coaches, and attended Lord Tefferies

#### JOHN DRYDEN, Efq; XXIX

Lady three Sons, Charles, John, and Henry; the last of whom entered into a religious Order. Charles was Usher of the Palace to Pope Clement XI, and upon his Return to England, lest his Brother John to officiate in his room, and was drowned

form, and threatened to bring the corner

Tefferies up to the Lady's bed-fide; who was then fick: he repeated the purport of what he had before faid; but the absolutely refusing, he fell on his knees, vowing never to rife till his request was granted. The rest of the company by his defire kneeled also; and the Lady being under a fudden surprize fainted away. As foon as the recovered her speech she cryed No, no, " Enough Gentlemen, replied be; my Lady is very " good, the fays Go, Go." She repeated her former words with all her frength, but in vain; for her feeble voice was left in their acclamations of joy; and the Lord Jefferies ordered the Hearsemen to carry the corps to Mr. Ruffel's an Undertaker's in Cheapfide and leave it there till he should fend orders for the embalment, which he added, should be after the royal manner. His directions were obeyed, the company dispersed, and Lady Elizabeth and her fon remained inconfolable. The next day Mr. Charles Dryden waited on the Lord Hallifax and the Bishop, to excuse his mother and himself by relating the real truth. But neither his Lordship nor the Bishop would admit of any plea; especially the latter, who had the Abbey lighted, the Ground opened, the Choir attending, an Anthem ready set, and himself waiting for some hours without any corps to bury. The Undertaker, after three days expectance of orders for embalment, without receiving any, waited on the Lord Jefferies, who pretending ignorance of the matter turned it off with an ill-ratured jest, faying, "that those who observed the " orders of a drunken frolic, deserved no better; " that he remembered nothing at all of it; and that " he might do what he pleased with the corps." Updrowned in swimming cross the Thames near Windsor in 1704. He wrote several Pieces, and translated the fixth Satyr of Juvenal. His Brother John translated the 14th Satyr of Juvenal, and

on this, the Undertaker waited on the Lady Elizabeth and her fon, and threatened to bring the corps home, and fet it before the door. They defired a day's respite, which was granted. Mr. Charles Dryden wrote a handsome letter to the Lord Jefferies, who returned it with this cool answer, that be knew nothing of the matter, and would be troubled no more about it. He then addressed the Lord Hallifax and the Bishop of Rochester, who absolutely refused to do any thing in it. In this diffress Dr. Garth fent for the corps to the College of Physicians, and proposed a funeral by subscription, to which himself set a most noble example. At last a day, about three weeks after Mr. Dryden's decease, was appointed for the interment Dr. Garth pronounced a fine Latin Oration at the College, over the corps; which was attended to the Abbey by a numerous train of coaches. When the funeral was over Mr. Charles Dryden sent a challenge to the Lord Jefferies, who refusing to answer it, he sent several others, and went often himfelf, but could neither get a letter delivered, nor admittance to speak to him; which so incensed him, that he resolved, since his Lordship refused to answer him like a Gentleman, that he would watch an opportunity to meet, and fight off hand, though with all the rules of honour; which his Lordship hearing, left the town : and Mr. Charles Dryden could never have the fatisfaction of meeting him, though he fought it till his death with the utmost application. Mr. Dryden had no monument crefted to him for several years; which Mr. Pope alludes to in his Epitaph intended for Mr. Rowe, where he lays, "sodes as a cincia belie, delerved

Beneath a rude and nameleft flone be lies !!

## JOHN DRYDEN, Efq; xxxi

and was Author of a Comedy intitled, The Highband his own Cuckold, printed at London 1696. He died at Rome not many Months after his Father. Mr. Dryden's Oile on St. Cecilia's Day is perhaps one of the most perfect Pieces in any Laniguage'; and he observes in an original Letter of the

In the note upon which verse he tells us, that " the Tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham, to which was originally intended this Epitaph,

- " This Sheffield rais'd. The facred Dut below "
- " Was Dryden oute ; the rall who does not know ?"
- "Which the Author fince changed in the plain infcription on it, being only the name of that great Poet.
  - Matus Aug. 9, 1621.
    Mortuus Maii 1, 1701.
  - " Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamsenfis, fecit.

Mr. Welfied, in his Bpolis to the line Dr. Garth, occasioned by the death of the Dade of Marthorough, alludes to this manument in the following Lines;

From Joys of Paradise witheld too long,
A moment yet attend the ling ring Jong,
While thy low d Poet's marble I explore,
And the proud Pane, but but aborn'd before!
Without a tomb, 'till late, forgot be lay,
While the Muse mourn'd, and Ages wore away;
At length the Stone, so long delay'd, is rear'd;
An away'd image, and a Front rever'd!
No verse engrased, records at length his same,
But Dryden's epitaph, is Dryden's name.

the one of Cetilia's Day is perhaps ont of the most perfect Pieces in may Language.] Mr. Gildon B 4

his that he was almost a Fortnight in composing and correcting it. It has been several times set so Music, and particularly in the Winter of the Year 1735 by Mr. Handel, and publickly exhibited on the Theatre in Covent-Garden with great success. Mr. Congreve, in Dedication of our Poet's Dramatic Works to the Duke of Newcastle, has drawn his Character to great Advantage.

Bishop

having observed " that one of the greatest obstacles " perhaps to the perfection of our fongs, is the fla-" vish care or complaisance of the writers to make " their words to the goust of the Composer or Musi-"cian; being obliged often to facrifice their fense to " certain founding words, and feminine rhymes, or the like, because they seem most adapted to furnish the composer with such cadences which most easily " flide into their modern way of composition: tells us, that of inflances to the contrary, the most eminent is Mr. Dryden's Ode abovementioned; admirable in its sense, and the most harmonious in its numbers of any thing in the English Tongue; numbers so harmonious, that had one of the ancient Masters been to compose it, it had been one of the most transporting and ravishing pieces of Music, that had been feen in the world thefe thousand years. Mr. Pope has the following beautiful lines on this Ode:

" Hear how Timotheus' vary'd Lays furprize,

" And bid alternate passions fall and rise!

" While at each charge, the fon of Libyan Jove

" Now burns with Glory, and then melts with love,

" Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,

Now fighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:

"Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,

"And the world's Victor stood fubdu'd by found.

"The power of music all our hearts allow,

" And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now."

t Mr. Congreve . . . bas drawn bis character to great advantage.] He tells us, that Mr. Dryden had

## JOHN DRYDEN, E/q; xxxiii

Bishop Burnet having stiled him a Monster of Immodesty and Impurities of all Sorts, occasioned a Resection

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had personal qualities to challenge both love and Esteem from all who were truly acquainted with him. He was of a nature exceeding humane and compassionate, easily forgiving injuries, and capable of a prompt and fincere reconciliation with them, who had offended him. Such temperament is the only solid foundation of all moral virtues and sociable endowments. His friendship, where he professed it, went much beyond his professions; and I have been told of strong and generous instances of it by persons themselves, who received them; tho' his hereditary income was little more than a bare competency. As his reading bad been very extensive, so was be very happy in a memory tenacious of every thing that he had read. He was not more possessed of knowledge, than he was communicative of it. But then his communication of it was by no means pedantic, or imposed upon the conversation, but just such, and went so far, as by the natural turns of the discourse, in which he was engaged, it was necessarily promoted or required. He was extreme ready and gentle in his correction of the errors of any Writer, who thought fit to confult him; and full as ready and patient to admit of the reprehension of others, in respect of his own oversight or mistakes. He was of very easy, I may say, of very pleasing access. But something slow, and as it were diffident in his advances to others. He had something in his nature that abhorred intrusion into any Society what soever. Indeed it is to be regretted, that he was rather blameable in the other extream; for by that means he was personally less kn won, and consequently his character might become liable both to misapprehensions and misrepresentations. To the best of my knowledge and observation, be was, of all men that ever I knew, one of the most modest, and the most easily to be discountenanced in his approaches either to his superiors or his equals . . . . . As to his writings, I may eventure to lay in general terms, that no man hath " written B 5

Reflection upon that Puffage by the late Lord Lansdorun, which was soon after answered by Tho.

written in our language fo much, and fo various " matter, and in fo various manners, so well. Another " thing I may fay was very peculiar to him; which is, that his parts did not decline with his years; " but that he was an improving Writer to the last, " even to near seventy years of age; improving even " in fire and imagination, as well as in judgment. " Witness his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, and his Fables, "his latest performances. He was equally excellent in verse and in prose. His prose had all the clear-" ness imaginable, together with all the nobleness of " expression, all the graces and ornaments proper and " peculiar to it, without deviating into the language or diction of Poetry. I make this observation only to " diftinguish his file from that of many poetical Wri-" ters, who meaning to write harmoniously in profe, " do in truth often write mere blank verle. I have " heard him frequently own with pleasure, that if he " had any talent for English Profe, it was owing to " his having often read the writings of the great Arch-" bishop Tilletsen. His Verification and his Numbers " he could learn of nobody; for he first possessed "those talents in perfection in our Tongue. And " they who have best succeeded in them since his time, " have been indebted to his example; and the more " they have been able to imitate him, the better have " they succeeded. As his stile in profe is always " specifically different from his stile in Poetry; so on " the other hand in his Poems his diction is, where-" ever his subject requires it, so sublimely and so " truly poetical, that its essence, like that of pure " gold, cannot be destroyed. Take his Verses, and " divest them of their rhimes, disjoint them in their " numbers, transpose their expressions, make what " arrangement and disposition you please of his words; " yet shall there eternally be poetry, and something " which

#### JOHN DRIY DEN, Esq; XXXX The. Burnet, Esq; . It is faid, that he had once a Design of entring into holy Orders, but was refused;

" which will be found incapable of being refolved in-" to absolute profe: an incontellable charasteristic of " a truly poetical genius. I will fay but one word more " in general of his writings, which is, that what he " had done in any one species or distinct kind, would " have been sufficient to have acquired him a great " name. If he had written nothing but his Prefaces, or nothing but his Songs, or his Prologues, each of " them would have entitled him to the preference and " distinction of excelling in his kind." Mr. Congreve had for many years refolved to vindicate the character of our Author, as appears from the following passage in a Letter of Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley, dated December 26th 1704: It was certainly a great fotisfaction to me to fee and converse with a man, swhom in his swritings I had so long known with pleasure. But it was a high addition to it; to bear you at our wery first maeting doing justice to your dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not fo happy as to bnow bien; Virgilium tantum vidi. Had I been born early enough, I must have known and loved bim. For I have been affered, not only by yourfelf, but by Me. Congreve, and Sir William Trumball, that bir perfonal qualities were as amisble as his poetical, nowith flanding the many libellous misrepresentations of them'; against which the former of these Gentlemen has told me he will one day windicate bim. I suppose those injuries were began by the violence of party; but 'tis no doubt they were continued by envy at his faceefs and fame. And these scribblers, who attached him in his latter times, were only like gnote in a fummer's evening, which are never very troublesome, but in the finest and must glarious feafon : for bis fire, like the Sun's, frines clearof towards its fetting.

Occasioned a reflection upon that passage by the lase Land Landown, which was some after onswered by

Thomas

sefused; and that he sollicited for the Provostship

Thomas Burnet E/9;] " Why, fays his Lordships " is Mr. Dryden stigmatized as a Monster of Immodesty. and Impurities of all forts? He was fo much a " stranger to Immodesty, that Modesty in too great a " degree was his failing. A Monfter of Impurities of " all forts? Good God! what an idea must that give ? " Is there any wickedness under the Sun, but what is " comprized in those few words? But as it happens, " he was the reverse of all this, a man of regular life " and conversation, as all his acquaintance can " vouch. And I cannot but grieve that such rash expres-" fions should escape from a Bishop's pen. If bearing " false witness against one's neighbour is a breach of the " commandment, can there be a more flagrant one "than this." Then follows an honourable account of Mr. Dryden's Birth, Parentage, Alliance, and Behaviour; and my Lord Lansdown concludes with observing, that his swritings will do immortal bonour to bis name and country, and his Poem last as long as the Bishop's Sermons, Supposing them equally excellent in their kind. Mr. Burnet, the Bishop's son, replies to this passage of Lord Landdown, and observes, that the Bishop's swn words, and one matter of fact avowed from Mr. Dryden's own part, will decide the point. " The Stage, fays the Bifton, was defiled beyond all example, " Dryden the great Master of Dramatic Poefy, being " a monster of immodesty and impurities of all forts." This, fays Mr. Burnet, is all that is faid of Mr. Dryden throughout the whole History. And is it not evident, first that Immodesty is not here opposed to Modefly, but chafiness; and that this expression as well as that of Impurities of all forts (which perhaps a Writer more accurate in his file would have termed obscenities) can only be meant of his Dramatic Poefy, of which alone the Bishop was speaking, by which alone the Stage could be defiled. His life and conversation,

## JOHN DRYDEN, E/q; XXXVII

of Eaton-College, in which he likewife failed .

A great Number of his Pieces are published in the

bis parentage and alliance have nothing sure to do with this. Are not Dryden's Comedies then full of obscenities, of immodesty, and impurities? Does not be in one of them introduce a whole Bawdy-house upon the Stage? or does it after that remain pure and undefiled? What does he himself say of his Play, called Limberham or the Kind Keeper in his Dedication of it to my Lord Vaughan? "How it would have succeeded, I can but guess; for it was permited to be acted only thrice. "The crime for which it suffered, was that which is objected against the Satyrs of Juvenal and the Epigrams of Catullus, that it exprest too much of the vice which it decry'd. Your Lordship knows what an sweet was returned by the elder of these Poets, whom I last mentioned, to his accusers:

" Caftum effe decet pium Poetam

" Ipsum, Versiculos nibil necesse est;

" Qui tunc denique habent salem ac leporem,

" Si sunt molliculi & parum pudici.

But I dare not make that apology for my self; and therefore have taken a becoming care, that those things, which offended on the Stage, might be either altered or omitted in the press," And yet where is the Clergyman, who would not merit his Lordship's esteem instead of censure, for calling this very printed Comedy, thus reformed and garbled, a Monster of Immodesty and Impurities of all Sorts? And this, this only is Dr. Burnet's crime, for which he is to be unbishoped, unchristianed, and stigmatized as a flagrant false witness against his neighbour.

It is said, that he had once a design of entering into holy Orders, but was refused; and sollicited the Provostship of Eaton-College, in which he likewise failed.] Mr. Thomas Browne, the supposed Author of The

fix Volumes of Missellany Poems. It appears from the Dedication of his Aureng-Zebe to the Earl of Mulgrave, that he had formed a Plan for an heroic Poem \*. The Author of the Spectator Num.

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The late Converts exposed: or the Reasons of Mr. Bays's changing his Religion considered, in a Dialogue. Part the second; has the following passage in the Presace. "But prithee why so severealways upon the Priest-hood, Mr. Bays? .... You, I find, still continue "your old humour, which we are to date from the year of Hegira, the loss of Eason, or since Orders were resuled you." Mr. Langbaine likewise speaking of our Author's Spanish Fryar, tells us, that "the truth is, ever since a certain worthy Bishop re"fused Orders to a certain Poet, Mr. Dryden has de"clared open defiance against the whole Clergy; and
"fince the Church began the war, he has thought it

" but justice to make reprisals on the Church." It appears from the Dedication of his Aureng-Zebe to the Earl of Mulerave, that be bad formed a plan for an Heroir Poem. ] We shall give the passage, wherein he mentions it, at length. " The truth is, " the confideration of fo vain a creature as man is " not worth our pains. I have fool enough at home " without looking for it abroad; and am a fufficient " theater to myself of ridiculous actions, without ex-" peding company, either in a court, a town, of " play house. It is on this account I am weary with " drawing the deformities of life, and Lazers of the " people, where every figure of imperfection more " resembles me than it can do others. If I must " be condemned to rhime, I should find fome cafe " in my change of punishment. I defire to be no. " longer the Sifyphus of the stage, to rowl up a stone " with endless labour, (which, to follow the Proverb, " gathers no mois,) and which is perpetually falling " down again. I never thought myfelf very at for an " employ

# JOHN DRYDEN, E/q; XXXIX 341 observes, "that if he was not the best Wri"ter of Tragedies in his time, he was allowed by "every one to have the happiest Turn for a Pro"logue or an Epslogue." He has been charged with engaging Mr. Greech in his Translation of Horace, (in which that Gentleman had very ist

" employment, where many of my Predecestors have " excelled me in all kinds; and fome of my con-" temporaries, even in my own partial Judgement, " have outdone me in Comedy. Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and those too, considering my " abilities, may be vain, that I may make the world " fome part of amends for many ill Plays by an He-" rioc Poem. Your Lording has been long acquaint-" ed with my defign; the fubject of which you know " is great, the flory English, and neither too far diltant from the present age, nor too near approach-"ing it. Such it is in my opinion, that I could not " have wished a nobler occasion to do honour by it " to my King, my country, and my friends; most " of our ancient Nobility being concerned in the ac-" tion. And your Lordship has one particular rea" son to promote this undertaking, because you were " the first who gave me the opportunity of discoursing " it to his Majefty and his Royal Highness. They were then pleased both to commend the defign, and " to encourage it by their commands. But the un-" fettledness of my condition has hitherto put a stop " to my thoughts concerning it. As I am no succes-" for to Homer in his wit, fo neither do I defire to " be in his poverty. I can make no Rhapsodies, " nor go a begging at the Grecian doors, while I " fing the praises of their ancestors. The times of " Virgil please me better, because he had an Augus-" tus for his Patron. And to draw the allegory near-" er you, I am sure I shall not want a Mecanas with " hir. It is for your Lording to flir up that remem-" brance

Success) out of Jealousy of his rising Reputation y. Besides the Works already mentioned, he wrote the Life of Lucian, and that of Plutarch prefixed to the Translations of those Authors by several Hands; the Life of Polibius, published before Sir Henry Sheer's Translation of that Historian; the Preface to A Dialogue concerning Women, being a Defence of the Sex, written by William Walsh, Esq; and printed at London 1661, in 8vo. He translated also Maimbourg's History of the League. Dr. Henry Felton observes, that our Author "at

brance in his Majesty, which his many avocations of business have caused him, I fear to lay aside. And (as himself and his Royal Brother are the Heroes of the Poem) to represent to them the images of their warlike predecessors; as Achilles is said to be roused to glory with the sight of the combat before the ships. For my own part, I am satisfied to have offered the design, and it may be to the advantage of my reputation to have it re-

" iected."

He bas been charged with avenging Mr. Creech in his translation of Horace, (in which that Gentleman bad very ill success,) out of jealousy of his rising reputation.] Mr. Dryden is said to have written a copy of verses to Mr. Creech prefixed to the translation of Lucretius by the latter, in which he advised him to translate Horace. But Mr. Gildon observes, that those verses were not written by Mr. Dryden, but by a Right Reverend Prelate, whom, fays Mr. Gildon, I shall not name, though dead, because he thought fit to conceal his name, when alive. In the next place, there is no impartial judge (let Mr. Creech's reputation be what it will for his translation of Lucretius, who can believe that Mr. Dryden had the least cause to be apprehensive of Mr. Creech's growing applause, when he bas given us his translation of several parts of that Latin Poet so much beyond what Mr. Creech bas done.

once gave the best Rules, and broke them in fpite of his own Knowledge, and the Rehearfal. His Prefaces are many of them admirable upon " Dramatic Writings; he had some peculiar Notions, which he maintains with great Address; but his Judgment in disputed Points is of less Weight and Value, because the Inconstancy of " his Temper did run into his Thoughts, and mixed with the Conduct of his Writings, as well as his Life." Monfieur de Voltaire stiles him 46 a Writer whose Genius was too exuberant. and not accompanied with Judgment enough;" and tells us, that if he had writ only a tenth Part of the Works he left behind him, his Character would have been conspicuous in every Part; but his great Fault is his having endeavoured to be univerfal. Mr. Dennis among his Letters has one on the Conspiracy against the Reputation of Mr. Dryden; in which he tells us, that he " infi-" nitely esteemed him for the Solidity of his "Thought, for the Spring, the Warmth, and the " beautiful Turn of it; for the Power, and Varie-" ty, and Fulness of his Harmony; for the Pu-" rity, the Perspicuity, the Energy of his Ex-" preffion, and (whenever the following great "Qualities are required) for the Pomp, and So-" lemnity, and Majesty of his Stile."

Placacea: A same rical Posm, distinated to the Blandroof the late Councils of Mingues p. 187

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ABSALOM

## ABSALOM

AND

## ACHITOPHEL.

A

# POEM.

— Si propiùs stes Te capiet magis —

CHITCP To copiet single ----

#### TOTHE

# READER.

IS not my Intention to make an Apology for my Poem: Some will think it needs no Excuse; and others will receive none. The defign, I am fure, is honest: But he who draws his Pen for one Party, must expect to make Enemies of the other. For, Wit and Fool, are Consequences of Whig and Tory: And every Man is a Knave or an Ass to the contrary side. There's a Treasury of Merits in the Phanatick Church, as well as in the Popift; and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintship, Honefly and Poetry, for the Leud, the Factious, and the Blockheads: But the longest Chapter in Deuteronomy has not Curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My Comfort is, their manifest Prejudice to my Cause, will render their Judgment of less Authority against me. Yet if a Poem have a Genius, it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a sweetness in good Verse, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no Man can be heartily angry with Him, who pleases him A 2

him against his will. The Commendation of Adversaries, is the greatest Triumph of a Writer; because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be fatisfied on more easy terms: If I happen to please the more Mo. derate fort, I shall be sure of an honest Par-ty, and, in all probability, of the best Judges: For, the least concern'd are commonly the least Corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for these, by rebating the Satyr (where Justice would allow it) from carrying too sharp an Edge. They who can Criticife so weakly, as to imagine I have done my Worst, may be convinced at their own Cost, that I can write Severely, with more ease than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at some Men's Follies, when I could have declaim'd against their Vices : And other Mens Virtues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious Reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more impartial than I'am. But if Men are not to be judg'd by their Professions, God forgive you Commonwealth's-Men for Professing so plausible for the Government. You cannot be fo Unconscionable as to charge me for not fubscribing of my Name, for that would reflect too groffy upon your own Party, who neverdare; though they have the Advantage of a Jury to secure them. If you like not 'my Poem, the fault' may

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may possibly be in my Writing t (though tis hard for an Author to judge against himself.) But more probably tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the Truth of it. The Violent, on both sides, will condemn the Character of Absalom, as either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But they are not the Violent whom I desire to please. The fault, on the right hand, is to extenuate, Palliate, and Indulge; and, to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroic Virtues and David himself could not be more tender of the young Man's Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But fince the most execellent Natures are always the most easy; and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill Counfels, especially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel. than it was for Adam, not to have relisted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman, The Conclusion of the Story I purposely forbore to prosecute; because I cou'd not obtain from my felf, to shew Absalom Unfortunate. The Frame of it was cut out but for a Picture to the Walte; and if the Draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.

Were I the Inventor, who am only the Historian, I should certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconcilement of Absalom to

MOJABBALOM

David.

David. And, who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story: There feems, yet, to be room left for a Composure; hereafter, there may be only for Pity. 1 have not fo much as an uncharitable Wish against Achitophel, but am content to be accus'd of a good-natur'd Error, and to hope with Origen, that the Devil himself may at last be faved. For which reason, in this Poem, he is neither brought to fet his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards as he in his Wifdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful: And his Vicegerent is only not fo, because he is not Infinite.

The true end of Satyr, is the amendment of Vices by correction. And he who writes Honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Physician to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease; for those are only in order to prevent the Chirurgeon's work of an Enserescindendum, which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all; If the Body Politick have any Analogy to the Natural, in my weak Judgment, an Act of Oblivion were as necessary in a Hot, Distemper'd State, as an Opiate would be in a Raging Fever.

Processing the Lectoria

## ABSALOM

## AND

## ACHITOPHEL.

N pious Times, ere Priest-craft did begin, Before Polygamy was made a Sin; When Man on many multiply'd his kind, Ere one to one was, curfedly, confin'd: When Nature prompted, and no Law deny'd Promiscuous use of Concubine and Bride; Then, Ifrael's Monarch, after Heav'n's own heart. His vigorous warmth did variously impart To Wives and Slaves: and, wide as his Command, Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land. Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear; A Soil ungrateful to the Tiller's Care: Not so the rest; for several Mothers bore To God-like David several Sons before. But, fince like Slaves his Bed they did afcend, No true Succession could their Seed attend. Of all the numerous Progeny was none So Beautiful, fo Brave as Abfalom: Whether, inspir'd by some diviner Lust, His Father got him with a greater Guft : Or that his conscious Destiny made way, By manly Beauty, to Imperial Sway. Early in foreign Fields he won Renown, With King's and States Ally'd to Ifrael's Crown: A. 4 In

In Peace the thoughts of War he cou'd remove, And feem'd as he were only born for Love. Whate'er he did, was done with fo much eafe, In him alone 'twas Natural to please: His Motions all accompany'd with grace; And faradise was open'd in his face. . With fecret Joy, indulgent David view'd His youthful Image in his Son renew'd: To all his wifnes nothing he deny'd; And made the Charming Annabel his Bride. What faults he had (for who from faults is free ?) His Father cou'd not, or he wou'd not fee. Some warmiesceles, which the Law forbore, Were confirm'd Youth, that purg'd by boiling o'er: And Amnon's Murther, by a specious Name, Was call'd a just Revenge for injur'd Fame. Thus praised and low'd, the hobie Youth remain'd While David undiffurb'd in Sion reign'd. But life can never be fincerely bleft and W Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best. I The Jewis a Headftrong, Moody, Murmiring race; As ever try'dth' extent and firetch of grace selection God's pamper'd People, whom, debauch'd with cafe, No King could governmen no God oou'd please ; [Gods they had try diofrevery shape and size on Woll That God-fmiths gon'd produce, on Priefle devisor These Adaminists, too fortunately fieby of to And ill Began to dream they wanted Liberty transpan hos A And when more dles more rededent was found and of soll Of Men, by Laws defroir dum scrib de and bound i) o'l' They led their wildydefines to Woods and Dayes ? 118 And thought that all but Savages were Slaves, sun of They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow, 10 Made foolish Ibbofbett the Crown forego; latitue 8 03 Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring, and and W And with a gentral shout, proclaim'd him King : i sil Those very Jews, who, at their very best, and and ro Their Humour more than Loyalty express vious of Now, wonder'd why, follong, they had obey'd in al An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made: 11/1/ Thought 5 h D.

Thought they might ruin him they cou'd create; Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State: But these were random bolts: No form'd Design, Nor Interest made the Factious Crowd to joyn: The fober part of Ifrael, free from flain, Well knew the value of a peaceful Reign; And, looking backward with a wife affright, Saw feams of wounds, dishonest to the fight: In contemplation of whole ugly Scars, They carft the memory of Civil Wars. The Moderate fort of Men, thus qualify'd, Inclin'd the Ballance to the better fide And David mildness manag'd it so well. The Bad found no occasion to Rebel: But, when to Sin our byass'd Nature leans, The careful Devil is still at hand with means, And providently Pimps for ill defires: The Good Old Cause reviv'd, a Plot requires. Plots, true or false, are necessary things, To raife up Common-wealths, and ruin Kings. Th' Inhabitants of Old Jerusalem Were Jebusites; the Town so call'd from them; And theirs the Native right — But when the chofen People grew more frong. The rightful Cause at length became the wrong: And ev'ry loss the Men of Jebus bore, They still were thought God's Enemies the more. Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content, Submit they must to David's Government: Impov'risht and depriv'd of all Command. Their Taxes doubled as they loft their Land And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood, Their Gods difgrac'd, and burnt like common wood This fet the Heathen Priesthood in a stame; For Priests of all Religions are the fame. Of whatfoe'er descent their Godhead be, Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree, In his Defence his Servants are as bold, As if he had been born of beaten Gold. Le se l'antique de la les de la les

The Jewish Rabbins, though their Enemies, In this conclude them honest Men and wife: For 'twas their Duty, all the learned think, T' espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink. From hence began that Plot, the Nation's Curfe, Bad in it felf, but reprefented worfe. Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd; With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd. Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude; But swallow'd in the Mass, unchew'd and crude. Some Truth there was, but dasht and brew'd with Lies, To please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wife. Succeeding Times did equal Folly call, Believing nothing, or believing all. or band ball o Th' Egyptian Rites the Jebufites embrac'd; Where Gods were recommended by their tafte. Such fav'ry Deities must needs be good, As ferv'd at once for Worship and for Food. By force they could not introduce thele Gods For Ten to One, in former days, was odds. The o'l So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacraficer's Trade,) Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade. Their busie Teachers mingled with the Jews; And rak'd for Converts, e'en the Court and Stews: Which Hebrew Priests the more unkindly took, Because the Fleece accompanies the Flock. Some thought they God's Anointed meant to flay By Guns, invented fince full many a day stow and Our Author swears it not, but who can know mould How far the Devil and Jebuftes may go? The out of the This Plot, which fail'd for want of common Senfe, Had yet a deep and dangerous Confequence: For as when raging Fevers boil the Blood, The ftanding Lake foon floats into a Flood; And ev'ry hostile Humour, which before Slept quiet in its Channels, bubbles o'er: So, feveral Factions, from this first Ferment, Work up to Foam, and threat the Government. Some by their Friends, more by themselves thought wife, Oppos'd the Power, to which they could not rife. Some

Some had in Courts been great, and thrown from thence, Like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence. Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown, From pardon'd Rebels, Kinfmen to the Throne s Were rais'd in Pow'r and Public Office high: Strong Bands, if Bands ungrateful men cou'd tye. Of these the false Achitophel was first: A Name to all succeeding Ages curst. For close Designs, and crooked Counsels sit: Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of Wit; Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place; In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Difgrace. A fiery Soul, which working out its way, Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay ;. And o'er-inform'd the Tenement of Clay. A daring Pilot in extremity; Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high : He fought the Storms: But for a Calm unfit, Would steer too nigh the Sands, to boast his wit. Great Wits are fure to madness near ally'd, And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide; Elfe, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest, Refuse his Age the needful Hours of Rest? Punish a Body which he cou'd not please; Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of ease? And all to leave, what with his Toil he won,. To that unfeather'd, two-legg'd thing, a Son : Got, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try; And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy. In Friendship false, implacable in Hate: Refolv'd to Ruin or to Rule the State. To compass this, the Triple Bond he broke: The Pillars of the Public Safety shook; And fitted Ifrael for a Foreign Yoke. Then, feiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting Fame, Usurp'd a Patriot's All-atoning Name. So easy still it proves in Factious Times, With public Zeal to cancel private Crimes: How fafe is Treason, and how facred Ill, Where none can fin against the Peoples Will?

Where Crouds can wink; and no offence be known, Since in another's Guilt they find their own. Yet, Fame defervit, no Enemy can grudge ; ..... The Statehnan We abhor, but praise the Judge. In Israel's Courts ne er fet an Abbethdin With more differning Eyes, or Hands more clean Unbrib'd, unfought, the wretched to redress Swift of Dispatch, and only of Access las of small A Oh, had he been content to ferve the Crown stole not With Virtues only proper to the Cown of a succession Or, had the rankings of the Soil been freed walling From Cockle, that oppress the Noble Seed I'wo'l al David, for him his timefal Harp had frunges great A. And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Sone! better ! But wild Ambition loves to Tide? not standy 150 bak. And Fortune's Ice prefers to Virtue's Land Paires A Rebitophel, grown weary to pollets of shi wir breas A lawful Fame, and lagy Happines ? eds though all Disdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather nee, rest bloo W And lent the Croud his Arm to thake the Tree. 1801) Now, manifelt of Crimes, contriv's long fince in but He thood at bold Defiance with his Prince of view, said Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Caple and shuts A Against the Crown ; and sculk d behind the Laws The wish'd occasion of the Plot he takes ; to squrand Some Circumstances finds, but there be makes but By buzzing Emiliaries, alls the ears rentner au rent of Of liftning Crouds, with Jealoufies and Fears dw 100 Of Arbitrary Counsels brought to light a mod bak And proves the King himself a Jebuffee. qid bash I al Weak Arguments - which yet he knew full welf ols A Were firong with People caffe to Rebelds alagmos of For, govern'd by the Moon, the giddy Fews all I ad I Fread the same Prack when she the Prime renews: By natural Instinct they change their Lord, a b qual Achitophel Still wants a Chief, and none il list vise of Was found fo fit as Warlike Abfalom, as Z sildag dai W Not, that he wish d his greatness to create st otal woll (For Politicians neither leve nor hate the enon ered # But

BEST OF TEST LE

But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd, I ma in a 1A
Would keep him fail depending on the Croud : 1 A
That Kingkepow'r, thus obbing out might be
Drawn to the Diegs of a Democracy and and and
Him he attempts, with fludied Arts to please, bodos
And sheds his Venom in fuch words as these
Auspicious Prince, at whose Nativity won son at old
Some Royal Planet ral'd the Southern Sky
Thy longing Country's Darling and Defire;
Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire : 1
Their fecond Mofes, whose extended Wand ::
Divides the Seas, and thews the promis'd Land:
Whose dawning Day, in evry distant Age, 1000)
Has exercised the Sacred Prophet's rage : 19104 91011
The People's Prayer, the glad Diviner's Theme, I
The young mens Vision, and the old mens Dream !!
Thee, Saviour, Thee, the Nation's. Vows confess 1.
And, never fatisfy'd with feeing, bless !
Swift, unbespoken Pomps thy steps proclaim, A
And flammering Babes are taught to disp thy Name.
How long wile thou the general Joy detain, a termo I
Starve, and defraud the People of the Reign ?
Content ingloriously to pass thy days
Like one of Virtue's Fools that feeds on Praise
'Till thy fresh Glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily fight.
Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit must be
Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree and mon'l
Heav'n has to all allotted, foon or late, of and A
Some lucky Revolution of their baters and as and M
Whose Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill A
(For human Good depends on human Will;) am tan W
Our Fortune rolls as from a findoth descent,
And from the first Impression, takes the Bent and 10/1
But, if unfeiz'd, the glides away like wind;
And leaves repenting Folly far behinds is said on back
Now, now fire meets you with a glorious prize, wo
And spreads her Locks before her as the flies a med T
Had thur Ald Datido from whose Louis ayou springs
Mwdar'd, when Fortune call'd him to be King,

At Gath an Exile he might still remain; And Heav'n's Anointing Oil had been in vain. Let his fuccefsful Youth your hopes ingage; But shun th' example of Declining Age: Behold him fetting in his Western Skies, The Shadows lengthning as the Vapours rife. He is not now, as when on Jordan's Sand. The joyful People throng'd to fee him Land. Coving the Back, and blackning all the Strand: J. But like the Prince of Angels from his height. Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light :: Betray'd by one poor Plot to public Scorn: (Our only bleffing fince his curft Return :) Those heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind. Blown off, and scatter'd by a puff of Wind. What strength can he to your Designs oppose, Naked of Friends, and round befet with Foes? If Pharaob's doubtful Succour he should use, A Foreign Aid wou'd more incense the Tews: Broud Beyst wou'd diffembled Friendship bring ; Foment the War, but not support the King; Nor wou'd the Royal Party e'er unite With Pharaob's Arms, t'affift the Jebufite; Or if they flou'd, their Interest soon wou'd break. And, with fuch odious Aid, make David weak. All forts of men, by my fuccessful Arts, Abhorring Kings, estrange their alter'd Hearts From David's Rule: And 'tis their general Cry, Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty. If you, as Champion of the Public Good, Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood. What may not Ifrael hope, and what Applause: Might fuch a Gen'ral gain by fuch a Caufe? Not barren Praise alone, that Gaudy Flow'r, Fair only to the fight, but folid Pow't: And nobler is a limited Command, Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land, Than a successive Title, Long and Dark, Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of Noab's Ark. when Ferrance called bin to be King,

What cannot Praise effect in mighty Minds, When Flattery fooths, and when Ambition blinds ! Defire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vitious Weed, Yet, fprung from High, is of Coelettial Seed A In God 'tis Glory : And when Men afpire, "Tis but a Spark too much of Hev'nly Fire. by Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame, Too full of Angel's Metal in his Frame Unwarily was led from Virtue's ways; Made drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with Praise Half loath, and half confenting to the Ill, red on all (For Royal Blood within him truggled ftill) He thus reply'd. - And what Pretence have It was 10 To take up Arms for Public Liberty? It as the line My Father governs with unquestion'd Right: The Faith's Defender, and Mankind's Delight: Good, Gracious, Just, observant of the Laws; And Heav'n by Wonders has espous'd his Cause. Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful Reign ? Who fues for Justice to his Throne in vain ? What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes, which has Whom just Revenge did to his Wrath expose? Mild, Easie, Humble, Studious of our Good; Enclin'd to Mercy, and averfe from Blood. If Mildness ill with Stubborn Ifrael suit, His Crime is God's beloved Attribute. What could he gain, his People to betray, Or change his Right, for arbitrary Sway? Let haughty Pharack curse with such a Reign His fruitful Nile, and Yoak a fervile Train. If David's Rule Jerufalem displease, The Dog-flar heats their Brains to this Discase. Why then should I, encouraging the Bad, Turn Rebel, and run popularly mad? Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawles Might, Opprest the Jews, and rais'd the Jebufite, and many Well might I mourn; but Nature's holy bands Wou'd curb my Spirits, and reftrain my Hands: The People might affert their Liberty!; 200 v 1841 to But what was Right in them, were Crime in me. Hi

His Favour leaves me nothing to require
Prevents my Wishes, and out-runs Define small and W
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his Kingly Diadem he gives : 200 200 1
And that - But there he paus'd; then fighing, faid,
Is justly defin'd for a worthier Head, and a T
For when my Father from his Toils Chall reft
And late augment the Number of the Bleft; The out
His lawful Iffue thall the Throne afcend aw vincent
Or the Gollat'ral Linie where that shall end.
His Brother, though oppress with rulgar Spight, Mari
Yet dauntles, and fecure of Native Right, lave 2 10 1)
Of ev'ry Royal Virent flands poffett; & door and sh
Still dear to all the Bravest, and the Best. And and T
His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth proclaim
His Loyalty the King, the World his Pame.
His Mercy ev'nth' Offending Crowd will find;
For fure he comes of a Forgiving Kind of vanil to A
Why should I then repine at Heav'n's decree;
Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty had soil of W
Yet oh that Pate, propitionally inclined,
Had rais'd my Birth or had debas'd my Mind
To my large Soul not all her Treasure lent and
And then betray dit to a mean Descent was allowed
I find, I find my mounting Spirits bold, it as and M if
And David's Part diffains my Mother's Meld.
Why am I feanted by a niggard Birth hed have the W
My Soul disclaims the Kindred of her Earth
And, made for Empire, whilpers me within,
Defire of Great nelsois a God-like Sin.
Him staggering so when Hell's dire Agent found,
While fainting Virtue searce maintain'd her Ground,
He pours fresh Forces in and thus replies:
Th' Eternal God, supremely Good and Wife,
Imparts not these prodigious Gifts in wain ; and and
What Wonders are Referv'd to bless your Reign?
Against your Will your Arguments have shown 1911
Such Virtue's only given to guide a Throne b'oo W
Not that your Father's Mildnels L contemp and on T
But manly Force becomes the Diadems and the Ta
T)

## . ABSIDIOM and ACHIPOPHEL. Suy

"Tis true, the grants the People all they erave to And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have For Lavish Grante suppose a Monarch tame, bach 150 And more his Goodness than his Wit proclaim. But when should Beople strive their Bonds to break If not when Kings are negligent or weak ? mid sol 10 Let him give on itill he can give no more de la bel The Thrifty Sanhedrin hall keep kim poor : 7000d A And every Shekel which he can receive with visual the Shall coft a Limb of his Prerogative, wet of avery od W To ply him with new Plots, shall be my Care; W Or plunge him deep in fomb expensive Wars in and W Which when his Treasure can no more supply, sa of I' He must with the Remains of Kingship, buy the His faithful Friends, our Jealoufies and Fears a soll Call Jebufites, and Pharaob's Penfioners and a wor of Whom whom out Fury from his Aid has torn and it He shall be maked left to public Scorbal llub smot 10 The next Successor, whomal fear and hate; a son and I My Arts have made obndxious to the States! whenth Turn'd all his Vietues to his Overthrow, devoids well And gain'd blur Eldets to pronounce a Boo. His Right, for Sums of necessary Golds was a good? Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards beliefed to mall 'Till Time shall ever wanting David draw, south A To pass your doubtful Fitle line Landen Shit woold at If not; the People have a Right Supremed with To make their Kings offer Kings are mide for them. All Empire is no more than Power in Truft and as Ill' Which when refum'd; rearghe hadbiger Juffrood sil Succession, for the general Good design distinct on I' In its own Wrong a Nation dannot braile I a day and If altering that the People can relieve, on he wo'l Better one suffer than a Nation gricy earl in swich A The Jews well know their Powir a ere Saul they chose God was their King, and God they durft Depofe. Jak. Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name, w she syss! A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame sist wil The Public Good, that Universal Call, it rook lievers To which ev'n Heav'n submitted answersall, with And.

Nor lethis Love enchant your gen'rous Mind; 'Tis Nature's Frick to propagate her Kind. Our fond Begetters, who would never die, Love but themselves in their Posterity. Or let his Kindness by th' Effects be try'd, Or let him lay his vain Pretence afide God faid he lov'd your Father; could he being A better Proof, than to Amoint him King? It furely fhew'd he tov'd the Shepherd well, which bank Who gave fo fair a Flock as Ifrael. Would David have you thought his Darling Son ? What means he then to Alienate the Crown? The name of Godly he may bluth to bear : 'Tis after God's own Heart to Cheat his Heir. He to his Brother gives Supreme Command To you a Legacy of Barren Land: Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums his Lays; Or some dull Hebrew Ballad in your Praise. Then the next Heir, a Prince severe and wife, Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes; Sees through the thin Difguifes of your Arts, And marks your Progress in the Peoples Hearts. Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains, He meditates Revenge who least complains. And like a Lion, flumbring in the way, Or Sleep diffembling, while he waits his Prey, His fearless Foes within his diffance draws; Confirains his Roaring, and contracts his Paws: 'Till at the last, his time for Fury found, He shoots with sudden Vengeance from the Ground: The Proftrate Vulgar paffes o'er and spares, But with a Lordly Rage his Hunters tears. Your Case no tame Expedients will afford: Refolve on Death, or Conquest by the Sword, Which for no less a Stake than Life you draw; And Self-defence is Nature's Eldest Law. Leave the warm People no Confidering time: For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime. Prevail your felf of what Occasion gives, But try your Title while your Father lives: And, And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence:
Whose facred Life each minute would expose
To Plots, from seeming Friends, and secret Foes.
And who can sound the depth of David's Soul?
Perhaps his Fear, his Kindness may Controut.
He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
If so, by Force he wishes to be gain'd:
Like Women's Leachery to seem constrain'd.
Doubt not: but, when he most affects the Frown,
Commit a pleasing Rape upon the Crown.
Secure his Person to secure your Cause;
They who possess the Prince, possess the Laws.
He said, and this Advice above the rest.

With Abfalom's Mild Nature found beft; Unblam'd of Life (Ambition fet afide.) Not flain'd with Cracky, nor puft with Pride. How happy had he been, if Destiny Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not to high! His Kingly Virtues might have claim'd a Throne; And bleft all other Countries but his own. But charming Greatness fince to few refute; 'Tis juster to Lament him, than According to some 12 Strong were his Hopes a Rival to remove, With Blandiffunents to gain the public Love; To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot, And popularly profecute the Plot. 10 11 10 111 10 To further this, Achitophel unites The Male contents of all the Ifraclites : Whose diff'ring Parties he could wifely join, For feveral Ends, to ferve the fame Defign. " On W. The Best, and of the Princes some were such, Who thought the Pow'r of Monarchy too much to Mistaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts; Not wicked, but feduc'd by impious Arts. By these the Springs of Property were bent, And wound so high, they crack'd the Government The next for Interest fought t'embroil the State, To fell their Duty at a dearer rate 1 10 25 1000 And

And make their Jewill Markets of the Throne; Pretending Public Good; to ferve their own. Others thought Kings an useless heavy Load, Who seft too much, and did too little Good. These were for laying honest David by, On Principles of pure good Husbandry With them join'd all th' Haranguers of the Throng, That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue. Who follow next, a double Danger bring, Not only hating David, but the King ; The Solymean Routs well vers'd of old In Godly Faction, and in Treason bold Cowring and Quaking at a Conqu'ror's Sword, But loftwoo h Lawful Prince reftor'd : the of w vad I Saw with Difdain an Ethnick Plot begun, Joseph 1 And fcorn'd by Jehuftes to be Out-done Hot Levites Headed these; who pull'd before From the Ark, which in the Judges days they bore. Refum'd their Canty and with a Zealous Cry, will Purfu'd their old belovid Theocracy, she round last Where Sanhedrin and Priest enslav'd the Nation, And justified their Speils by Inspiration: For who fo fit for Reign as Aaron's Race If once Dominion they could found in Grace These led the Pack ; tho' not of surest scent, we work? Yet deepest mouth'd against the Government A numerous Hoft of dreaming Saints succeed, Of the true old Enthusiastic Breed : .... 'Gainst Form and Order they their Pow'r employ, Nothing to Build; and all things to Defroy. But far more numerous was the Herd of fuch, Who think too little, and who talk too much. These out of mere Instinct, they knew not why, Ador'd their Father's God, and Property And, by the same blind Benefit of Fate, The Devil and the Jebufite did hate: Born to be fav'd, e'en in their own despight; Because they could not help believing right, Such were the Tools i but a whole Hydra more Remains, of sprouting heads too long to score. Some tak

	Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land;
	T THE CAL PLANTS OF TRAIN STATE STATES STATES
	A Man to sarious that he feem a to be
1	Coff in Opinions always in the wrong
	Was Every thing by starts, and Nothing long;
	Was Every thing by starts, and Nothing long; But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
	Was Chymilt Fidler, Statelman, and Buttoon
	Then for all Women, Pamting, Rhiming, Drinking
	Relides fen thouland Freaksthat dy'd in thinking
*	Rieft Madman, who con'd ev'ry hour employ
	With lomething New to with, or to enjoy?
	Kailing and Prailing were his mual Themes
	And both (to flew his Judgment) in Extremes:
	And both (to fnew his Judgment) in Extremes: So over Violent, or over Civil;
	That every Man, with him, was God or Devil
	In iquand'ring Wealth was his peculiar Arr:
	Nothing went unrewarded, but Defert.
	Betoar'd by Fools whom fill he found too late
	He had his left, and they had his Effate
	He laugh'd himself from Court: then sought Relief
	By forming Parties, but could re'er be Chief
	For, foight of him, the weight of Rollness felt
	On Ablalom and Wife Achitoble!
	Thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereft, a fraction, but of That was left.
	He left not Faction, but of That was left.
	Litles and Names twere tedious to rehearle
-	Of Lords, below the Dignity of Verse.
	Wits, Warriors, Common-wealths-men, were the best:
	Kind Husbands, and mere Nobles, all the rest.  And therefore in the Name of Dulness, be
	And therefore in the Name of Dulnels, be
	The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free.
•	And Canting Nadab let Oblivion damn,
1	Who made new Porridge for the Paichal Lamb.
-	Let Friendship's holy Band some Names assure:
1	Some their own Worth, and fome let Scorn secure. Nor shall the Rascal Rabble here have Place,
1	Whom Kaical Kabble here have Place,
1	Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
-	Not Bull-fac de Jonas, who could Statutes draw
	To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law.
	But

But he though bad, is follow'd by a worfe, The Wretch, who Heav'n's Anointed dare to curse; Shimei, whose Youth did early Promise bring Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King; Did wisely from expensive Sins refrain, And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain: Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent, Or Curse, unless against the Government. Thus, heaping Wealth, by the most ready way Among the Jews, which was to Cheat and Pray The City, to reward his pious Hate Against his Master, chose him Magistrate: His Hand a Vase of Justice did uphold; His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold. During his Office, Treason was no Crime, The Sons of Belial had a Glorious Time: For Shimei, though not predigal of Pelf, Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himfelf. When two or three were gather'd to Declaim Against the Monarch of Jerusalem, Shimei was always in the midst of them. And, if they Curs'd the King when he was by, Would rather Curfe, than break good Company. If any durft his Factious Friends accuse, He pact a Jury of differting Jows: Whose Fellow feeling in the godly Cause, Wou'd free the fuff'ring Saint from human Laws. For Laws are only made to punish those Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes. If any leifure time he had from Pow'r, (Because 'tis Sin to mis-employ an hour:) His Bus'ness was, by Writing to persuade, That Kings were useless, and a Clog to Trade: And, that his noble Style he might refine, No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of Wine. Chaste were his Cellars; and his shrieval Board The Groffness of a City Feast abhorr'd: His Cooks, with long disuse, their Trade forgot; Cool was his Kitchen, though his Brains were hot. malice lives

Such frugal Virtue Malice may accuse ; hat hat he had But fure 'twas necessary to the Tows: For Towns once burnt, such Magistrates require As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire. With spiritual Food he fed his Servants well, But free from Flesh, that made the Jews rebel: And Mofes's Laws he held in more account, For forty days of falling in the Mount To fpeak the reft, who better are forgot, Would tire a well-breath'd Witness of the Plet: Yet, Corab, thou shalt from Oblivion pass; Erect thy felf, thou Monumental Brass: High as the Serpent of thy Metal made, While Nations fland fegure beneath thy shade. What though his Rirth were base, yet Comets rise From earthly Vapours ere they thine in Skies. Prodigious Actions may as well be done By Weaver's Iffue, as by Prince's Son. This Arch-Atteftor for the Public Good, By that one Deed ennobles all his Blood. Who ever aft'd the Witnesses high Race, Whose Oath with Martyrdom did Stephen grace? Ours was a Lovite, and as times went then, His Tribe were God Almighty's Gentlemen. Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harsh and loud, Sure figns he neither Chol'rick was, nor Proud: His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace A Church Vermillion, and a Mofes' Face His Memory miraculously great, and all all Cou'd Plots, exceeding Man's belief, repeat; Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies, For human Wit cou'd never such devise. Some future Truths are mingled in his Books But where the Witness fail'd, the Prophet spoke: Some things like Visionary flights appear; The Spirit caught him up the Lord knows where. And gave him his Rabinical Degree, Unknown to Foreign University. His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excel; Which pierc'd his wondrous Evidence fo well,

And fuited to the Temper of the Times will lague doug Then groaning under Jebuffiet Crimes a sent must tall Let Ifrael's Foes susped his Heav'nly Call, and I and And rashly judge his Writ Apocriphaliams for such ah Our Laws for fuch Affronts have Forfeits made? "1111 He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade: Were I myfelf in Witness Corab's place; al saish but The Wretch who did me fuch a dire diffrace, and roll Shou'd whet my memory, though once forgot desait o'l To make him an Appendix of my Ploti an a mis blue H His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince despite. And load his Perfor with Indignities work and you from But Zeal peculiar Privilege affords, maying and as doll Indulging Latitudes to Deeds and Words work and H And Corab might for Arar's Murther call squad 18d !! In terms as coaffe as Samuel us'd to Saul I whites mon't What others in his Evidence did foin stonish, sunigipor ! (The best that could be had for love or coin) was if vil In Corab's own predicament will fall contain dark and I For Witness is a Common Name to allow I suo rade vil

Surrounded thus with Friends of every fort. ... od !! Deluded Abfalon forfakes the Court ! dien il al sind H Impatient of high hopes; urg'd with Renown; sam and) And fir'd with near possession of a Crown; if select will Th' admiring Croud are dauled with Surprize 10 H Anu? And on his Goodly Person feed their Eyes : A argit stud His joy conceal'd, he fets himself to show and and On each fide bowing popularly lower limes I dound A His Looks, his Gestures, and his Words he frames in And with familian cafe repeats their Names. 1011 bus) Thus form'd by Nature, furnisht out with Arts daniel He glides unfelt into their feeret hearts, " Il namud 104 Then, with a kind compationating look, I amus amos And fight, befreaking pity sie he fooke, adraman und Few words he faid; but cafe those and fit, squid amo? More flow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet of I

I mourn, my Countrymen, your lost Estate pring but Though far unable to prevent your Fate; on a nonday Behold a banish Man, for your dear Cause songlass said Exposed a Prey to Arbitrary Laws I used be resented to

Link

Yet oh! that I alone cou'd be undone, Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son! Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made; Ægypt and Tyrus intercept your Trade, And Jebufites your Sacred Rites invade. My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name, Charm'd into Ease, is careless of his Fame; And brib'd with petty Sums of foreign Gold, Is grown in Buthfieba's embraces old: Exalts his Enemies, his Friends destroys: And all his pow'r against himself employs. He gives, and let him give my Right away: But why should he his own, and yours betray? He, only he, can make the Nation bleed, And he alone from my Revenge is freed. Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes) 'Tis all the Aid my present pow'r supplies. No Court-Informer can these Arms accuse: These Arms may Sons against their Fathers use: And 'tis my wish the next Successor's Reign May make no other Ifraelite complain. Youth, Beauty, Graceful Action feldom fail:

But Common Interest always will prevail: And Pity never ceases to be shown. To him, who makes the People's wrongs his own. The Croud (that still believe their Kings oppress) With lifted hands their young Meffiab blefs: Who now begins his Progress to ordain With Chariots, Horsemen, and a numerous Train: From East to West his Glories he displays: And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land furveys, Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star; And shouts of Joy salute him from afar: Each house receives him as a Guardian God: And confecrates the Place of his abode: But hospitable Treats did most commend Wife Iffachar, his wealthy Western Friend. This moving Court, that caught the People's Eyes, And feem'd but Pomp, did other Ends difguise: VOL. I. Achicophel

Achitophel had form'd it, with intent To found the Depths, and fathom, where it went, The People's Hearts; distinguish Friends from Foes; And try their strength before they came to Blows. Yet all was colour'd with a smooth Pretence Of specious Love, and Duty to their Prince. Religion, and Redress of Grievances, Two names that always cheat, and always please, Are often urg'd; and good King David's Life Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife. Thus in a Pageant shew a Plot is made; And Peace it felf is War in Masquerade. Oh foolish Ifrael! never warn'd by Ill! Still the fame bait, and circumvented still! Did ever Men forfake their present ease, In midst of Health Imagine a Disease; Take pains Contingent mischiefs to foresee, Make heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree ? What shall we think! Can People give away, Both for themselves and Sons, their native Sway? Then they are left defenceless to the Sword Of each unbounded arbitrary Lord: And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy, If Kings unquestion'd can those Laws destroy. Yet if the Croud be Judge of fit and just, And Kings are only Officers in Truft, Then this resuming Cov'nant was declar'd When Kings were made, or is for ever barr'd: If those who gave the Scepter cou'd not tie By their own deed their own Posterity, How then cou'd Adam bind his future Race? How cou'd his Forfeit on Mankind take place? Or how cou'd Heav'nly Justice damn us all, Who ne'er consented to our Father's Fall? Then Kings are Slaves to those whom they command, And Tenants to their Peoples pleasures stand. Add, that the Pow'r for Property allow'd, Is mischievously seated in the Croud: For who can be secure of private Right, If Sovereign Sway may be diffolv'd by Might? Nor

Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true: The Most may err, as grofly as the Few. And faultless Kings run down, by Common Cry, For Vice, Oppression, and for Tyranny. What Standard is there in a fickle Rout, Which flowing to the Mark, runs faster out? Nor only Crouds, but Sanhedrins may be Infected with this Public Lunacy: And share the Madness of Rebellious Times, To Murther Monarchs for Imagin'd Crimes. If they may give and take whene'er they please, Not Kings alone, (the God-head's Images,) But Government it felf at length must fall To Nature's State, where All have Right to All. Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make. What prudent men a fetled Throne wou'd shake? For whatfoe'er their Sufferings were before, That Change they covet makes them fuffer more. All other Errors but disturb a State; But Innovation is the Blow of Fate. If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall, To Patch the Flaws, and Buttress up the Wall, Thus far 'tis Duty; but here fix the Mark; For all beyond it is to touch our Ark. To change Foundations, cast the Frame anew, Is work for Rebels who base Ends pursue: At once Divine and Human Laws controul; And mend the Parts by ruin of the Whole. The tamp'ring World is subject to this Curse, To Physic their Disease into a worse.

Now what Relief can Righteous David bring? How fatal 'tis to be too good a King! Friends he has few, so high the Madness grows; Who dare be such, must be the Peoples Foes: Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days; Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praise.

In this short File Barxillai first appears;
Barxillai, crown'd with Honour and with Years;
Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood
In regions Waste beyond the Jordan's Flood:

B 2

Unfortunately

Unfortunately brave to buoy the State; But finking underneath his Master's Fate: In Exile with his Godlike Prince he mourn'd; For him he fuffer'd, and with him return'd. The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art: Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart: Which well the Noblest Objects knew to chuse, The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muse. His Bed con'd once a fruitful Isfue boast; Now more than half a Father's Name is loft. His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd, By me (fo Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd, And always honour'd, fnatch'd in Manhood's prime B'unequal Fates, and Providence's Crime: Yet not before the Goal of Honour won, 'All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son; Swift was the Race, but thort the Time to run. Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine, Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line! By Sea, by Land, thy matchless Worth was known; Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own: Thy force, infus'd, the fainting Tyrians prop'd; And haughty Pharash found his Fortune flop'd. Oh ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand, Whom Foes unpunish'd never cou'd withstand! But Ifrael was unworthy of his Name: Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame. It looks as Heav'n our Ruin had design'd, And durst not trust thy Fortune and thy Mind. Now free from Earth, thy differcumbred Soul [Pole: Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry From thence thy kindred Legions mayft thou bring. To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King. Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight: No pinions can purfue Immortal height: Tell good Barzillai thou can't fing no more, And tell thy Soul the fould have fled before; Or fled she with his life, and left this Verse To hang on her departed Patron's Hearse? Now

Now take thy fleepy flight from Heav'n, and fee If thou canst find on Earth another He; Another He would be too hard to find, See then whom thou canft fee not far behind: Zadoc the Priest, whom, shunning Pow'r and Place, His lowly Mind advanc'd to David's Grace; With him the Sagan of Jerufalem, Of hospitable Soul, and noble Stem; Him of the Western Dome, whose weighty Sense Flows in fit words and heav'nly eloquence. The Prophets Sons by fuch Example led, To Learning and to Loyalty were bred: For Colleges on bounteous Kings depend, And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend. To these succeed the Pillars of the Laws: Who best can plead, and best can judge a Cause. Next them a train of Loyal Peers ascend, Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses Friend, Himself a Muse: - In Sanhedrins debate True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State: Whom David's Love with Honours did adorn That from his disobedient son were torn. Jotham of piercing Wit, and pregnant Thought: Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught To move Assemblies, who but only try'd The worse a-while, then chose the better side: Nor chose alone, but turn'd the Balance too; So much the weight of one Brave man can do. Husbai the Friend of David in distress, In public storms of manly stedfastness; By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth; And join'd Experience to his Native Truth. His frugal care supply'd the wanting Throne; Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own: 'Tis eafy Conduct when Exchequers flow; But hard the task to manage well the low; For Sovereign Pow'r is too deprest or high, When King's are forc'd to fell, or Crouds to buy. Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse, For Amiel; who can Amiel's Praise refuse?

#### 30 ABSALOM end ACHITOPHEU.

Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without Title Great:
The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,
Their Reason guided, and their Passion cool'd;
So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a Loyal Nation's Sense,
That as their Bands was Israel's Tribes in small,
So sit was he to represent them all.
Now rasher Charioteers the Seat ascend,
Whose loose Careers his steady Skill commend:
They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
Misguide the Seasons, and mistake the Way;
While he withdrawn at their mad Labour smiles,
And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.

These were the chief; a small but faithful Band Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to stand, And tempt th' united Fury of the Land. With grief they view'd fuch powerful Engines bent, To batter down the Lawful Government. A num'rous Faction with pretended Frights, In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights, The true Successor from the Court remov'd: The Plot, by hireling Witnesses, improv'd. These Ills they saw, and as their Duty bound, They shew'd the King the danger of the Wound; That no Concessions from the Throne wou'd please; But Lenitives fomented the Disease: That Absalom, ambitious of the Crown, Was made the Lure to draw the People down: That false Achitophel's pernicious Hate Had turn'd the Plot to ruin Church and State: The Council violent, the Rabble worse: That Shimei taught Jerusalem to Curse.

With all these loads of Injuries oppress,
And long revolving in his careful Breast
Th' event of things; at last, his Patience tir'd.
Thus, from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,
The God-like David spoke; with awful Fear
His Train their Maker in their Master hear.

Thus:

Thus long have I, by Native Mercy fway'd, My Wrongs dissembled, my Revenge delay'd: So willing to forgive th' Offending Age; So much the Father did the King affwage. But now so far my Clemency they flight, Th' Offenders question my Forgiving Right. That One was made for Many, they contend; But 'tis to Rule for that's a Monarch's End. They call my tenderness of Blood, my Fear: Though manly Tempers can the Longest bear. Yet, fince they will divert my Native course, 'Tis time to shew I am not good by force. Those heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring, Are Burthens for a Camel, not a King: Kings are the public Pillars of the State, Born to fustain and prop the Nation's weight: If my young Sampson will pretend a Call To shake the Column, let him share the Fall : But, oh, that yet he would repent and live ! How easy 'tis for Parents to forgive! With how few Tears a Pardon might be won From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son! Poor pity'd Youth, by my Paternal Care, Rais'd up to all the height his Frame cou'd bear : Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire born, He wou'd have giv'n his Soul another turn: Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whose Modern sense Is one that wou'd by Law supplant his Prince: The People's Brave, the Politician's Tool; Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool. Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws. Should more be Absalom's than David's Cause? His old Instructor, ere he lost his Place, Was never thought indu'd with so much Grace, Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot paint! My Rebel ever proves my People's Saint: Wou'd They impose an Heir upon the Throne? Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own. A King's at least a Part of Government; And Mine as requisite as their Consent:

B 4

Without

#### 32 ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

Without my leave a future King to Chufe, Infers a Right the present to Depose: True, they petition me t'approve their Choice : But Efan's Hands fuit ill with Jacob's Voice. My pious Subjects for my Safety pray, Which to fecure, they take my Pow'r away. From Plots and Treasons Heav'n preserve my Years, But fave me most from my Petitioners. Unfatiate as the barren Womb or Grave; God cannot grant so much as they can crave. What then is left, but with a jealous Eye To guard the small Remains of Royalty? The Law shall still direct my peaceful Sway, And the fame Law teach Rebels to obey: Votes shall no more Establish'd Pow'r controul. Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole: No groundless Clamours shall my Friends remove. Nor Crouds have Pow'r to punish ere they prove : For Gods and God-like Kings their care express, Still to defend their Servants in diffress. Oh, that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd! Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, against my mind, To make Examples of another Kind? Must I at length the Sword of Justice draw? Oh, curs'd Effects of necessary Law! How ill my Fear they by my Mercy scan! Beware the Fury of a Patient Man. Law they require, let Law then shew her Face ; They could not be content to look on Grace, Her hinder Parts, but with a daring Eye To tempt the Terror of her Front and Dye. By their own Arts, 'tis Righteously decreed, Those dire Artificers of Death shall bleed. Against themselves their Witnesses will swear, 'Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear : And fuck for Nutriment that bloody Gore Which was their Principle of Life before. Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight; Thus on my Foes, my Foes shall do me right:

### ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL. 33.

Nor doubt th' Event: for Factious Crouds engage,
In their first Onset, all their Brutal Rage.
Then let 'em take an unresisted Course:
Retire and Traverse, and Delude their Force:
But when they stand all Breathless, urge the Fight,
And rise upon 'em with redoubled Might:
For lawful Pow'r is still Superiour found;
When long driv'n back, at length it stands the ground.
He said, Th' Almighty nodding gave Consent;
And Peals of Thunder shuck the Firmament.
Hencesorth a Series of new Time began,
The mighty Years in long Procession ran:
Once more the God-like David was restor'd.

And willing Nations knew their lawful Lord.

B 5

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AKEY

### A KEY to Abfalom and Achitophel,

Bfalom. Annabel, Amiel, Achitophel, Abethdin, Agag, Adriel, · Bathsheba, Balaam, Barzillai, Caleb. Corah. David. Ethnick Plot, Egypt, Hashai, Hebrew Priests, Hebron, Ifrael, Terufalem. Isbosheth. Jotham, Jebufites, lonas. Isfachar, Michael, Nadab, Pharaoh, Saul, Sanhedrim, Solymean Reut, Sagan of Jerusalem, Shimei, Tyre, Western Dome, Zimri, Zadoch,

Duke of Monmouth. Dutchess of Monmouth. Mr. Seymour, Speaker. Lord Shaftsbury. Lord Chancellor. Sir E. B. Godfrey. Earl of Mulgrave. Dutchess of Portsmouth, Earl of Huntington. Duke of Ormond. Lord Grey. Dr. Oates. King Charles II. Popish Plat. France. Earl of Rochester, Hyde. Church of England Ministers. Scotland. England. London. Rich. Cromwell. Marquis of Hallifax. Papiles. Sir W. Jones. T. Thin, Esq; 2. Katherine. Lord Howard of Escrick. French King. Oliver. Parliament. London Rebels. Bilbop of London. Sheriff Bethel. Holland. Dolben. Duke of Buckingham. Archbishop Sancroft.

THE

### THE

## MEDAL.

A

### SATYR

AGAINST

## SEDITION.

By the Author of Absalom and Achitophel.

Per Graiûm populos, mediæque per Elidis Urbenz: Ibat ovans; Divúmque sibi poscebat Honores.

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## EPISTLE

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## WHIGS.

OR to whom can I dedicate this Poem, with for much justice as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own Heroe: 'Tis the Picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Landscape of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun; nor the Anno Domini of your New Sovereign's Coronation. This must needs be a grateful Undertaking to your whole Party: Especially to those who have not been fo happy as to purchase the Original. I hear the Graver has made a good Market of it: All his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder for inhanc'd, that many a poor Polander who would be glad to worthip the Image, is not able to go to the coft of him: But must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great Artist; but Sign-post painting will ferve the turn to remember a Friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true : And though he fate not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have confulted History; as the Italian Painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not feen the Man, they can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and find out the Colouring from Surtenius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have sper'd

one fide of your Medal: The Head wou'd be feen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun; which would then break out to better purpose. You tell us in your Preface to the No Protestant Plot, that you shall be forced. hereafter to leave off your Modesty I suppose you mean that little which is left you : For it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practis'd fuch a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Establish'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were Virtue in his Bones to preserve you against Monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the Public good; but a due veneration for the Person of the King. But all men who can fee an inch before them, may eafily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question, What right has any man among you, or any affociation of men, (to come nearer to you) who, out of Parliament, cannot be confider'd in a public Capacity, to meet, as you daily. do, in Factious Clubs, to vilify the Government in your Discourses, and to libel it in all your Writings? Who made you Judges in Ifrael? Or how. is it confistent with your Zeal for the public Welfare to promote Sedition? Does your Definition of Loyal, which is to serve the King according to the Laws, allow you the Licence of traducing the Executive Power, with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his People; and by your very urging it, you endeavour, what in you lies, to make him. lose them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: If you were the Patriots you would feem, you would not at this rate incense the Multitude to assume it; for no lober man can fear it, either from the 2 ... King's

King's Disposition or his Practice ; or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the benefit of Laws under which we were born, and which we defire to transmit to our Posterity. You are not the Trustees of the public Liberty: And if you have not right to petition in a Crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of Affairs; or to arraign what you do not like; which in effect is every. thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you refpect the Person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your seditious Pamphlets are stuffed with particular Reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easie to be evinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers; and to show you that I have, the third part of your No Protestant Plot is much of it ftolen from your dead Author's Pamphlet call'd the Growth of Popery; as manifestly as Milton's desence of the English People, is from Buchanan, de jure regni apud Scotos: Or your first Covenant, and new Affociation, from the holy League of the French Guifards. Any one who reads Davilla, may trace your Practices all along. There were the same pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the fame Afperfions of the King, and the same grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Historian's word, who fays it was reported, that Polirot a Hugonot murther'd Francis Duke of Guife by the instigations of Theodore Beza: Or that it was a Hugenot Minister, otherwise call'd a Presbyterian, (for our Church abhorsfo devilish a Tenet) who first writ a Treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murthering Kings, of a different Persuasion in Religion: But I am able to prove from the Doctrine of Calvin, and Principles of Buebanan, that they fet the People above the Magif-, trate; which, if I mistake not, is your own Funda-, mental; and which carries your Loyalty no farther 14214-4

than your Liking. When a Vote of the House of Commons goes on your fide, you are as ready to obferve it, as if it were pass'd into a Law: But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed As of Parliament, you declare that in some cases you will not be obliged by it. The Passage is in the same third part of the No Protestant Plot; and is too plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Affeciation, you neither wholly justifie nor condemn ; But, as the Papills, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantries of Worship; but in times of War. when they are hard press'd by Arguments, lie close intrench'd behind the Council of Trent, So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition; you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination; but whenfoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justify'd to purpose, For indeed there is nothing so defend it but the Sword; "Tis the proper time to fay any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time you wou'd fain be nibbling at a Parallel betwixt this Affociation, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: One with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the consent, or knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly defign'd. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last Evasion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies and shuffled into the Papers that were seiz'd, which yet you see the Nation is not so easie to believe, as your own Jury; But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgatz, who wou'd acquit a Malesactor.

I have one only favour to defire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, you wou'd employ the same Pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel:

Per then you may assure yourselves of a clear Victory, without

without the least Reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a Custom, do it without wit: By this method you will gain a confiderable point, which is, wholly to wave the answer of my Arguments. Never own the bottom of your Principles, for fear they shou'd be Treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of Government; for if Scandal be not allow'd, you are no freeborn Subject. If God has not bless'd you with Talent of Rhiming, make use of my poor Stock and welcome : let your Verses run upon my feet : And for the utmost refuge of notorious Block-heads, reduc'd to the last extremity of fense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own Satyr, make me Satyrise my felf. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already; but above all the rest commend me to the Non conformist Parson, who writ the White and Key. I am afraid it is not read fo much as the. Piece deferves, because the Bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be publish'd as well as printed; and that fo much skill in Hebrew Derivations, may not lie for Waste-paper in the Shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signific the Brother of a Fool, the Author of that Poem will pass with his Readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 'tis the Relation that makes the kindness. the Verses are, buy 'em up I beseech you out of pity; for I hear the Conventicle is shut up, and the Brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now Footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a Purse, for a Member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears: And even Protestant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Dissenter in Poetry from Sense and English, will make as good a Protestant Rhimer, as a Dissenter from the Church of England a Pro-

a Protestant Parson. Besides, if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his Hyle a little, above the vulgar Epithets of prophane, and fawcy Jack, and Atheistic Scribbler, with which he treats me, when the fit of Enthusiasm is strong upon him? by which well manner'd and charitable Expressions, I was certain of his Sect, before I knew his Name. What wou'd you have more of a man? He has damn'd me in your Cause from Genesis to the Revelations: And has half the Texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to your selves as to take him for your Interpreter; and' not to take them for Irifb Witnesses. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd him only forthe opening of your Cause, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with not more Reply than his Predecessors, you may either conclude, that I trust to the goodness of my Cause, or fear my Adversary, or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble Serwant, whatever your Party fays or thinks of him.

THE

14 53

#### THE

### MEDAL.

ASATYR against SEDITION.

Fall our Antic Sights, and Pageantry, Which English Ideots run in crowds to fee, The Polish Medal bears the Prize alone: A Monster, more the Favourite of the Town Than either Fairs or Theaters have shown. Never did Art fo well with Nature strive; Nor ever Idol feem'd fo much alive: So like the Man; fo golden to the fight. So base within, so counterfeit and light. One fide is fill'd with Title and with Face; And, left the King shou'd want a regal Place, On the Reverse, a Tow'r the Town surveys; O'er which our mounting Sun his Beams displays. The Word, pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval Voice, Latamur, which, in Polish, is rejoices The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd: And a new Canting Holiday defign'd. Five days he fate, for ev'ry cast and look; Four more than God, to finish Adam, took. But who can tell what Essence Angels are, Or how long Heav'n was making Lucifer? O, cou'd the Style that copy'd ev'ry grace, And plough'd fuch Furrows for an Eunuch Face, Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing Will, The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill! A Martial

A Martial Heroe first, with early Care, Blown, like a Pigmy by the Winds, to War. A beardless Chief, a Rebel, ere a Man: (So young his hatred to his Prince began.) Next this, (How wildly will Ambition fleer!) A Vermin, wriggling in th' Usurper's Ear. Bart'ring his venal Wit for fums of Gold. He cast himself into the Saint-like Mould; Groan'd, figh'd and pray'd, while Godliness was Gain : The loudest Bagpipe of the squeaking Train. But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes, His open lewdness he cou'd ne'er disguise. There fplit the Saint: For Hypocritic Zeal Allows no Sins but those it can conceal. Whoring to Scandal gives too large a scope : Saints must not trade; but they may interlope. Th' ungodly Principle was all the fame; But a gross Cheat betrays his Partner's Game. Besides, their pace was formal, grave and slack: His nimble Wit out ran the heavy Pack. Yet still he found his Fortune at a flay; Whole droves of Blockheads chooking up his way; They took, but not rewarded, his Advice; Villain and Wit exact a double price. Pow'r was his Aim: but, thrown from that pretence, The Wretch turn'd Lovalin his own Defence; And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince. Him, in the anguith of his Soul he ferv'd; Rewarded fafter still than he defere'd. Behold him now exalted into Truft; His Counfel's oft convenient, feldom just. Ev'n in the most fincere Advice he gave He had a grudging still to be a Knave. The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatic Years. Made him uneafie in his lawful Gears. At best as little honest as he cou'd: And, like white Witches, mischievously Good. To his first Biass, longingly he leans; And rather wou'd be great by wicked Means.

Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold; (Advice unfafe, precipitous, and bold,) From hence those Tears! that Ilium of our woe! Who helps a pow'rful Friend, fore-arms a Foe. What wonder if the Waves prevail fo far, When he cut down the Banks that made the Bar ? Seas follow but their Nature to invade; But he by Art our native Strength betray'd. So Sampson to his Foe his force confest; And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her Breast. But, when this fatal Counsel, found too late, Expos'd its Author to the public Hate; When his just Sov'reign, by no impious way, Cou'd be feduc'd to anbitrary Sway, Forfaken of that hope, he thists the Sail; Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale; And shews the Fiend confes'd, without a Vail, He preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent, But not convey'd to Kingly Government; That Claims successive hear no hinding force; That Coronation Oaths are things of course; Maintains the Multitude can never err; And fets the People in the Papal Chair. The reason's obvious ; Int'rest never bes : The most have still their Int'rest in their Eyes; The Pow'r is always theirs, and Pow'r is ever wife. Almighty Crowd, thou fhorten'ff all dispute; Pow'r is thy Essence; Wit thy Attribute! Nor Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay, Thou leap'sto'eralleternal Truths, in thy Pindaric way! Athens, no doubt, did righteoully decide, When Phocion and when Socrates were try'd: As righteously they did these dooms repent; Still they were wife, what ever way they went. Crowds err not, the' to both extreams they run; To kill the Father, and recall the Son. Some think the Fools were most, as times went then; But now the World's o'er-stock'd with prudent Men. The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Test; The Turk's is, at Constantinople, best; Idols

Idels in India, Popery in Rome; And our own Worship only true at home. And true, but for the time; 'tis hard to know How long we please it shall continue so, This fide to day, and that to-morrow burns; So all are God-a'mighties in their Turns. A tempting Doctrine, plaufible and new: What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true ! Who, to destroy the Seeds of Civil War, Inherent Right in Monarchs did declare: And, that a lawful Pow'r might never seafe, Secur'd Succession, to secure our Peace. Thus, Property and Sov'reign Sway, at last In equal Balances were justly cast: But this new Jebu spurs the hot-mouth'd Horse; Instructs the Beast to know his native Force; To take the Bit between his Teeth, and fly To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy. Too happy England, if our good we knew; Wou'd we possess the Freedom we pursue! The lavish Government can give no more: Yet we repine; and plenty makes us poor. God try'd us once; our Rebel-Fathers fought; He glutted 'em with all the Pow'r they fought; 'Till, mafter'd by their own usurping Brave, The free-born Subject funk into a Slave. We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails; Ah, what is Man, when his own wish prevails! How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill; Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will! That Kings can do no wrong we must believe: None can they do, and must they all receive? Help Heaven! or fadly we shall see an hour, When neither wrong nor right are in their Pow'r! Already they have loft their best Defence, The Benefit of Laws, which they dispense. No justice to their righteous Cause allow'd; But baffled by an Arbitrary Crowd. And Medals grav'd, their Conquest to record, The Stamp and Coin of their adopted Lord.

The

The Man who laugh'd but once, to fee an Afs Mumbling to make the cross grain'd Thistles pass ; Might laugh again, to fee a Jury chaw The prickles of unpalatable Law. The Witnesses, that, Leech-like, liv'd on blood, Sucking for them were med'cinally good; But, when they fasten'd on their fester'd Sore, Then, Justice and Religion they forswore; Their Maiden Oaths debauch'd into a Whore. Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd; And Rogue and Saint distinguish'd by their Side. They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their Cause; And plead a Call to preach, in spight of Laws. But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page; It has been us'd as ill in ev'ry Age: And is constrain'd, with Patience, all to take; For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make? Happy who can this talking Trumpet seize; They make it speak what ever Sense they please! 'Twas fram'd, at first, our Oracle t' enquire; But fince our Sects in Prophecy grow higher, The Text inspires not them; but they the Text inspire.

London, thou great Emporium of our Isle, O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile, How shall I praise or curse to thy desert! Or separate thy sound, from thy corrupted Part! I call'd the Nile; the Parallel will stand: Thy tides of Wealth o'erslow the fatten'd Land; Yet monsters from thy large increase we find; Engender'd on the Slime thou leav'ft behind. Sedition has not wholly feiz'd on thee; Thy nobler Parts are from infection free. Of Israel's Tribes thou hast a num'rous Band; But still the Canaanite is in the Land. Thy military Chiefs are brave and true; Nor are thy difinchanted Burghers few. The Head is Loyal which thy Heart commands; But what's a Head with two fuch gouty Hands?

The wife and wealthy love the furest way; And are content to thrive and to obey. But Wisdom is to Sloth too great a Slave; None are so busie as the Fool and Knave. Those let me curse; what vengeance will they urge; Whose Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can purge; Nor sharp Experience can to Duty bring, Nor angry Heav'n, nor a forgiving King! In Gospel Phrase their Chapmen they betray: Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey. The Knack of Trades is, living on the Spoil; They boaft, ev'n when each other they beguile. Customs to steal is such a trivial Thing, That 'tis their Charter, to defraud their King. All Hands unite of every jarring Sect; They cheat the Country first, and then infect. They, for God's Cause their Monarche dare dethrone; And they'll be fure to make his Cause their own. Whether the plotting Jefuit laid the Plan Of murth'ring Kings, or the French Puritan, Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guides out-go; And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd muther too.

What means their Trait'rous Combination lefs, Too plain t' evade, too shameful te confess. But Treason is not own'd when 'tis descry'd; Successful Crimes alone are justify'd. The Men, who no Confpiracy wou'd find, Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd. Join'd, in a mutual Cov'nant of Defence; At first without, at last against their Prince. If Sov'reign Right by Sov'reign Pow'r they fcan, The fame bold Maxim holds in God and Man: God were not fafe, his Thunder cou'd they shun, He shou'd be forc'd to Crown another Son. Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown, The rich Possession was the Murth'rers own. In vain to Sophistry they have recourse: By proving theirs no Plot, thy prove 'tis worfe; Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force,

Which, though not actual, yet all Eyes may see 'Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be; For, from pretended Grievances they rise, First to dislike, and after to despise.

Then, Cyclop-like, in human sless to deal; Chop up a Minister, at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King; But clip his regal Rights within the Ring.

From thence, t'assume the Pow'r of Peace and War; And ease him by degrees of public Care.

Yet, to consult his Dignity and Fame,
He shou'd have leave to exercise the Name;
And hold the Cards, while Commons play'd the Game.

For what can Pow'r give more than Food and Drink, To live at ease; and not be bound to think? These are the cooler Methods of the Crime; But their hot Zealots think 'tis loss of time; On utmost Bounds of Loyalty they stand; And grin and whet like a Croatian Band; That waits impatient for the last Command. Thus Out-laws open Villainy maintain; They steal not, but in Squadrons scoure the Plain: And, if their Pow'r the Paffengers subdue; The Most have Right, the Wrong is in the Few. Such impious Axioms foolifhly they show; For, in some Soils Republics will not grow: Our Temp'rate Isle will no Extreams sustain, Of Pop'lar Sway, or Arbitrary Reign: But flides between them both into the best; Secure in Freedom, in a Monarch bleft. And though the Climate, vex'd with various Winds, Works through our yielding Bodies, on our Minds. The wholfome Tempest purges what it breeds; To recommend the Calmness that succeeds,

But thou, the Pander of the People's Hearts, (O crooked Soul, and Serpentine in Arts!) Whose blandishments a Loyal Land have whor'd, And broke the Bonds she plighted to her Lord;

What Curies on thy blafted Name will fall? Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call For all must curse the Woes that must descend on all! Religion thou hast none: thy Mercury Has pass'd through ev'ry Sect, or theirs through thee. But what thou giv'ft, that Venom Itill remains; And the pox'd Nation feels thee in their Brains. What elfe infoires the Tongues, and swells the Breaks Of all thy bellowing Renegado Priefts, That preach up thee for God; diffence thy Laws; And with thy Stum ferment their fainting Cause? Presh Fumes of Madness raise; and toil and sweat To make the formidable Cripple great. Yet, shou'd thy Crimes succeed, shou'd lawless Pow'r Compais those Ends thy greedy Hopes devour, Thy canting Friends thy mortal Foes wou'd be; Thy God and theirs will never long agree. For thine, (if thou haft any) must be one That lets the World and Human-kind alone: A jolly God, that passes Hours too well To promise Heav'n, or threaten us with Hell. That unconcern'd can at Rebellion fit; And wink at Crimes he did himself commit. A Tyrant theirs; the Heav'n their Priesthood paints A Conventicle of gloomy fullen Saints; A Heav'n, like Bedlam, flovenly and fad; Fore-doom'd for Souls, with false Religion mad. Without a Vision Poets can fore-show What all but Fools, by common Sense, may know:

Without a Vision Poets can fore-show
What all but Fools, by common Sense, may know:
If true Succession from our life should fail,
And Crouds profane, with impious Arms prevail,
Not thou, nor those thy Factious Arts engage,
Shall reap that Harvest of rebellious Rage,
With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit Age.
The swelling Poison of the sev'ral Sects,
Which wanting Vent, the Nation's Health infects,
Shall burst its Bag; and sighting out their way,
The various Venoms on each other prey.
The Presbyter, pust up with spiritual pride,
Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride:

His

His Brethren damn, the civil Pow'r defie;
And parcel out Republic Prelacy.
But short shall be his Reign: his rigid Yoke
And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke;
And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train
Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring
Crane.

The Cut-throat Sword and clam'rous Gown shall jar, In sharing their Ill gotten Spoils of War: Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend; Lords envy Lords, and Friends with ev'ry Friend About their impious Merit shall contend. The surly Commons shall respect deny; And justle Peerage out with Property. Their Gen'ral either shall his Trust betray, And force the Crowd to Arbitrary Sway;

Or they suspecting his ambitious Aim, In hate of Kings shall cast anew the Frame; And thrust our Collatine that bore their Name.

Thus inborn Broils the Factions wou'd engage;
Or Wars of exil'd Heirs, or foreign Rage;
'Till halting Vengeauce overtook our Age;
And our wild labours, wearied into Rest,
Reclin'd us on a rightful Monarch's Breast.

Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.

Who firmer confirmed in full flapidity, and have The refer of the first series of the reference of the series and Conference of the series and Souls may fall, and there already in an other Souls may fall, a finite through, and ranks a fucid interval;

Sender, his goodly Fabric fills the cye, a to to some found design it for thoughtless Majeshpa vision of constitues as Monarch Oaks, that shade the plant is a present of the characters of the constitues of the cycles and Serving work but I ypes of the cycles as a respect of I attalogy.

A M Fogs p even upon the Day:

### MAC FLECKNOE.

LL human things are subject to decay, And, when Fate fummons, Monarchs must obey: This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long: In Profe and Verse, was own'd, without dispute, Through all the Realms of Non fense, absolute. This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace, to stand at And bleft with liftue of a large Increase; so house bal Worn out with bus'ness, did at length debate To fettle the Succession of the State : 100 10 10 10 And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit: Cry'd, 'Tis refoly'd; for Nature pleads that He Should only rule, who most resembles me : \$b --- alone my perfect Image bears; Mature in dulness from his tender years. Sb-alone, of all my Sons, is he, Who flands confirm'd in full flupidity. The reft to some faint meaning make pretence, But Sh—never deviates into Sense. Some Beams of Wit on other Souls may fall, Strike through, and make a lucid interval; But Sh-'s genuine night admits no ray, His rifing Fogs prevail upon the Day: Befides, his goodly Fabric fills the eye, And feems defign'd for thoughtless Majesty: Thoughtless as Monarch Oaks, that shade the plain, And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign. Heywood and Shirley were but Types of thee, Thou last great Prophet of Tautology: Even

Even I, a dunce of more renown than they, Was fent before but to prepare thy way: And courfly clad in Norwich Drugget came To teach the Nations in thy greater name. My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom ftrung, When to King John of Portugal I fung, Was but the prelude to that glorious day, When thou on filver Thames did'ft cut thy way, With well-tim'd Oars before the Royal Barge, Swell'd with the Pride of thy Celestial charge; And big with Hymn, Commander of an Hoft, The like was ne'er in Epsom Blankets tost. Methinks I fee the new Arion fail, The Lute still trembling underneath thy nail. At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from Shore to Shore The Treble squeaks for fear, the Bases roar: Ecchoes from Piffing-Ally, Sb-call, And Sh— they refound from Afton Hall. About thy Boat the little Fishes throng, As at the morning Toast, that floats along. Sometimes as Prince of thy Harmonious band Thou weild'ft thy Papers in thy threshing hand. St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time, Not ev'n the feet of thy own Psyche's Rhime: Though they in number as in fense excel; So just, so like Tautology they fell, That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore The Lute and Sword which he in Triumph bore, And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more. Here stopt the good old Sire; and wept for joy In filent raptures of the hopeful Boy. All Arguments, but most his Plays, persuade, That for anointed dulness he was made. Close to the Walls which fair Augusta bind, (The fair Augusta much to fears inclin'd)

Close to the Walls which fair Augusta bind, (The fair Augusta much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric, rais'd t'inform the fight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A Watch tow'r once; but now, so Fate ordains,
Of all the Pile an empty name remains,

Fron

From its old Ruins Brothel houses rife, Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys, Where their vast Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep, And, undisturb'd by Watch, in filence fleep. Near these a Nursery erects its head. Where Queens are form'd, and future Heroes bred; Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry, Where infant Punks their tender Voices try, And little Maximins the Gods defie. Great Fletcher never treads in Buskins here, Nor greater Johnson dares in Socks appear. But gentle Simkin just reception finds Amidst this Monument of vanish'd minds: Pure Clinches the fuburbian Muse affords; And Panton waging harmless War with words. Here Flecknoe, as a place to Fame well known, Ambitioufly defign'd his Sh-'s Throne. For ancient Decker prophely'd long since, That in this Pile should reign a mighty Prince, Born for a scourge of Wit, and flayl of Sense: To whom true dulness should some Psyches owe, But Worlds of Mifers from his pen should flow; Humourists and Hypocrites it should produce, Whole Raymond Families, and Tribes of Bruce.

Now Empress Fame had publisht the Renown Of Sh-'s Coronation through the Town. Rows'd by Report of Fame, the Nations meet, From near Bun-bill, and distant Watling street No Perfian Carpets spread th' Imperial way, But fcatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay : From dufty thops neglected Authors come, Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum. Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay, But loads of She almost choakt the way. Bilk'd Stationers for Yeomen food prepar'd, And H-n was Captain of the Guard. The Hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd. High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd. At his right hand our young Ascanius sate, Rome's other hope, and Pillar of the State.

His Brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace, And lambont Dulness plaid around his face. As Hannibal did to the Altars come, Swore by his Sire a mortal Foe to Rome; So Sh - fwere, nor should his Vow be vain, That he 'till Death true Dulness would maintain; And in his Father's right, and Realm's defence, Ne'er to have Peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense. The King himself the facred Unction made, As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade: In his finister hand, instead of Ball, He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale; Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey, At once his Sceptre and his rule of Sway; Whose righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd young. And from whose Loyns recorded Psyche sprung. His Temples last with Poppies were o'erspread, That nodding feem'd to confecrate his head: Just at the point of time, if Fame not lye, On his left hand twelve rev'rend Owls did fly. So Romulus, 'tis fung, by Tyber's brook, Prefage of Sway from twice fix Vultures took. Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make, And Omens of his future Empire take. The Sire then shook the honours of his head, And from his Brows damps of oblivion feed Full on the filial dulness: long he stood, Repelling from his Breast the raging God; At length burst out in this prophetic mood:

Heav'ns bless my Son, from Ireland let him reign To far Barbadeos on the Western main; Of his Dominon may no end be known, And greater than his Father's be his Throne; Beyond Love's Kingdom let him stretch his Pen; He paus'd, and all the People cry'd Amen. Then thus continu'd he, My Son, advance Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance. Success let others teach, learn thou from me Pangs without birth, and fruitless Industry.

C 4

Let Virtuo fo's in five Years be writ; Yet not one Thought accuse thy toyl of Wit. Let gentle George in triumph tread the Stage, Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage; Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the Pit, And in their folly shew the Writers wit. Yet still thy Fools shall stand in thy defence, And justifie their Author's want of sense. Let 'em be all by thy own model made Of dulness, and defire no foreign aid: That they to future ages may be known, Not Copies drawn, but Iffue of thy own. Nay let thy men of Wit too be the fame, All full of thee, and diff'ring but in name; But let no alien S-dl-y interpose To lard with wit thy hungry Epfom profe. And when false flow'rs of Rhetoric thoud'st cult, Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull; But write thy best, and top; and in each line, Sir Formal's oratory will be thine. Sir Formal, though unfought, attends thy quill, And does thy Northern Dedications fill. Nor let false friends seduce thy Mind to Fame, By arrogating Johnson's Hostile name. Let Father Flecknoe fire thy Mind with Praise, And Uncle Ogleby thy Envy raise. Thou art my blood, where Johnson has no part; What share have we in Nature or in Art? Where did his Wit or Learning fix a brand, And rail at Arts he did not understand? Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein, Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain? Where fold he Bargains, Whip-stitch, kiss my Arfe, Promis'd a Play, and dwindled to a Farce? When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes purloin, . As thou whole Eth'ridge dost transfuse to thine? But fo transfus'd as Oyl and Waters flow, His always floats above, thine finks below. This is thy Province, this thy wondrous way, New Humours to invent for each new Play: This

This is that boafted Byass of thy Mind, By which one way, to Dulness, 'tis inclin'd. Which makes thy writings lean on one fide ftill, And in all changes that way bends thy will. Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense. A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ, But fure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of Wit. Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep, Thy Tragic Muse gives smiles, thy Comic sleep. With what'er gall thou fett'ft thy felf to write, Thy inoffensive Satyrs never bite. In thy fellonious heart though Venom lies, It does but touch thy Irif Pen, and dyes. Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase Fame In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram: Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy command: Some peaceful Province in Acrostic Land. There thou may'ft Wings display and Altars raise. And torture one poor word ten thousand ways. Or if thou would'it thy diff'rent Talents fuit, Set thy own Songs, and fing them to thy Lute. He faid, but his last words were scarcely heard For Bruce and Longwil had a Trap prepar'd, And down they fent the yet declaiming Bard. Sinking he left his Drugget Robe behind, Born upwards by a Subteranean wind. The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part, With double portion of his Father's Art.

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This is that booken Byan of thy Made ly which one way, to Dulnell, his inclini hich rosses the writings bun on one for And in all changes that way bonds aby will. Nor let thy mountain-bell, anake preter e Of libeards & thing's a tymouny of forder A Tun of Man in thy large Lulle it with In fare third a bit a Kidackin of Wit. Like mine thy gentlemunders feebly creen, The Trage Wall gives failes, the Come figer. When what'er gell thou fert'fithy folf to write, Ly inoffer gve Saryra never bite. la the felloulous bears though Verom lies, it does bertouch thy Iris Less and dies. the Genius cally three not to perchase Lame le keen Israbies, bet mild Angram: I we writing Flags, anthone for the command Some praceful Proporcein Acordia Land. Three thou may'th Wrens dilplay and Alleus raile, And torours one poor word ten chouland ways. Or if then would'it thy diff tent Theens fuit. set thy own south and any ther in thy Land. iniai riolai dittisii elektrika Anteiliona , kini al the English of Langers and a Tray preparid. Die onn they lent see viz day and mote be Society of the Drugger Base beauty. Bur manananakas a ya sinswega in s . . The self to the year I make the the THE STREET AND TO HOUSE BRIDGE OF W

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OR, A

Layman's Faith.

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POEM.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

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# PREFACE.

Form with so bold a Title, and a Name prefix the from which the handling of fo ferious a Subject wou'd not be expected, may reasonably oblige the Author, to fay somewhat, in defence both of himfelf. and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that being a Layman, I ought not to have concern'd my felf with Speculations, which belong to the Profession of Divinity; I cou'd Answer, that perhaps, Laymen, with equal Advantages of Parts and Knowledge, are not the most incompetent Judges of Sacred things; But in the due Sense of my own Weakness and want of Learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make my felf a Judge of Faith in others, but only to make a Confession of my own; I lay no unhallowed Hand upon the Ark; but wait on it with the Reverence that becomes me at a distance. In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have us'd in this small Treatise, were many of them taken from the Works of our own Reverend Divines of the Church of England; fo that the Weapons with which I combat Irreligion, are already confecrated; though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the Sword of Gohiath was by David; when they are to be employed for the common

common Cause, against the Enemies of Piety. I intendi not by this to intitle them to any of my Errors; which yet, I hope, are only those of Charity to Mankind; and fuch as my own Charity has caus'd me to commit, that of others may more eafily excuse. Being naturally inclin'd to Scepticism in Philosophy, I have no Reason to impose my Opinions, in a Subject which is above it: But whatever they are, I submit them with all Reverence to my Mother Church, accounting them no farther mine, than as they are authoriz'd, or at least uncondemn'd by her. And indeed, to secure my felf on this side, I have us'd the necessary Precaution, of showing this Paper, before it was published, to a judicious and learned Friend, a Man indefatigably zealous in the Service of the Church and State; and whose Writings have highly deserv'd of both. He was pleas'd to approve the Body of the Difcourfe, and I hope he is more my Friend, then to do it out of Complaisance: 'Tis true he had too good a Tafte to like itall; and amongs fome other Faults recommended to my second View, what I have written, perhaps too boldly, on St. Athenafus: which he advised me wholly to omit. I am fenfible enough that I had done more trudently to have follow'd his Opinion: But then I could not have fatisfied my felf, that I had done honeftly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my Thought, that Heathens, who never did, nor without Miracle cou'd hear of the Name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of Salvation. Neither will it enter eafly into my Belief, that before the coming of our Saviour, the whole World, excepting only the Tewish Nation, should lye under the inevitable Necesfity of everlasting Punishment, for want of that Revelation, which was confin'd to fo fmall a spot of Ground as that of Palestine. Among the Sonsof Neab we read of one only who was accurs'd; and if a Bleffing in the Ripeness of Time was referv'd for Japhet, (of whole Progeny we are,) it feems unacountable to me, why so many Generations of the fame Offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the Flesh, thou'd be all involv'd in one common Condemnation, and yet that their Posterity should be intituled

situled to the hopes of Salvation: As if a Bill of Exclusion had passed only on the Fathers, which debarrid not the Sons from their Succession. Or that so many Ages had been deliver'd over to Hell, and fo many referu'd for Heaven, and that the Devil had the first choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think that the revealed Religion which was taught by Noab to all. his Sons, might continue for some Ages in the whole Poflerity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the Family of Sem is manifelt : but when the Processes of Cham and Japhes swarm'd into Colonies, and those Colonies were subdivided into many others; in process of time their Descendants lost by little and little the Primitive and Purer Rights of Divine Worlhip, retaining only the Notion of one Deity; to which, succeeding Generations added others: (for Men took their Degrees in those Ages from Conquerors to Gods.) Revelation being thus eclipfed to almost all Mankind, The Light of Nature as the next in Dignity was substituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the Rule of the Heathens; and by which they are hereafter to be judg'd. If my Supposition be true, then the Consequence which I have: affem'd in my Poem may be also true; namely, that: Deifm, or the Principles of Natural Worthip, are only the faint Remnants or dying Flames of Reveal'd Religion in the Posterity of Neah: And that our Modern Philosophers, nay and some of our Philosophising Diwines, have too much exalted the Faculties of our Souls, when they have maintain'd, that by their Force Mankind has been able to find out that there is one Supreme Agent or Intellectual Being, which we called God; that: Praise and Prayer are his due Worship; and the rest of those Deducements, which I am confident are the remote Effects of Revelation, and unattainable by our Difcourfe, I mean as fimply consider'd, and without the Benefit of Divine Illumination. So that we have not: lifted up our selves to God, by the weak Pinions of our Reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Sowates faid of him, what Plate writ, and the reft. of the Heathen Philosophers of several Nations, is all no more:

more than the Twilight of Revelation, after the Sun of it was fet in the Race of Noah. That there is formething above us, some Principle of Motion, our Reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is, by its own Virtue. And indeed 'tis very improbable that we who by the Strength of our Faculties cannot enter into the Knowledge of any Being, not fo much as of our own, should be able to find out by them, that Supreme Nature, which we cannot otherwife define than by faying it is Infinite; as if Infinite were definable, or Infinity a Subject for our narrow Understanding. They who wou'd prove Religion by Reason, do but weaken the Cause which they endeavour to support: 'tis to take away the Pillar from our Faith, and to prop it only with a twig: 'tis to defign a Tower like that of Babel, which if it were possible (as it is not) to reach Heaven would come to nothing by the Confusion of the Workmen. For every Man is building a feveral way, impotently conceited of his own Model, and his own Materials: Reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while 'tis exercif'd about that which is not its proper Object. Let us be content at last, to know God by his own Methods; at least so much of him, as he is pleas'd to reveal to us in the Sacred Scriptures; to apprehend them to be the Word of God, is all our Reason has to do; for all beyond it is the Work of Faith, which is the Seal of Heaven impress'd upon our human Understanding.

And now for what concerns the Holy Bishop Athanassis: the Preface of whose Creed seems inconsistent with my Opinion; which is, that Heathens may possibly be sav'd; in the first place I desire it may be consider'd, that it is the Preface only, not the Creed it felf, which ('till I am better inform'd) is of too hard a Digestion for my Charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many several Texts of Scripture seemingly support that Cause; but neither am I ignoront how all those Texts may receive a kinder, and more mollished Interpretation. Every Man who is read in Church History, knows, that Besel was drawn up after long Contestation with Arius,

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concerning the Divinity of our bleffed Saviour, and his being one Substance with the Father; and that thus compil'd, it was fent abroad among the Christian Churches, as a kind of Test, which whosever took, was look'd on as an Orthodox Believer. 'Tis manifest from hence that the Heathen part of the Empire was not concerned in it: for its Bufinels was not to diffinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt Heretics and true Believers. This, well confider'd, takes off the heavy Weight of Censure, which I wou'd willingly avoid from so venerable a Man; for if this Proposition, Whosever will be sav'd, be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians; then the Anathema reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interested in that Dispute. After all, Jam far from blaming even that Prefatory Addition to the Creed, and as far from cavelling at the Continuation of it in the Liturgy of the Church; where, on the Days appointed, 'tis publickly read: For, I suppose, there is the same Reason for it now, in Opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a Herefie, which feems to have been refin'd out of the other; and with how much more plaufibility of Reason it combats our Religion, with so much more Caution to be avoided: and therefore the Prudence of our Church is to be commended, which has interpos'd her Authority for the Recommendation of this Creed. Yet to fuch as are grounded in the true Belief, those explanatory Creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spar'd: for what is supernatural, will always be a Mystery in fight of Exposition: and for my own part the plain Apostles Creed is most suitable to my weak Understanding; as the simplest Diet is the most easie of Digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this Subject than I intended; and longer than, perhaps, I ought; for having laid down, as my Foundation, that the Scripture is a Rule; that in all things needful to Salvation, it is clear, furfacient, and ordain'd by God Almighty for that purpose,

I have left my self no Right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal Happiness to Heathens: because whatsoever is obscure, is concluded

not necessary to be known.

But, by afferting the Scripture to be the Canon of our Faith, I have unavoidably created to my felf two forts of Enemies: The Papifts indeed, more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us, what they cou'd; and have referv'd to themselves a right of interpreting what they have deliver'd, under the Pretence of Infallibility: and the Fanatics more collaterally, because they have affum'd what amounts to an Infallibility, in the private Spirit: and have detorted those Texts of Scripture, which are not necoffery to Salvation, to the damnable Uses of Sedition, Disturbance and Destruction of the Civil Government. To begin with the Papills, and to fpeak freely, I think them the less dangerous (at least in Appearance to our present State) for not only the Penal Laws are in Force against them, and their Number is contemptible; but also their Peerage and Commons are excluded from Parliaments, and confequently those. Laws in no probability of being Repeal'd. A General and uninterrupted Plot of their Clergy, ever fince the Reformation, I suppose all Protestants believe. For 'tis not reasonable to think but that to many of their Orders, as were outed from their fat Poffessions, wou'd endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account Heretics. As for the late Defign, Mr. Coleman's Letters for ought I know are the best Evidence; and what they discover, without wire-drawing their Senfe, or malicious Gloffes, all Men of Reafon conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this requir'd of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spight of the Witnesses, and out of a decent Conformity to the Votes of Parliament : For I suppose the Fanatics will not allow the private Spirit in this Cafe : Here the Infallibility is at least in one part of the Government; and our Understandings as well as our Wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholics, how can we be secure from the Practice

of festited Papists in that Religion? For not two or three of that Order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole Body of them are of Opinion, that their infallible Master has a right over Kings, not only in Spirituals but Temporals. Not to name Mariano, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santaret, Simanca, and at least twenty others of Foreign Countries; we can produce of our own Nation, Campian, and Doleman or Parsons, besides many are nam'd whom I have not read, who all of them attest this Doctrine, that the Pope can depose and give away the Right of any Sovereign Prince, & vel Paulum deflexerit, if he fhall never fo little Warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the Bond of Obedience is taken off from Subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, ex bominum Christiano. rum Dominatu, from exercising Dominion over Chri flians: and to this they are bound by Virtue of Divine Precept, and by all the Tyes of Confcience under no less Penalty than Damnation. If they answer me (as a Learned Priest has lately written) that this Doctrine of the Jesuits is not de fide, and that confequently they are not oblig'd by it, they must Pardon me, if I think they have faid nothing to the Purpofe; for 'tis a Maxim' in their Church, where Points of Faith are not decided, and that Doctors are of contrary Opinions, they may follow which part they please: but more fasely the most receiv'd and most authoriz'd. And their Champion Bellarmine has told the World, in his Apology, that the King of England is a Vaffal to the Pope, ration directi Domini, and that he holds in Villanage of his Roman Landford. Which is no new Claim put in for England. Our Chronicles are his Authentique Winnefies, that King John was depos'd by the fame Plea, and Philip Augustus admitted Tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French King was again ejected when our King submitted to the Church, and the Crown received under the fordid Condition of Vaffalage.

'Tis not sufficient for the more moderate and wellmeaning

meaning Papists, (of which I doubt not there are many) to produce the Evidences of their Loyalty to the late King, and to declare their Innocency in this Plot; I will grant their Behaviour in the first, to have been as Loyal and as Brave as they defire; and will be willing to hold them excus'd as to the feeond, (I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my Betters; for 'tis a Madness to be sober alone, while the Nation continues drunk:) But that Saying of their Father Cref. is fill running in my Head, that they may be dispens'd with in their Obedience to an Heretic, Prince, while the Necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: (for that (as another of them tells us) is only the Effect of Christian Prudence:) but when once they shall get Power to thake him off, an Heretic is no lawful King, and confequently to rife against him is no Rebellion. I should be glad therefore, that they wou'd follow the Advice which was charitably given them by a Reverend Prelate of our Church; namely, that they wou'd join in a public Act of diffowning and detesting those Jesuitic Principles; and subscribe to all Doctrines which deny the Pope's Authority of Depofing Kings and releafing Subjects from their Oath of Allegiance: to which I shou'd think they might easily be induc'd, if it be true that this present Pope has condemn'd the Doctrine of King-killing (a Thesis of the Jesuites) amongst others ex Cathedra (as they call it) or in open Confistory.

Leaving them, therefore, in so fair a way (if they please themselves) of satisfying all reasonable Men, of their Sincerity and good meaning to the Government, I shall make bold to consider that other Extreme of our Religion, I mean the Fanatics, or Schismatics of the English Church. Since the Bible has been translated into our Tongue, they have us'd it so, as if their Business was not to be sav'd, but to be damn'd by its Contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English Nation, that it had still remain'd in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several Texts in it should have been

for the more moderate

been prevaricated to the Destruction of that Govern-

ment which put it into fo ungrateful Hands.

How many Herefies the first Translation of Tyndat produced in few Years, let my Lord Herbet's History of Henry the Eighth inform you; Infomuch that for the gross Errors in it, and the great Mischiefs it occasion'd, a Sentence pass'd on the first Edition of the Bible; too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short Reign of Edward the Sixth (who had continued to carry on the Reformation, on other Principles than it was begun) every one knows, that not only the chief Promoters of that Work, but many others, whose Consciences wou'd not dispence with Popery, were forc'd for fear of Perfecution, to change Climates; from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid Opinions and imperious Discipline of Calvin to graft upon our Reformation. Which though they cunningly conceal'd at first, (as well knowing how nauseously that Drug wou'd go down in a lawful Monarchy, which was prescrib'd for a rebellious Commonwealth) yet they always kept it in referve; and were never wanting to themselves either in Court or Parliament, when either they had any Prospect of a numerous Party of Fanatic Members in the one, or the Encouragement of any Favourite in the other, whose Covetoulnels was gaping at the Patrimony of the Church. They who will consult the Works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his Life, or more particularly the Letter written to him on this Subject by George Cranmer, may fee by what Gradations they proceeded; from the diflike of Cap and Surplice, the very next Step was Admonitions to the Parliament against the whole Government Ecclesiastical: then came out Volumes in English and Latin in Defence of their Tenets: and immediately Practices were fet on foot to erect their Difcipline without Authority. Those not succeeding, Satyr and Railing was the next: And Martin Mar-Prelate (the Marvel of those times) was the first Presbyterian Scribler, who fanctify'd Libels and Scurrility to the use

of the Good Old Cause. Which was done sfays my Anthor) upon this account; that (their ferious Treatifes having been fully answered and refuted) they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and when their Cause was sunk in Court and Parliament, they might at least hedge in a Stake amongst the Rabble: for to their Ignorance all things are Wit which are abusive; but if Church and State were made the Theme, then the Doctoral Degree of Wit was to be taken at Billing squate: even the most Saint-like of the Party, though they durit not excuse this Contempt and vilifying of the Government, yet were pleas'd, and grinn'd at it with a pious Smile; and call'd it a Judgment of God against the Hierarchy. Thus Sectaries, we may fee, were born with Teeth, fool mouth'd and fourrilous from their Infancy: and if Spiritual Pride, Ven. om, Violence, Contempts of Superiors, and Slander had been the Marks of Orthodox Belief; the Presbyte-. ry and the reft of our Schismatics, which are their Spawn, were always the most visible Church in the Christian World.

'Tis true the Government was too strong at that time for a Rebellion; but to shew what Prosciency they had made in Galvin's School, even Then their Mouths water'd at it: for two of their gisted Brotherhood (Hacket and Goppinger) as the Story tells us, got up into a Pease Cart, and harangued the people, to dispose them to an Insurrection, and to establish their Discipline by Forces so that however it comes about that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's Birth-night, as that of their Saint and Patroness; yet then they were for doing the Work of the Lord by Arms against her; and in all probability, they wanted but a Fanatic Lord Mayor and two Sheriss of their Party to have compass'd it.

Our venerable Hocker, after many Admonitions which he had given them towards the end of his Preface, breaks out into this Prophetic Speech, "There is in every one of these Considerations most just Cause to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so perilous Consequence (meaning the Presbyterian Discipline)

tine) should cause Posterity to feel those Ewils, which as yet are more easie for us to prevent, than they would

" be for them to remedy.

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold, we know too well by fad Experience: The seeds were sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the bloody Harvest ripened in the Reign of King Charles the Martyr: and because all the Sheaves could not be carried of without shedding some of the loose Grains, another (rop is too like to follow; nay I fear tis unavoidable, i the Con-

venticlers be permitted still to scatter.

A Man may be suffered to quote an A versary to our Religion, when he theaks Truth : and 'tis the observation of Meimbourgh in his History of Calvinism; that where-ever that Discipline was planted and embrac'd Rebellion Civil War and Mifery attended it: And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of Church and State has always been the ground of our Divisions in England. While we were Papists, our Holy Father rid us, by pretending Authority out of the Scriptures to depose Princes; when we shook off his Authority, the Sectaries furnish'd themselves with the same Weapons; and out of the same Magazine, the Bible. So that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest Security of Governors, as commanding expressObedience to them, are now turn'd to their Destruction; and never fince the Reformation, has there wanted a Text of their interpreting to Authorize a Rebel. And tis to be noted by the way, that the Doctrines of King-killing and Deposing, which have been taken up only by the work Party of the Papilts, the most frontless Flatterers of the Pope's Authority, have been espous'd, defended, and are still maintain'd by the whole Body of Nonconformists and Republicans. 'Tis but dubbing themselves the People of God, which tisthe Interest of their Preachers to tell them they are, and their own Interest to believe, and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one Text or another will turn up for their Purpole: If they are under Persecution (as they call it,) then that is a Mark of their Election; if they flourish, then God works Miracles

Miraeles for their Deliverance, and the Saints are to

possess the Earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this Paper; but I who know best how far I could have gone on this Subject, must be bold to tell them they are spar'd: though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a Writer to them, as they do the Mercy of the Government; in the one they think it Fear, and conclude it Weakness in the other. The best way for them to consute me is, as I before advis'd the Papists, to disclaim their Principles, and renounce their Practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen, when they obey the King, and true Protestants when they conform to the Church Discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that the Verfes were written for an ingenious young Gentleman, my Friend; upon his Translation of The Critical History of the Old Testament, compos'd by the learned Father Simon: The Verses therefore are addressed to the Translator of that Work, and the Style of them is, what it

ought to be, Epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a Critic as to require the Smoothness, the Numbers, and the Turn of Heroic Poetry in this Poem; I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the Style of his Epiftles is not ill imitated here. The Expressions of a Peem, design'd purely for Instruction, ought to be Plain and Natural, and yet Majestic; for here the Poet is presum'd to be a kind of Lawgiver, and those three Qualities which I have nam'd, are proper to the Legislative Style. The Florid, Elevated and Figurative way is for the Passions; for Love and Hatred, Fear and Anger, are begotten in the Soul by shewing their Objects out of their true Proportion: either greater than the Life, or less; but Instruction is to be given by shewing them what they naturally are. A Man is to be cheated into Passion, but to be reason'd into Truth.

## Religio Laici.

IM, as the borrow'd Beams of Moon and Stars To lonely, weary, wand ring Travellers, Is Reason to the Soul: And as on high, Those rowling Fires discover but the Sky Not light us bere; So Reafon's glimm'ring Ray Was lent, not to affure our doubtful ways But guide us upward to a better Day. And as those nightly Tapers disappear, When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere; So pale grows Reason at Religion's fight; So dyes, and so diffolves in Supernatural Light. Some few, whose Lamp shone brighter, have been led From Cause to Cause, to Nature's secret Head; And found that one first Principle must be; But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE: Whether some Soul incompassing this Ball, Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving All; Or various Atoms interfering Dance Leapt into Form (the Noble Work of Chance,) Or this great All was from Eternity; Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see; And Epicurus guess'd as well as He; As blindly grop'd they for a future State; As rafbly judg'd of Providence and Fate: But least of all could their Endeavours find What most concern'd the good of Human kind; For Happiness was never to be found; But vanish'd from 'em, like Enchanted Ground. Vol. I.

This, every little Accident destroy'd:
The wifer Madmen did for Virtue toil:
A Thorny, or at best a barren Soil:
In Pleasure some their glutton Souls would steep;
But sound their Line too short, the Well too deep;
And leaky Vessels which no Bhis cou'd keep.
Thus, anxious Thoughts in endless Circles roul,
Without a Gentre where to fix the Soul:
In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end.
How can the Less the greater comprehend?
Or sinite Reason reach Infinity?

For what cou'd Fathom GOD, were more than He.

The † Deift thinks he stands on firmer Ground; Cries ivenza: The mighty Secret's found: God is that Spring of Good; Supreme, and Beff; We, made to ferose, and in that Service bleft; If fo, some Rules of Worship must be giv'n, Distributed alike to all by Heav'n: Else God were partial, and to some deny'd The Means his Justice shou'd for all provide. This general Workip is to PRAISE and PRAY; One part to barrow Bleffings, one to pay: And when frail Nature flides into Offence, The Sacrifice for Grimes is Penitence. Yet, fince th' Effects of Providence, we find, Are variously dispens'd to Human kind; That Vice Triumphs, and Virtue Suffers here, (A brand that Sovereign Justice cannot bear;) Our Reason prompts us to a future State: The last Appeal from Fortune, and from Fate: Where God's all-righteons ways will be declar'd; The Bad meet Punishment, the Good, Reward.

† Thus Man by his own Strength to Heav'n wou'd And wou'd not be oblig'd to God for more. [foar:

Opinions of the seweral Setts of Philosophers concerning the Summum Bonum. Systems of Dessin, 1 Of Revealed Religion,

Vain, wretched Creature, how art thou mif-led To think thy Wit these God-like Notions bred! These Truths are not the product of thy Mind, But dropt from Heaven, and of a Nobler kind. Reveal'd Religion first inform'd thy Sight, And Reason faw not, 'till Faith sprung the Light.' Hence all thy Natural Worship takes the Source: 'Tis Revelation what thou think'ft Difcourfe. Elfe, how com'ft Thou to fee these Truths fo clear! Which so obscure to Heathens did appear? Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found: Nor \* He whose Wisdom Oracles renown'd. Haft thou a Wit fo deep, or fo fublime, Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb? Canst Thou, by Reason, more of God-bead know Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero? Those Gyant Wits, in happier Ages born, (When Arms and Arts did Greece and Rome adorn) Knew no fuch Systeme: no fuch Piles cou'd raise Of Natural Worlbip, built on Pray'r and Praise, To one fole GOD. Nor did Remorfe, to expiate Sin, prescribe:

But flew their Fellow Creatures for a Bribe:
The guiltless Victim groan'd for their Offence;
And Cruelty, and Blood was Penitence.
If Sheep and Oxen cou'd attone for Men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the Rieb might Sin!
And great Oppressors might Heav'n's Wrath beguile.

By off'ring his own Creatures for a Spoil!

Dar'st thou, poor Worm, offend Infinity?
And must the Terms of Peace be giv'n by Thee?
Then Thou art Justice in the last Appeal;
Thy easie God instructs thee to rebei:
And, like a King remote, and weak, must take
What Satisfaction Thou art pleas'd to make.

But if there be a Pow'r too Juft, and frong To wink at Crimes, and bear unpunish'd Wrong:

the Re-

in,

<sup>·</sup> Socretes

Look humbly upward, see his Will disclose
The Forseit first, and then the Fine impose:
A Mula thy Poverty cou'd never pay,
Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way:
And with Celestial Wealth supply'd thy Store:
His Justice makes the Fine, his Mercy quits the Score,
See God descending in thy Human Frame;
Th' Offended, suff'ring in th' Offender's Name:
All thy Misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his Righteousness devolved on thee.

For granting we have Sinn'd, and that th' Offence Of Man, is made against Omnipotence;
Some Price, that bears Proportion. must be paid,
And Infinite with Infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost: Remorse for Vice,
Not paid, or paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can Reason now direct,
Or what Relief from buman Wit expect?
That shews us sick; and sadly are we sure
Still to be Sick, 'till Heav'n reveal the Cure:
If then Heav'n's Will must needs be understood,
(Which must, if we want Cure, and Heav'n be Good)
Let all Records of Will reveal'd be shown;
With Scripture, all in equal balance thrown,
And our one Sacred Book will be That one.

Proof needs not here, for whether we compare That Impious, Idle, Superstitious Ware. Of Rites, Lustrations, Offerings, (which before In various Ages, various Countries bore) With Christian Faith and Virtues, we shall find None answring the great Ends of Human Kind, But This one Rule of Life: That shews us best How God may be appeas'd, and Mortals blest. Whether from length of Time its Worth we draw, The World is scarce more Ancient than the Law: Heav'n's early Care prescribed for every Age; First, in the Soul, and after, in the Page.

On, whether more abstractedly we look, Or on the Writers, or the written Book,

Whence, but from Heav'n, cou'd Men unskill'd in Arts, In several Ages born, in several Parts, Weave such agreeing Truths or how, or why Shou'd all conspire to cheat us with a Lye? Unask'd their Pains, ungrateful their Advice, Starving their Gain, and Martyrdom their Price.

If on the Book it felf we east our View, Concurrent Heathens prove the Story true: The Doctrine, Miracles; which must convince, For Heav'n in Them appeals to human Sense: And though they prove not, they confirm the Cause, When what is Taught agrees with Nature's Laws.

Then for the Style; Majestic and Divine, It speaks no less than God in ev'ry Line: Commanding Words; whose Force is still the same As the first Fiat that produc'd our Frame, All Faiths beside, or did by Arms ascend; Or Sense indulg'd has made Mankind their Friend: This only Doctrine does our Lufts oppose: Unfed by Nature's Soil, in which it grows; Cross to our Interests, curbing Sense, and Sing Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within, It thrives through Pain; its own Tormentors tires; And with a stubborn Patience still aspires. To what can Reason such Effects assign Transcending Nature, but to Laws Divine? Which in that Sacred Volume are contain'd; Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd.

But stay: \* the Deist here will urge anew,
No Supernatural Worship can be True:
Because a gen'ral Law is that alone
Which must to all, and every where be known:
A Style so large as not this Book can claim,
Nor ought that bears reveal'd Religion's Name:
"Tis said the sound of a Messiah's Birth
Is gone through all the habitable Earth:

<sup>\*</sup> Objection of the Deift.

But still that Text must be confin'd alone To what was Then inhabited, and known: And what Provision cou'd from thence accrue To Indian Souls, and Worlds discover'd New? In other parts it helps, that Ages past, The Scriptures there were known, and were imbrac'd 'Till Sin spread once again the Shades of Night: What's that to these who never faw the Light? \* Of all Objections this indeed is Chief, To startle Reason, stagger frail Belief: We grant 'tis true, that Heav'n from human Sense Has hid the fecret Paths of Providence: But boundle s Wisdom, boundle s Mercy, may Find ev'n for those bewildred Souls, a way: If from his Nature Fees may Pity claim, Much more may Strangers who ne'er heard his Name. And though no Name be for Salvation known, But that of his Eternal Son's alone; Who knows how far transcending Goodness can Extend the Merits of that Son, to Man? Who knows what Reasons may his Mercy lead; Or Ignorance invincible may plead? Not only Charity bids hope the beft, But more the great Apostle has exprest: That, if the Gentiles (whom no Law inspir'd,) By Nature did what was by Low requir'd; They, who the written Rule bad never known, Were to themselves both Rule and Law alone: To Nature's plain Indictment they shall plead: And, by their Conscience, be condemn'd or freed. Most righteous Doom! because a Rule reveal d Is none to Those, from whom it was conceal'd. Then those who follow'd Reason's Dictates right, Liv'd up, and lifted high their Natural Light; With Socrates may fee their Maker's Face, While Thousand Rubric Martyrs want a place.

<sup>\*</sup> The Objection answer'd.

Nor doth it baulk my Charity, to find Th' Egyptian Bishop of another Mind: For, though his Creed Eternal Truth contains, 'Tis hard for Man to doom to endless Pains All who believ'd not all, his Zeal requir'd; Unless he first cou'd prove he was inspir'd. Then let us either think he meant to say This Faith, where publish'd, was the only way; Or else conclude that, Arius to consute, The good old Man, too eager in dispute, Flew high; and as his Christian Fury rose, Damn'd all for Heretics who durst appose.

\* Thus far my Charity this Path hath try'd; (A much unskilful, but well-meaning Guide) [bred Yet what they are, ev'n these crude Thoughts were By reading that, which better thou haff read, Thy Matchles Author's Work: which thou, my Friend, By well translating better doft commend: Those youthful Hours which, of thy Equals most In Toys have fquander'd, or in Vice have loft, These Hours hast thou to nobler Use employ'd; And the fevere Delights of Truth enjoy'd. Witness this weighty Book, in which appears The crabbed Toil of many thoughtful Years, Spent by thy Author, in the Sifting Care Of Rabbins old Sophisticated Ware From Gold Divine; which he who well can fort, May afterwards make Algebra a sport. A Treasure, which if Gountry-Curates buy, They Junius and Tremellius may defy: Save pains in various readings, and Translations; And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations: A Work to full with various Learning fraught, So nicely ponder'd, yet fo strongly wrought, As Nature's height and Art's last Hand requir'd! As much as Man cou'd compass, uninspir'd,

<sup>\*</sup> Digression to the Translator of Father Simon's Critical History of the Old Testament.

Where we may see what Errors have been made. Both in the Copiers and Translators Trade: How Jewish, Popish, Interests have prevail'd,

And where Irtallibility has fail d.

For fome, who have his fecret meaning guess'd. Have found our Author not too much a Priest: For Fashion-sake he seems to have recourse To Pope, and Councils, and Tradition's force: But he that old Traditions cou'd subdue. Cou'd not but find the Weakness of the New: If Scripture, though deriv'd from beav'nly Birth, Has been but carelefly preserv'd on Earth; If God's own People, who of God before Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more, In fuller Terms, of Heav'n's affifting Care, And who did neither Time, nor Study spare To keep this Book untainted, unperplext; Let in gross Errors to corrupt the Text: Omitted Paragraphs, embroyl'd the Senfe; With Vain Traditions stopt the gaping Fence. Which ev'ry common Hand pull'd up with Eafe: What Safety from fuch brush-wood-belps as these? If written Words from Time are not secur'd, How can we think have oral Sounds endur'd? Which thus transmitted, if one Mouth has fail'd, Immortal Lyes on Ages are intail'd: And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain; If we consider Interest, Church, and Gain.

\* Oh but, says one, Tradition set aside, Where can we hope for an unerring Guide? For since th' original Scripture has been lost, All Copies disagreeing, maim'd the most, Or Christian Faith can have no certain ground, Or Truth in Church Tradition must be found.

Such an Omniscient Church we wish indeed; 'Twere worth Both Testaments, and cast in the Creed:

<sup>\*</sup> Of the Infallibility of Tradition in General.

But if this Mother be a Guide fo fure. As can all doubts refolve, all truth fecure, Then her Infallibility, as well Where Copies are corrupt, or lame, can tell; Reftore loft Canon with as little pains, As truly explicate what fill remains: Which yet no Council dare pretend to do ; Unless like Eldras, they cou'd write it new Strange Confidence, still to interpret true, Yet not be fure that all they have explain'd. Is in the bleft Original contain d, More fafe, and much more modest 'tis, to fay God wou'd not leave Mankind without a way : And that the Scriptures; though not every where Free from Corruption, or intire, or clear, Are uncorrupt, fufficient; clear, intire, In all things which our needful Faith require If others in the fame Glafs better fee; 'Tis for Themselves they look, but not for me: For MY Salvation must its Doom receive Not from what OTHERS, but what I believe.

\* Must all Tradition then be set aside? This to affirm were Ignorance, or Pride:
Are there not many Points, some needful sure. To saving Faith, that Scripture leaves obscure? Which every Sect will wrest a several way (For what one Sect interprets, all Sects may:)
We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain, That Christ is GOD; the bold Sociaian From the same Scripture urges he's but MAN.
Now what Appeal can end th' important Suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the Rule is mute.

Shall I speak plain, and in a Nation free Assume an honest Layman, Liberry, I think (according to my little Skill,) (To my own Mother Church submitting still)

<sup>\*</sup> Objection the behalf of Tradhind ; arg a by Father Simone

That many have been fav'd, and many may, Who never heard this Question brought in play. Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gress, Plods on to Heaven; and ne'er is at a lois: For the Strait gate Wou'd be made Braiter yet, Were none admitted there but Men of Wit. The few, by Nature form'd, with Learning fraught, Born to instruct, as others to be taught, Must study well the Sacred Page, and see Which Doctrine, this, or that, does best agree With the whole Tenorof the Work Divine: And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd Defign; Which Exposition flows from genuine Sense: And which is forc'd by Wit and Eloquence Not that Tradition's Parts are pfeless here, When general, old, difinteress'd and clear: That ancient Fathers thus expound the Page, it is a Gives Truth the rev'rend Majefly of Age and ni washe !! Confirms its Force, by bideing every Tells men't rol eiT For best Authorities next Roles are bell. Havis IM 104 And still the nearer to the Spring we go, and more in More limpid, more unsoyl'd the Waters flow and we wanted Thus, first Traditions were a Proof alone; the of aid Cou'd we be certain such they were, to known and on A But fince some Flaws in long descent may be privated They make not Truth, but Probability of view haid W Even Arius and Pelegias durft provoke . To what the Centuries preceding fpoke. Such diff rence is there in an oft-told Tale: But Truth by its own Sinews will prevail. Tradition written therefore more commends and work Authority, than what from Voice defoends int errag dod And this, as perfect as its kind can be sleet I flad? Rouls down to us the Sacred History; Remod na smultA Which, from the Universal Church received and I dull ! Is try'd, and after, for its felf believ'd. M wwo ym of The partial Papifts wou'd infer from hence Their Church, in last resort, shou'd judge the Sense.

The Second Objections

But first they wou'd assume, with wond'rous Art,
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast Frame, the Church; yet grant they were
The Handers down, can they from thence inser
A right t'interpret? Or wou'd they alone
Who brought the Present, claim it for their own?
The Book's a Common Larges to Mankind;
Not more for them, than every Man design'd:
The welcome News is in the Letter found;
The Carrier's not Commission'd to expound.
It speaks it Self, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known, is plain.

In times o'ergrown with Ruft and Ignorance, A gainful Trade their Clergy did advance: When want of Learning kept the Laman low, And none but Priests were Authoriz'd to know: When what small Knowledge was, in them did dwell a And he a God who cou'd but Read or Spell; Then Mother Church did mightly prevail: She parcel'd out the Bible by retail: But still expounded what She fold or gave; To keep it in her Power to Damn and Save: Scripture was scarce, and as the Market went, Poor Laymen took Salvation on Content; As needy Men take Mony, good or bad: God's Word they had not, but the Priests they had Yet, whate'er falle Conveyances they made, The Lawyer still was certain to be paid. In those dark times they learn'd their Knack to well. That by long use they grew Infallible: At last, a knowing Age began t'enquire If they the Book, or That did them inspire: And, making narrower Search, they found, the late. That what they thought the Priefts, was Their Estate: Taught by the Will produc'd, (the written Word) How long they had been cheated on Record. Then, every Man who law the Title fair, Claim'd a Child's Part, and put in for a Share:

Anfever to the Objections

Confulted foberly his private Good; And fav'd himfelf as cheap as e'er he cou'd. 'Tis true, my Friend, (and far be Flattery hence,) This Good had full as bad a Consequence: The Book thus put in every vulgar Hand, Which each prefum'd he best cou'd understand, The Common Rule was made the common Prey; And at the Mercy of the Rabble lay. The tender Page with horney Fifts was gaul'd; And he was gifted most that loudest baul'd: The Spirit gave the Doctoral Degree : And every Member of a Company Was of his Trade, and of the Bible, free. Plain Truths enough for needful u/e they found; But Men wou'd still be itching to expound: Each was ambitious of th' obsourest place, No measure ta'en from Knowledge, all from GRACE. Study and Pains were now no more their Care; Texts were explain'd by Fasting, and by Prayer: This was the Fruit the private Spirit brought; Occasion'd by great Zeal, and little Thought, While Crowds unlearn'd, with rude Devotion warm, About the Sacred Viands buz and fwarm. The Fly-blown Text creates a crawling Brood; And turns to Maggets what was meant for Food. A Thousand daily Sells rise up, and dye; A Thousand more the perish'd Race supply: So all we make of Heaven's discover'd Will Is, not to have it, or to use it ill. The Danger's much the fame; on feveral Shelves

What then remains, but, waving each Extreme,
The Tides of Ignorance, and Pride to stem?
Neither so rich a Treasure to forego;
Nor proudly seek beyond our Pow'r to know:
Faith is not built on Disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe, are few, and plain:
But since Men will believe more than they need;
And every Man will make bimself, a Creed:

In doubtful Questions 'tis the safest way To learn what unsuspected Ancients say: For 'tis not likely we shou'd higher Soar In fearch of Heav'n, than all the Church before: Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see The Scripture, and the Fathers disagree. If after all, they stand suspected still, (For no Man's Faith depends upon his Will;) "Tis some Relief, that Point not clearly known, Without much Hazard may be let alone: And, after hearing what our Church can fay. If still our Reason runs another way, That private Reason 'tis more Just to curb, Than by Disputes the public Peace disturb. For Points obscure are of small use to learn: But Common Quiet is Mankind's Concern.

Thus have I made my own Opinions clear:
Yet neither Praise expect, nor Censure fear:
And this unpolish'd, rugged Verse I chose;
As sittest for Discourse, and nearest Prose:
For, while from Sacred Truth I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's, or Tom Sha---Il's Rhimes will serve.

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# H I N D

### PANTHER.

A

POEM.

In THREE PARTS.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Antiquam exquirite matrem. Et wera, incessu patuit Dea. Virg.

Transactive \*Services and contract

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In THREE PARTS.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

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Et vera, incessa parair Dea. Virg.

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### READER.

HE Nation is in too high a Ferment, for me to expect either fair War, or even so much as fair Quarter from a Reader of the opposite Party. All Men are engag'd either on this fide or that: and tho' Conscience is the common Word, which is given by both; yet if a Writer fall among Enemies, and cannot give the Marks of Their Conscience, he is knock'd down before the Reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of Favour, is altogether useless. What I defire the Reader should know concerning me, he will find in the Body of the Poem; if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this Advertisement let him take before-hand, which relates to the Merits of the Caufe. No general Characters of Parties, (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be fo fully and exactly drawn, as to Comprehend all the feveral Members of 'em; at least all such as are receiv'd under that Denomination. For Example; there are some of the Church by Law Establish'd, who envy not Liberty of Confcience

science to Dissenters; as being well fatisfied that, according to their own Principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness. I could not distinguish from the Numbers of the rest with whom they are Embodied in one common Name. On the other fide, there are many of our Sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hop'd, who have withdrawn themselves from the Communion of the Panther; and embrac'd this Gracious Indulgence of His Majesty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this Satyr any way intended; 'tis aim'd only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those who are come over to the Royal Party, are confequently suppos'd to be out of Gunshot. Our Physicians have observ'd, that in process of Time, some Diseases have abated of their Virulence, and have in a manner worn out their Malignity, so as to be no longer Mortal: And why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been Enamies to Kingly Government, as well as Catholic Religion? I hope they have now another Notion of both, as having found, by comfortable Experience, that the Doctrine of Persecution is far from being an Article of our Faith.

'Tis not for any private Man to Censure the Proceedings of a Foreign Prince: But, without suspicion of Flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary Measures, and those more suitable to the Spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters in their Addresses to His Majesty have said, That he has resor'd God to his Empire over Conscience: I consess I dare not stretch the Figure to so great a bold.

boldness: But I may safely say, that Conscience is the Royalty and Prerogative of every private Man, He is absolute in his own Breast, and accountable to no Earthly Power, for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the Fold are, generally speaking, rather made Hypocrites than Converts.

This Indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuse the Benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteem'd their Persecutors, what is it elfe, but publicly to own that they suffer'd not before for Conscience sake; but only out of Pride and Obstinacy to separate from a Church for those Impofitions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their Clasfical Ordination, (not to speak of Rites and Ceremonies) will they at length submit to an Episcopal ? if they can go fo far out of Complaifance to their old Enemies, methinks a little Reason should persuade 'em to take another step, and see whither that wou'd lead 'em.

Of the receiving this Toleration thankfully I shall say no more than that they ought, and I doubt not they will consider from what hand they received it. 'Tis not from a Cyrue, a Heathen Prince, and a Foreigner, but from a Christian King, their Native Sovereign: Who expects a Return in Specie from them; that the Kindness which he has graciously shown them, may be retalized on those of his own Persusion.

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far, fatisfie the Reader: That it was neither imposed on me.

me, nor so much as the Subject given me by any Man. It was written during the last Winter and the beginning of this Spring; though with long interruptions of ill Health, and other Hindrances. About a Fortnight before I had sinish'd it, His Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience came abroad: Which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spar'd my self the labour of writing many things which are contain'd in the third Part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the Church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the Penal Laws and the Test, which was one Design of the Poem, when I propos'd to my felf the writing of it.

Tis evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended. I mean that defence of my felf, to which every honest Man is bound when he is injuriously attack'd in Print : And I refer my felf to the Judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late King's Papers, and that of the Dutchess, (in which last I was concern'd) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now inform'd both of the Author and Supervifers of his Pamphlet: And will reply, when I think he can affront me : For I am of Socnates's Opinion that all Creatures cannot. In the mean time let him confider, whether he deserv'd not a more severe reprehension than I gave him formerly; for using so little respect to the Memory of those whom he pretended to answer: And, at his leifure, look out for some Original Treatife of Humility, written by any Protestant in English, (I believe I may fay in any other Tongue:) for the magnified Piece of Duncomb on that Subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his Fellows has upbraided me, was Trans. lated

lated from the Spanish of Rodriguez: Tho' with the Omission of the 17th, the 24th, the 25th, and the last Chapter, which will be found in comparing of the Books.

He would have infinuated to the World, that her date Highness died a Roman Catholic. He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary; in which he has giv'n up the Cause: For matter of Fact was the Principal Debate betwixt us. In the mean time he would dispute the Motives of her Change: How preposterously, let all Men judge, when he seem'd to deny the Subject of the Controversie, the Change it self. And because I would not take up this ridiculous Challenge, he tells the World I cannot argue: But he may as well inser that a Chatholic cannot saft, because he will not take up the Cudgels against Mrs. James, to consute the Protestant Religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the Matters, either Religious or Civil which are handled in it. The sirst Part, consisting most in general Characters and Narration, I have endeavour'd to raise, and give it the Majestic Turn of Heroic Poesse. The second being Matter of Dispute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was oblig'd to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I cou'd: Yet not wholly neglecting the Numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the Magnificence of Verse. The third, which has more of the Nature of Domestic Conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There

There are in it two Episodes, or Fables, which are interwoven with the main Design; so that they are properly Parts of it, though they are also distinct Stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common Places of Satyr, whether true or false, which are urg'd by the Members of the one Church against the other. At which I hope no Reader of either Party will be scandaliz'd; because they are not of my Invention: But as old, to my knowledge, as the Times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

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### The HIND and the PANTHER.

A Milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd, Fed on the Lawns, and in the Forest rang'd: Without unspotted, innocent within, She fear'd no Danger, for she knew no Sin. Yet had she oft been chas'd with Horns and Hounds, And Scythian shafts; and many winged Wounds Aim'd at her Heart; was often forc'd to sly, And doom'd to Death, though fated not to die.

Not so her young; for their unequal Line Was Hero's make, half Human, half Divine. Their earthly Mold obnoxious was to Fate, Th' immortal part assum'd immortal State. Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood, Extended o'er the Caledonian Wood, Their native walk; whose vocal Blood arose, And cry'd for Pardon on their perjur'd Foes; Their Fate was fruitful, and the fanguine Seed Endu'd with Souls, encreas'd the facred Breed. So Captive Ifrael multiply'd in Chains, A num'rous Exile; and enjoy'd her Pains. With Grief and Gladness mixt, their Mother view'd Her martyr'd Off-spring, and their Race renew'd; Their Corps to perish, but their Kind to last, So much the deathless Plant the dying Fruit surpass'd.

Panting and Pensive now she rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms, once her own.
The common Hunt, tho' from their Rage restrain'd
By Sov'reign Pow'r, her Company disdain'd:
Grin'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring Eye
Gave gloomy Signs of secret Enmity.
'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady Sight.

For

For Truth has such a Face and such a Mein, As to be lov'd, needs only to be feen. The bloody Bear, and Independent Beaft. Unlick'd to form, in Groans her Hate express'd. Among the tim'rous kind the Quaking Hare Profes'd Neutrality, but would not swear. Next her the Buffoon Ape, as Atheists use, Mimic'd all Sects, and had his own to chuse: Still when the Lion look'd, his Knees he bent, And pay'd at Church a Courtier's Compliment. The briftl'd Baptift Boar, impure as he, (But whiten'd with the foam of Sanctity) With fat Pollutions fill'd the facred Place, And Mountains levell'd in his furious Race, So first Rebellion founded was in Grace. But fince the mighty Ravage which he made In German Forests, had his Guilt betray'd, With broken Tulks, and with a borrow'd Name. He shun'd the Vengeance, and conceal'd the Shame; So lurk'd in Sects unfeen. With greater guile False Reynard fed on consecrated Spoil: The graceless Beast by Arbanasius first Was chas'd from Nice, then by Socimus nurs'd. His impious Race their Blasphemy renew'd. And Nature's King thro' Nature's Optics view'd. Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their Eye, Nor in an Infant could a God descry: New swarming Sects to this obliquely tend.

Mence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of antient Witness can prevail,

If private Reason hold the public Scale?

But, gracious God; how well dost thou provide

For erring Judgments an unerring Guide?

Thy Throne is Darkness in th' abyss of Light,

A blaze of Glory that forbids the sight;

O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd;

And search no farther than thy felf reveal'd;

But her alone for my Director take

Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake?

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My thoughtless Youth was wing'd with vain Desires, My Manhood, long mis-led by wandring Fires, Follow'd salse Lights; and when their Glimpse was

les light as Chal gone, My Pride ftruck out new Sparkles of her own. Such was I, fuch by Nature still I am, Be thine the Glory, and be mine the Shame. Good Life be now my Task: My Doubts are done. (What more could fright my Faith, than Three in One ?) Can I believe eternal God could lye Difguis'd in mortal Mold and Infancy? That the great Maker of the World could die? And after that, trust my imperfect Sense Which calls in question his Omnipotence? Can I my Reason to my Faith compel, And shall my Sight, and Touch, and Taste rebel? Superior Faculties are fet afide, Shall their subservient Organs be my Guide? Then let the Moon usurp the rule of Day, And winking Tapers shew the Sun his way ? For what my Senses can themselves perceive, I need no Revelation to believe. Can they who fay the Hoft should be descry'd By Sense, define a Body glorify'd? Impassible, and penetrating Parts? Let them declare by what mysterious Arts He shot that Body through th' opposing might Of Bolts and Bars impervious to the Light, And stood before his Train confes'd in open fight. For fince thus wond'roufly he pass'd, 'tis plain One fingle place two Bodies did contain. And fure the fame Omnipotence as well Can make one Body in more places dwell. Let Reason then at her own Quarry fly, But how can Finite grasp Infinity?

'Tis urg'd again that Faith did first commence.
By Miracles, which are Appeals to Sense,
And thence concluded that our Sense must be
The Motive still of Credibility.

VOL. I.

#### 98 The HIND and the PANTHER.

For latter Ages must on former wait, And what began Belief, must propagate. But winnew well this Thought, and you shall find 'Tis light as Chaff that flies before the Wind. Were all these Wonders wrought by Pow'r Divine, As Means or Ends of some more deep Design ? Most fure as Means, whose End was this alone, To prove the God-head of th' eternal Son. God thus afferted: Man is to believe Beyond what Sense and Reason can conceive, And for mysterious things of Faith rely On the Proponent, Heav'n's Authority. If then our Faith we for our Guide admit, Vain is the farther fearch of human Wit. As when the Building gains a furer stay, We take th' unuseful Scaffolding away: Reason by Sense no more can understand, The Game is play'd into another Hand. Why chuse we then like Bilanders to creep Along the Coats, and Land in view to keep, When fafely we may launch into the Deep? In the fame Vessel which our Saviour bore Himself the Pilot, let us leave the Shoar, And with a better Guide a better World explore. Could he his Godhead veil with Flesh and Blood. And not veil these again to be our Food? His Grace in both is equal in extent, The first affords us Life, the second Nourishment. And if he can, why all this frantic Pain To confirme what his clearest Words contain, And make a Riddle what he made fo plain? To take up half on truft, and half to try, Name it not Faith, but bungling Biggotry. Both Knave and Fool the Merchant we may call To pay great Sums, and to compound the small. For who wou'd break with Heav'n, and wou'd not break for all?

Rest then, my Soul, from endless Anguish freed; Nor Sciences thy Guide, nor Sense thy Creed.

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Faith is the best Ensurer of thy Blis; The Bank above must fail before the Venture mis. But Heav'n and Heav'n-born Faith are far from thee. Thou first Apostate to Divinity. Unkennell'd range in thy Polonian Plains: A fiercer Foe th' infatiate Wolf remains. Too boastful Britain, please thy self no more, That Beafts of Preay are banish'd from thy Shoar The Bear, the Boar, and ev'ry falvage name. Wild in effect, though in appearance tame, Lay waste thy Woods, destroy thy blisful Bow'r. And muzled though they feem, the Mutes devour. More haughty than the rest the Wolfish race, Appear with Belly gaunt, and familh'd Face: Never was so deform'd a Beast of Grace. His ragged Tail betwixt his Legs he wears. Close clap'd for Shame, but his rough Crest he rears, And pricks up his predeffinating Ears. His wild disorder'd Walk, his haggard Eyes. Did all the bestial Citizens surprize. Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a-while, As Captain or Companion of the Spoil. Full many a hateful Head had been For Tribute paid, nor fince in Cambria feen: The last of all the Litter scap'd by chance: And from Geneva first infested France. Some Authors thus his Pedigree will trace. But others write him of an upstart Race: Because of Wickliff's Brood no mark he brings, But his innate Antipathy to Kings. -These last deduce him from the Helvetian kind, Who near the Leman-lake his Confort lin'd. That fi'ry Zuinglius first th' Affection bred, And meagre Calvin bleft the Nuptial Bed. \* In Ifrael some believe him whelp'd long frace, When the proud Sanhedrim oppreis'd the Prince. Or fince he will be Jew, derive him high'r, When Corab with his Brethren did conspire

Vida Pref. to Heyl, Hift, of Presb.

#### 100 The HIND and the PANTHER.

From Moses' Hand the Sov'reign Sway to wrest, And Aaron of his Ephod to divest:
'Till opening Earth made way for all to pass, And cou'd not bear the Burden of a Class.
The Fox and he came shuffled in the Dark, If ever they were stow'd in Noah's Ark:
Perhaps not made; for all their barking Train
The Dog (a common Species) will contain.
And some wild Curs, who from their Masters ran, Abhorring the Supremacy of Man,
In Woods and Caves the Rebel-race began.

O'happy Pair, how well have you encreas'd, What I'lls in Church and State have you redress'd! With Teeth untry'd, and Rudiments of Claws, Your first Essay was on your native Laws: Those having torn with Ease, and trampled down, Your Fangs you fasten'd on the miter'd Crown, And freed from God and Monarchy your Town, What though your native Kennel still be small. Bounded betwixt a Puddle and a Wall, Yet vonr victorious Colonies are fent Where the North Ocean girds the Continent. Quickned with fire below your Monsters breed, In fenny Holland and in fruitful Tweed. And like the first the last effects to be Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracy. As, where in Fields the fairy rounds are feen, A rank fow'r Herbage rifes on the Green; So, springing where these Midnight Elves advance, Rebellion Prints the Foot-steps of the Dance. Such are their Doctrines, fuch contempt they show To Heaven above, and to their Prince below, As none but Traytors and Blasphemers know. God, like the Tyrant of the Skies is plac'd, And Kings, like Slaves, beneath the Crowd debas'd. So fullome is their Food, that Flocks refuse To bite; and only Dogs for Physic use. As, where the Lightning runs along the Ground, No Husbandry can heal the blafting Wound, Nor

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Nor bladed Grass, nor bearded Corn succeeds, But Scales of Scurf, and Putrefaction breeds: Such Wars, fuch Walte, fuch fiery Tracks of Dearth: Their Zeal has left, and fuch a teemless Earth. But as the Poisons of the deadiest kind Are to their own unhappy Coasts confin'd, As only Indian Shades of Sight deprive. And Magic Plants will but in Colchos thrive; So Presbyt'ry and Pestilential Zeal Can only flourish in a Common-weal. From Celtique Woods is chas'd the wolfill Crew; But ah! fome Pity e'en to Brutes is due: Their native Walks, methinks, they might enjoy, Curb'd of their native Malice to destroy. Of all the Tyrannies on Human-kind, The worst is that which Persecutes the Mind. Let us but weigh at what Offence we strike, 'Tis but because we cannot think alike. In punishing of this we overthrow The Laws of Nations and of Nature too. Beafts are the Subjects of tyrrannic Sway, Where still the stronger on the weaker prey. Man only of a fofter Mold is made; Not for his Fellows Ruin, but their Aid. Created kind, beneficent and free, The noble Image of the Deity.

One Portion of informing Fire was giv'n To Brutes, th' inferior Family of Heav'n: The Smith Divine, as with a careless Beat, Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat: But when arriv'd at last to human Race, The Godhead took a deep consid'ring space: And, to distinguish Man from all the rest, Unlock'd the sacred Treasures of his Breast: And Mercy mixt with Reason did impart; One to his Head, the other to his Heart: Reason to Rule, but Mercy to forgive: The sirst is Law, the last Prerogative.

And

And like his Mind his outward Form appear'd. When issuing naked, to the wondring Herd, He charm'd their Eyes, and for they lov'd, they fear'd. Not arm'd with Horns of arbitrary Might. Or Claws to seize their furry Spoils in Fight, Or with encrease of Feet, t' o'ertake 'em in their flight. Of easie Shape, and pliant ev'ry way; Confessing still the fostness of his Clay, And kind as Kings upon their Coronation Day: With open Hands, and with extended space Of Arms to fatisfie a large Embrace. Thus kneaded up with Milk, the new-made Man His Kingdom o'er his Kindred World began : "Till Knowledge mif-apply'd, mif-understood, And pride of Empire four'd his balmy Blood. Then, first rebelling, his own Stamp he coins; The Murth'rer Cain was latent in his Loins: And Blood began its first and loudest Cry, For diff'ring Worship of the Deity. Thus Perfecution rose, and farther Space Produc'd the mighty Hunter of his Race. Not so the bleffed Pan his Flock encreas'd, Content to fold 'em from the famish'd Beast : Mild were his Laws; the Sheep and harmless Hind Were never of the persecuting Kind. Such Pity now the pious Pastor shows, Such Mercy from the British Lion flows, That both provide Protection from their Foes. Oh happy Regions, Italy and Spain, Which never did those Monsters entertain! The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance No native Claim of just Inheritance. And felf-preferving Laws, severe in show, May guard their Fences from th'invading Foe. Where Birth has plac'd 'em, let 'em safely share The common benefit of vital Air. Themselves unharmful, let them live unharm'd; Their Jaws disabled, and their Claws disarm'd: Here, only in nocturnal Howlings bold, They dare not seize the Hind nor leap the Fold. More

More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they, The Lion awfully forbids the Prey. Their Rage repress'd, tho' pinch'd with Famine fore, They stand aloof, and tremble at his Roar: Much is their Hunger, but their Fear is more. These are the Chief; to number o'er the rest. And stand, like Adam, naming ev'ry Beast, Were weary Work; nor will the Muse describe A flimy-born, and fun-begotten Tribe: Who, far from Steeples and their facred Sound, In Fields their fullen Conventicles found: These gross, half-animated Lumps, I leave; Nor can I think what Thoughts they can conceive, But if they think at all, 'tis fure no high'r Than Matter, put in Motion, may aspire. Souls that can scarce ferment their Mass of Clay, So droffy, so divisible are They, As wou'd but ferve pure Bodies for Allay: Such Souls as Shards produce, such beetle Things As only buz to Heav'n with Ev'ning Wings; Strike in the Dark, offending but by Chance, Such are the blind-fold Blows of Ignorance. They know not Beings, and but hate a Name, To them the Hind and Panther are the same.

The Panther sure the noblest, next the Hind, And fairest Creature of the spotted Kind; Oh, could her in-born Stains be wash'd away, She were too good to be a Beaft of Prey! How can I praise, or blame, and not offend, Or how divide the Frailty from the Friend! Her Faults and Virtues lie fo mix'd, that she Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free, Then, like her injur'd Lion, let me speak, He cannot bend her, and he would not break. Unkind already, and estrang'd in part, The Wolf begins to share her wandring Heart. Though unpolluted yet with Actual Ill, She half commits, who Sins but in her Will. If, as our dreaming Platenists report, There could be Spirits of a middle fort,

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Too black for Heav'n, and yet too white for Hell, Who just dropt half way down, nor low'r fell; So pois'd, fo gently the descends from high, It feems a foft dismission from the Sky. Her House not antient, whatso'er Pretence Her Clergy Heralds make in her defence, A fecond Century not half way run Since the new Honours of her Blood begun. A Lion old, obscene, and furious made By Luft, compres'd her Mother in a Shade. Then, by a left-hand Marriage weds the Dame, Cov'ring Adult'ry with a specious Name: So Schifm begot; and Sacrilege and she, A well match'd Pair, got graceless Heresie. God's and Kings Rebels have the same good Cause, To trample down Divine and Human Laws: Both wou'd be call'd Reformers, and their Hate Alike destructive both to Church and State: The Fruit Proclaims the Plant; a lawless Prince By Luxury reform'd Incontinence; By Ruins, Charity; by Riots, Abstinence. Confessions, Fasts and Penance set aside; Oh with what Ease we follow such a Guide! Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratify'd. Where Marr'age Pleasures, Midnight Pray'r supply, And Mattin Bells (a melancholy Cry) Are tun'd to merrier Notes, encrease and multiply. Religion shows a rosie-colour'd Face; Not hatter'd out with drudging Works of Grace, A down-hill Reformation rolls apace. What Flesh and Blood wou'd croud the narrow Gate, Or, 'till they waste their pamper'd Paunches wait? All wou'd be happy at the cheapest rate. Though our lean Faith these rigid Laws has given,

Though our lean Faith these rigid Laws has given,
The full sed Musulman goes fat to Heaven;
For his Arabian Prophet with delights
Of sense, allur'd his eastern Proselytes.
The jolly Luther, reading him, began
T' interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;

To

To grub the Thorns beneath our tender Feet. And make the Paths of Paradife more sweet: Bethought him of a Wife ere half way gone, (For 'twas uneafie travelling alone;) And in this Masquerade of Mirth and Love, Mistook the bliss of Heav'n for Bacch'nals above. Sure he presum'd of Praise, who came to stock Th' etherial Pastures with so fair a Flock, Burnish'd, and bat'ning on their Food, to show

The Diligence of careful Herds below.

Our Panther though like these she chang'd her Head, Yet, as the Miffress of a Monarch's Bed, Her front erect with Majesty the bore, The Crozier wielded, and the Miter wore. Her upper part of decent Discipline Shew'd Affectation of an antient Line: And Fathers, Councils, Church and Churches Head. Were on her rev'rend Phylasteries read. But what difgrac'd and difavow'd the reft, Was Calvin's Brand, that stigmatiz'd the Beast. Thus, like a Creature of a double kind, In her own Labyrinth she lives confin'd. To foreign Lands no found of her is come, Humbly content to be despis'd at home. Such is her Faith, where good cannot be had, At least she leaves the refuse of the bad. Nice in her Choice of ill, though not of best,. And least deform'd, because reform'd the least. In doubtful Points betwixt her diff'ring Friends,... Where one for Substance, one for Sign contends, Their Contradicting Terms she strives to join, Sign shall be Substance, Substance shall be Sign. A real Presence all her Sons allow, And yet 'tis flat Idolatry to bow, Because the God head's there they know not how. Her Novices are taught that Bread and Wine, Are but the visible and outward Sign, Receiv'd by those who in Communion join. But th' inward Grace, or the thing signify'd, His Blood and Body, who to fave us dy'd;

The-

The faithful this thing fignify'd receive.
What is't those faithful then partake or leave?
For what is fignify'd and understood,
Is, by her own Confession, Flesh and Blood.
Then, by the same acknowlegment we know
They take the Sign, and take the Substance too.
The lit'ral Sense is hard to Flesh and Blood,
But Nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on ev'ry Wave is toft, But fure no Church can better Morals boaft. True to her King her Principles are found; Oh that her Practice were but half fo found! Stedfaft in various turns of State he flood. And feal'd her vow'd affection with her Blood; Nor will I meanly tax her Constancy. That int'rest or obligement made the tye. (Bound to the fate of murder'd Monarchy:) (Before the founding Ax fo falls the Vine, Whose tender Branches round the Poplar twine. She chose her Ruin, and refign'd her Life, In death undaunted as an Indian Wife: A rare Example! But fome Souls we fee Grow hard, and stiffen with Adversity: Yet these by Fortune's favours are undone, Refolv'd into a baser Form they run. And bore the Wind, but cannot bear the Sun. Let this be Nature's frailty, or her Fate, Or \* Isgrim's Counsel, her new-chosen Mate: Still she's the fairest of the fallen Crew. No Mother more indulgent but the true.

Fierce to her Foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate Authority;
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has her self cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
In common Thest, will share the common Spoil.
Let her produce the Title and the Right
Against her old Superiors first to sight;

If the reform by Text, ev'n that's as plain For her own Rebels to reform again. As long as words a diff rent Sense will bear. And each may be his own Interpreter, Our ai'ry Faith will no Foundation find : The Word's a Weathercock for ev'ry Wind: The Bear, the Fax, the Wolf, by turns prevail, The most in Pow'r supplies the present Gale. The wretched Panther cries aloud for Aid To Church and Councils, whom the first betray'd No help from Fathers or Traditions train, Those ancient Guides the taught us to disdain. And by that Scripture which the once abus'd To Reformation, stands her felf accus'd. What Bills for Breach of Laws can she prefer. Expounding which the owns her felf may err; And, after all her winding ways are try'd, If doubts arife, the flips her felf afide, And leaves the private Conscience for the Guide. If then that Conscience fet th' Offender free. It bars her claim to Church Authority. How can she Censure, or what Crime pretend, But Scripture may be conftru'd to defend? Ev'n those whom for Rebellion the transmits To Civil Pow'r, her Doctrine first acquits; Because no Disobedience can ensue, Where no Submission to a Judge is due, Each judging for himself, by her Consent. Whom thus absolv'd she sends to Punishment. Suppose the Magistrate revenge her Cause. 'Tis only for transgressing human Laws. How answ'ring to its end a Church is made, Whose Pow'r is but to counsel and persuade? O folid Rock, on which fecure the stands! Eternal House, not built with mortal Hands! O fure Defence against th' infernal Gate. A Patent during Pleasure of the State! Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd A meer Mock Queen of a divided Herd;

Whom

Whom foon by lawful Pow'r she might controll,
Her self a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the Moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether Regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The Rays she borrow'd from a better Star:
Big with the Beams which from her Mother slow,
And reigning o'er the rising Tides below:
Now, mixing with a salvage Croud, she goes,
And meanly flatters her invet'rate Foes,
Rul'd while she Rules, and losing ev'ry Hour
Her wretched Remnants of precarious Pow'r.

One Evening while the cooler Shade the fought, Revolving many a melancholy Thought, Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain, With rueful Visage for her vanish'd Train: None of her Sylvan Subjects made their Court; Levées and Couchées pas'd without resort. 13 21000 1 So hardly can Usurpers manage well and asygothan Those, whom they first instructed to Rebel: More liberty begets defire of more. Call and and all The hunger still encreases with the store. and man we Without respect they brush'd along the Wood Each in his Clan, and fill'd with loathsome Food. Ask'd no Permission to the Neighb'ring Flood. The Panther, full of inward discontent, Since they wou'd go, before 'em wifely went ? Supplying want of Pow'r by drinking first, As if the gave 'em leave to quench their thirft. Among the rest, the Hind, with fearful Face Beheld from far the common wat'ring Place, Nor durst approach; 'till with an awful Roar The Sov'reign Lion bad her fear no more. Encourag'd thus the brought her younglings nigh, Watching the Motions of her Patron's Eye, And drank a fober Draught; the rest amaz'd Stood mutely still, and on the Stranger gaz'd: Survey'd her Part by Part, and fought to find The ten-horn'd Monster in the harmless Hind, Such as the Wolf and Panther had defign'd. They

They thought at first they dream'd, for 'twas offence With them, to question certitude of Sense, Their guide in Faith; but nearer when they drew, And had the faultless Object full in view. Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hue! Some, who before her Fellowship disdain'd, Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage reffram d. Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd. Whether for Love or Int'rest, ev'ry Section of all the Salvage Nation show'd respect to the salvage Nation shows the salvage Nation sho The Vice-roy Panther could not awe the Herd, The more the Company the less they fear'd. The The furly Wolf with fecret envy burft, " Danie and Yet cou'd not how!, the Hind had feen him first: But what he durft not speak, the Panther durft.

For when the Herd, suffice'd, did late repair To Ferney Heaths, and to their Forest Lare, She made a mannerly Excuse to stay. Proff'ring the Hind to wait her half the way: That fince the Sky was clear, an hour of talk Might help her to beguile the tedious Walk. With much Good-will the motion was embrac'd, To chat a while on their Adventures pais'd: Nor had the grateful Hind to foon forgot Her Friend and Fellow fuff rer in the Plot. Yet wondring how of late the grew estrang'd, Her Forehead cloudy, and her Count'nance chang'd, She thought this hour th' occasion would present To learn her secret Cause of Discontent. Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease redress'd. Confidering her a well-bred civil Beaft, And more a Gentlewoman than the rest. After some common Talk what rumours ran. The Lady of the spotted-must began. And, to explain what your Power little areast,

By real Precence in the Sacran

(After long fending pulled agrifult a Wall.)

# The SECOND PART.

AME, faid the Panther, times are mended well Since late among the Philifting you fell, The Toils were pitch'd, a spacious Tract of Ground With expert Huntimen was encompass'd round; Th' Enclosure parrow'd; the fagacious Pow'r Of Hounds, and Death drew nearer ev'ry Hour "Tis true, the younger Lion Scap'd the Snare, But all your Prieftly Calves lay strugling there; As Sacrifices on their Altars laid; While you their careful Mother wifely fled, Not trusting Destiny to fave your Head. For whate'er Promises you have apply'd To your unfailing Church, the furer fide Is four fair Legs in danger to provide. And whate'er Tales of Peter's Chair you tell, Yet faving Revirence of the Miracle, The better luck was yours to scape so well. As I remember, faid the fober Hind, Those Toils were for your own dear self design'd, As well as me; and with the felf fame throw, To catch the Quarry and the Vermin too, (Forgive the fland'rous Tongues that call'd you fo. . . Howe'er you take it now, the common Cry Then ran you down for your rank Loyalty: Befides, in Popery they thought you nurt, (As evil Tongues will ever speak the worst,) Because some Forms, and Ceremonies some You kept, and food in the main question dumb. Dumb you were born indeed, but thinking long The Test it feems at last has loos'd your Tongue. And, to explain what your Forefathers meant, By real Presence in the Sacrament, (After long fencing push'd against a Wall,) Your falvo comes, that he's not there at all: There chang'd your Faith, and what may change may fall.

Who

Who ban believe, what varies ev'ry Day,

Tortures may force the Tongue Untruths to tell, And I ne'er own'd my felf infallible, Reply'd the Panther; grant fuch Prefence were, Yet in your Sense I never own'd it there. A real Virtue we by Faith receive, And that we in the Sacrament believe. Then faid the Hind, as you the matter flate. Not only Jesuits can Equivocate; For real, as you now the Word expound, From folid Substance dwindles to a Sound. Methinks an Esp's Fable you repeat, You know who took the Shadow for the Meat; Your Churches Substance thus you change at Will, And yet retain your former Figure fill. I freely grant you spoke to save your Life, For then you lay beneath the Butcher's Knife. Long time you fought, redoubl'd Batt'ry bore, But, after all, against your felf you swore; Your former felf, for ev'ry Hour your Form Is chop'd and chang'd, like Winds before a Storm. Thus Fear and Int'rest will prevail with some,

For all have not the Gift of Martyrdom.

The Panther grin'd at this, and thus reply'd;

That Men may err was never yet deny'd.

But if that common Principle he true.

The Cannon, Dame, is level'd full at you.

But, shunning long disputes, I fain wou'd see

That wond'rous Wight, Infallibility,

Is he from Heav'n this mighty Champion come;

Or lodg'd below in Subterranean Rome?

First, seat him somewhere, and derive his Race, Or else conclude that Nothing has no Place.

Suppose (though I disown it) said the Hind,

The certain Mansion were not yet assign'd,

The doubtful Residence no proof can bring

Against the plain existence of the thing.

Because Philosophers may disagree.

If Sight b' emission or reception be,

Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not see?

But you require an Answer positive, Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give, For Fallacies in Universals live. I then affirm that this unfailing Guide In Pope and gen'rat Councils must reside; Both lawful, both combin'd; what one decrees By num'rous Votes, the other Ratifies: On this undoubted Sense the Church relies. 'Tis true, some Doctors in a scantier space, I mean, in each apart, contract the Place. Some, who to greater length extend the Line. The Churches after-acceptation join. This last Circumference appears too wide, The Church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd; As Members by their Representatives Oblig'd to Laws which Prince and Senate gives. Thus fome contract, and fome enlarge the Space; In Pope and Council who denies the place, Affished from above with God's unfailing Grace? Those Canons all the needful Points contain Their Sense so obvious, and their Words so plain, That no disputes about the doubtful Text Have hitherto the lab'ring World perplex'd; If any shou'd in after-times appear, New Councils must be call'd, to make the meaning Because in them the Pow'r supream resides; And all the Promifes are to the Guides. This may be taught with found and fafe Defence: But mark how fandy is your own pretence, Who fetting Councils, Pope and Church afide, Are ev'ry Man his own prefuming Guide. The facred Books, you fay, are full and plain, And ev'ry needful Point of Truth contain: All who can read, Interpreters may be: Thus though your fev'ral Churches disagree, Yet ev'ry Saint has to himself alone The fecret of his Philosophic Stone. These Principles your jarring Sects unite, When diff'ring Doctors and Disciples fight.

Though Lther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy Chiefs, Have made a Battle Royal of Beliefs; Or like wild Horfes feveral ways have whirl'd The tortur'd Text about the Christian World; Each Jehu lashing on with furious Force, 200 100 1 That Turk or Jew cou'd not have us'd it worfe, No matter what Diffension Leaders make, and Where ev'ry private Man may fave a Stake; Rul'd by the Scripture and his own Advice, Each has a blind by path to Paradife; Where driving in a Circle flow or fast, Opposing Sects are fure to meet at laft. A wond'rous Charity you have in Store For all Reform'd to pass the narrow Door: So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more. For he, kind Prophet, was for damning none, But Christ and Moses were to fave their own: Himself was to secure his chosen Race; The reason good for Turks to take the Place,
And he allow'd to be the better Man,
In Virtue of his holier Alcoran. In Virtue of his holier Alcoran.

True, said the Panther, I shall ne'er deny My Brethren may be sav'd as well as I: Tho' Huguenots condemn our Ordination. Succession, Ministerial Vocation:
And Luther, more mistaking what he read, Misjoins the sacred Body with the Bread; Yet, Lady, still remember I maintain, The Word in needful Points is only plain.

Needless or needful I not now contend,
For still you have a Loop-hole for a Friend,
(Rejoin'd the Matron) but the Rule you lay
Has led whole Flocks, and leads them still astray,
In weighty Points, and full Damnation's way.
For did not Arius sirst, Socious now,
The Son's eternal God-head disavow.
And did not these by Gospel Texts alone
Condemn our Doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all Heretics the same Pretence
To plead the Scriptures in their own Desence?

How

How did the Nicene Council then decide,
That strong Debate? was it by Scripture try'd?
No, sure; to those the Rebel would not yield,
Squadrons of Texts he Marshal'd in the Field;
That was but Civil War, an equal set,
Where Piles with Piles, and Eagles Eagles met.
With Texts point-blank and plain he sac'd the Foe:
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so?
The good old Bishops took a simpler way,
Each ask'd but what he heard his Father say,
Or how he was instructed in his Youth,
And by Tradition's force upheld the Truth.
The Panther smil'd at this. And when, said she,

The Panther smil'd at this, And when, said she, Were those first Councils disallow'd by me?

Or where did I at sure Tradition strike,

Provided still it were Apostolic?

Friend, said the Hind, you quit your former Ground, Where all your Faith you did on Scripture found, Now, 'tis Tradition join'd with holy Writ, But thus your Memory betrays your Wit.

No, faid the Panther, for in that I view, When your Tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true. I fet 'em by the Rule, and as they square, Or deviate from undoubted Doctrine there, This Oral Fiction, that old Faith declare.

(Hind.) The Council steer'd it seems a diff rent Course.

They try'd the Scripture by Tradition's force;
But you Tradition by the Scripture try;
Pursu'd, by Sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one Foundation to rely.
The Word is then depos'd, and in this View.
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus said the Dame, and smiling, thus pursu'd,
I see Tradition then is disallow'd,
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unsaithful Ground;
Unless you cou'd insallibly expound.

Which

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Which you reject as odious Popery, And throw that Doctrine back with fcorn on me. Suppose we on things traditive divide, And both appeal to Scripture to decide; By various Texts we both uphold our claim, Nay, often ground our Titles on the same: After long labour loft, and time's expence, Both grant the Words, and quarrel for the Sente. Thus all Disputes for ever must depend; For no dumb rule can Controversies end. Thus when you faid Tradition must be try'd By facred Writ, whose sense your selves decide, You said no more, but that your selves must be The judges of the Scripture Sense, not we. Against our Church-Tradition you declare, And yet your Clerks wou'd fit in Mofes' Chair: At least 'tis prov'd against your Argument, The Rule is far from plain, where all diffent.

If not by Scriptures, how can we be fure (Reply'd the *Panther*) what Tradition's pure? For you may palm upon us new for old:
All, as they fay, that glitters is not Gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the Dame, To whom deriv'd from Sire to Son they came; Where, ev'ry Age do's on another move, And trusts no farther than the next above; Where all the Rounds like Jacob's Ladder rife, The lowest hid in Earth, the topmost in the Skies,

Sternly the Salvage did her Answer mark,
Her glowing Eye-balls glitt'ring in the dark,
And said but this, Since Lucre was your Trade,
Succeeding times such dreadful Gaps have made,
'Tis dangerous Climbing: To your Sons and you
I leave the Ladder, and its Omen too.

[sweet,

(Hind.) The Panther's Breath was ever fam'd for But from the Wolf such wishes oft I meet:
You learn'd this Language from the blatant Beast,
Or rather did not speak, but were posses'd.
As for your Answer 'tis but barely urg'd;
You must evince Tradition to be forg'd;

Produce

Produce plain Proofs; unblemish'd Authors use As ancient as those Ages they accuse; 'Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame: An old Possession stands, 'till Elder quits the claim Then for our int'rest which is nam'd alone To load with envy, we retort your own. For when Traditions in your Faces fly, Resolving not to yield, you must decry: As when the Cause goes hard, the guilty Man Excepts, and thins his Jury all-he can; So when you stand of other Aid bereft, You to the twelve Apostles would be left. Your Friend the Wolf did with more craft provide To fet those toys Traditions quite aside: And Fathers too, unless when Reason spent He cites 'em but sometimes for Ornament. But, Madam Panther, you, though more fincere, Are not so wise as your Adulterer: The private Spirit is a better Blind, Than all the dodging Tricks your Authors find. For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd, Each for his own peculiar Judge allow'd; The way to please 'em was to make 'em proud. Thus, with full Sails, they ran upon the Shelf; Who cou'd suspect a couzenage from himself! On his own Reason safer 'tis to stand, Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second hand. But you who Fathers and Traditions take, And garble some, and some you quite forsake, Pretending Church Authority to fix, And yet some Grains of private Spirit mix, Are like a Mule made up of differing Seed, And that's the Reason why you never breed; At least not propagate your kind abroad, For home Diffenters are by Statutes aw'd. And yet they grow upon you every Day, While you (to speak the best) are at a stay, For Sects that are extreams, abhor a Middle-way, Like tricks of State, to stop a raging Flood, Or mollifie a Mad-brain'd Senate's Mood: Of all Expedients never one was good,

Well may they argue, (nor can you deny) If we must fix on Church Authority, Best on the best, the Fountain, not the Flood, That must be better still, if this be good: Shall she command, who has her felf rebell'd? Is Antichrist by Antichrist expell'd? Did we a lawful Tyranny displace, To fet aloft a Baftard of the Race? Why all these Wars to win the Book, if we Must not interpret for our selves, but she? Either be wholly Slaves, or wholly Free. For purging Fires Traditions must not fight: But they must prove Episcopacy's Right: Thus those led Horses are from service freed; You never mount 'em but in time of need. Like Mercenaries, hir'd for home defence, They will not ferve against their native Prince, Against Domestic Foes of Hierarchy These are drawn forth, to make Fanatics fly; But, when they fee their Country-men at-hand, Marching against 'em under Church-command, Streight they forfake their Colour, and disband.

Thus she, nor cou'd the Panther well enlarge With weak Defence against so strong a Charge: But faid, For what did Chrift his Word provide, If still his Church must want a living Guide? And if all faving Doctrines are not there, Or facred Pen-men cou'd not make 'em-clear, From after ages we should hope in vain For truths, which Men inspir'd, cou'd not explain. Before the Word was written, faid the Hind, Our Saviour preach'd his Faith to human Kind: From his Apostles the first Age receiv'd Eternal truth, and what they taught, believ'd. Thus by Tradition Faith was planted first, Succeeding Flocks, fucaceding Paftors nurs'd. This was the way our wife Redeemer chose, (Who fure could all things for the best dispose,) To fence his Fold from their encroaching Foes. eHandih miy Bensangarenghiy, to which

He cou'd have writ himself, but well foresaw Th' event wou'd be like that of Moses' Law; Some difference wou'd arise, some doubts remain. Like those, which yet the jarring Jows maintain, No written Laws can be so plain, so pure, But Wit may gloss, and Malice may obscure, Not those indited by his first Command, A Prophet grav'd the Text, an Angel held his Hand. Thus Faith was ere the written Word appear'd, And Men believ'd, not what they read, but heard. But fince th' Apostles cou'd not be confin'd To these, or those, but severally design'd Their large Commission round the World to blow; To spread their Faith, they spread their Labours too. Yet still their absent Flock their Pains did share, They hearken'd still, for Love produces Care. And as mistakes arose, or discords fell, Or bold Seducers taught 'em to Rebel, As Charity grew cold, or Faction hot, Or long neglect their Lessons had forgot, For all their Wants they wifely did provide, And Preaching by Epiftles was fupply'd: So great Physicians cannot all attend, But some they visit, and to some they send. Yet all those Letters were not writ to all; Nor first intended, but occasional, Their absent Sermons; nor if they contain All needful Doctrines, are those Doctrines plain. Clearness by frequent Preaching must be wrought, They writ but feldom, but they daily taught. And what one Saint has faid of holy Paul. He darkly writ, is true apply'd to all. For this obscurity cou'd Heaven provide More prudently than by a living Guide, As doubts arose, the difference to decide? A Guide was therefore needful, therefore made; And, if appointed, fure to be obey'd, Thus, with due Rev'rence to th' Apostles writ, By which my Sons are taught, to which submit; I think,

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I think, those truths their facred Works contain, The Church alone can certainly explain; That following Ages, leaning on the past, May rest upon the Primitive at last. Nor wou'd I thence the Word no Rule infer, But none without the Church-interpreter. Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute, And is it felf the subject of dispute. But what th' Apostles their Successors taught, They to the next, from them to us is brought, Th' undoubted Sense which is in Scripture sought. From hence the Church is arm'd, when Errors rife, To ftop their Entrance, and prevent furprise; And fafe entrench'd within, her Foes without defies. By these all festring fores her Counsels heal, Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal, For Discord cannot end without a last appeal. Nor can a Council national decide, But with Subordination to her Guide: (I wish the Cause were on that issue try'd.) Much less the Scripture; for suppose debate Betwixt Pretenders to a fair Estate, Bequeath'd by fome Legator's last intent; (Such is our dying Saviour's Testament:) The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read; The doubtful Heirs their diff ring Titles plead: All vouch the Words their intrest to maintain, And each pretends by those his Cause is plain. Shall then the Testament award the right? No, that's the Hungary for which they fights The Field of Battle, subject of debate; The thing contended for, the fair Estate. The Sense is intricate, 'tis only clear What Vowels and what Confonants are there. Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be try'd Before some Judge appointed to decide. Suppose (the fair Apostate said) I grant,

The faithful Flock lome living Guide should want,

Your Arguments an endless chase pursue: Produce this vaunted Leader to our View, This mighty Moses of the chosen Crew.

The Dame, who faw her fainting Foe retir'd, With force renew'd, to Victory aspir'd; (And looking upward to her kindred Sky,) As once our Saviour own'd his Deity, Pronounc'd his Words -- fbe whom ye feek am I. Nor less amaz'd this Voice the Panther heard. Than were those Jews to hear a God declar'd. Then thus the Matron modestly renew'd; Let all your Prophets and their Sects be view'd. And fee to which of em your felves think fit The Conduct of your Conscience to submit: Each Profelyte wou'd Vote his Doctor best, With absolute Exclusion to the rest: Thus wou'd your Polish Diet disagree, And end as it began in Anarchy: Your felf the fairest for Election stand, Because you seem Crown Gen'ral of the Land But foon against your superstitious Lawn Some Presbytefian Sabre wou'd be drawn: In your establish'd Laws of Sov'raignty The rest some fundamental Flaw wou'd see, And call Rebellion Gospel-liberty. To Church-decrees your Articles require Submission modify'd, if not entire; Homage deny'd, to Censures you proceed; But when Curtana will not do the Deed. You lay that pointless Clergy-weapon by, And to the Laws, your Sword of Justice fly. Now this your Sects the more unkindly take (Those prying Varlets hit the blots you make) Because some ancient Friends of yours declare, Your only rule of Faith the Scriptures are, Interpreted by Men of Judgment found, Which ev'ry Sect will for themselves expound: Nor think less rev'rence to their Doctors due For found Interpretation, than to you.

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If

If then, by able Heads, are understood Your Brother Prophets, who reform'd abroad, Those able Heads expound a wiser way, That their own Sheep their Shepherd should obey. But if you mean your felves are only found, That Doctrine turns the Reformation round. And all the rest are false Reformers found. Because in fundry Points you stand alone. Not in Communon join'd with any one; And therefore must be all the Church, or none. Then, 'till you have agreed whose Judge is best, Against this forc'd Submission they protest: While Sound and Sound a different Sense explains. Both play at Hard-head 'till they break their Brains: And from their Chairs each other's force defie. While unregarded Thunders vainly fly. I pass the reft, because your Church alone Of all Usurpers best cou'd fill the Throne. But neither you, ... Sect beside, For this high Office can be qualify'd, With necessary Gifts requir'd in such a Guide. For that which must direct the whole, must be Bound in one Bond of Faith and Unity: But all your fev'ral Churches difagree. The Consubstantiating Church and Priest Refuse Communion to the Calvinist; The French reform'd, from Preaching you restrain, Because you judge their Ordination vain; And so they judge of yours, but Donors must Or-In thort, in Doctrine, or in Discipline, Not one Reform'd can with another join: But all from each, as from Damnation fly; No Union they pretend, but in Non-Papery. Nor, should their Members in a Synod meet, Cou'd any Church presume to mount the Seat, Above the rest, their Discords to decide; None wou'd obey, but each wou'd be the Guide: And Face to Face Diffensions wou'd encrease; For only distance now preserves the Peace.

All in their turns Accusers, and Accus'd: Babel was never half fo much confus'd: What one can plead, the rest can plead as well; For amongst Equals lies no last appeal, And all confess themselves are fallible. Now fince you grant some necessary Guide, All who can err are justly laid aside: Because a Trust so sacred to confer Shews want of fuch a fure Interpreter, And how can he be needful who can err? Then granting that unerring Guide we want, That fuch there is you stand oblig'd to grant: Our Saviour else were wanting to supply Our Needs, and obviate that Necessity. It then remains that Church can only be The Guide, which owns unfailing Certainty; Or else you slip your Hold, and change your Side, Relapfing from a necessary Guide. But this anex'd Condition of the Crown, Immunity from Errors, you disown, [ons down. Here then you shrink, and lay your weak Pretensi-For petty Royalties you raise debate? But this unfailing Universal State [Weight. You shun: Nor dare succeed to such a glorious And for that Cause those Promises detest With which our Saviour did his Church invest: But strive t' evade, and fear to find 'em true. As conscious they were never meant to you: All which the Mother Church afferts her own, And with unrival'd Claim ascends the Throne. So when of old th' Almighty Father fate In Council, to redeem our ruin'd State. Millions of Millions at a diffance round, Silent the facred Confistory crown'd, pound. To hear what Mercy mixt with Justice could pro J All prompt with eager Pity, to fulfil The full extent of their Creator's Will: But when the stern Conditions were declar'd, A mournful Whisper thro' the Host was heard,

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And the whole Hierarchy, with Heads hung down, Submiffively declin'd the pond'rous proffer'd Crown. Then, not 'till then, th' eternal Son from high Rose in the strength of all the Deity; Stood forth t' accept the Terms, and underwent A weight which all the Frame of Heaven had bent, Nor he himself cou'd bear, but as Omnipotent. Now, to remove the least remaining Doubt, That e'en the blear-ey'd Sects may find her out, Behold what heavenly Rays adorn her Brows, What from his Wardrobe her Belov'd allows To deck the Wedding-day of his unspotted Spouse. J Behold what marks of Majesty she brings; Richer than ancient Heirs of Eastern Kings: Her right Hand holds the Sceptre and the Keys, To shew whom she commands, and who obeys: With these to bind, or set the Sinner free, With that t' affert Spiritual Royalty.

\* One in her feef, not rent by Schism, but sound, Entire, one solid shining Diamond, Not Sparkles shatter'd into Sects like you, One is the Church, and must be to be true:

One central Principle of Unity.

As undivided, so from Errors free,
As one in Faith, so one in Sanctity.
Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting Rage
Of Heretics oppos'd from Age to Age:
Still when the Giant-brood invades her Throne
She stoops from Heaven, and meets'em half way
down,

And with paternal Thunder vindicates her Crown.
But like Egyptian Socerers you stand,
And vainly lift aloft your Magic Wand,
To sweep away the Swarms of Vermin from the Land:
You cou'd like them, with like infernal Force,
Produce the Plague, but not arrest the Course.
But when the Boils and Botches, with disgrace.
And public Scandal sat upon the Face,

<sup>\*</sup> Marks of the Catholic Church from the Nicene Creed.

F 2

Themselves attack'd, the Magi strove no more, They saw God's Finger, and their Fate deplore; Themselves they cou'd not Cure of the dishonest Sore.

Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread, Like the fair Ocean from her Mother-Bed; From East to West triumphantly she Rides, All Shoars are water'd by her wealthy Tides.

The Gospel-sound diffus'd from Pole to Pole, Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll, The self-same Doctrine of the sacred Page Convey'd to ev'ry Clime, in ev'ry Age.

Here let my Sorrow give my Satyr place,
To raise new Blushes on my British Race;
Our sailing Ships like common Shoars we use,
And thro' our distant Colonies dissuse
The Draught of Dungeons, and the stench of Stews.
Whom, when their home-bred Honesty is lost,
We disembogue on some far Indian Coast:
Thieves, Pandars, Palliards, Sins of ev'ry fort,
Those are the Manusactures we export;
And these the Missioners our zeal has made:
For, with my Country's Pardon be it said,
Religion is the least of all our Trade.

Yet some improve their Traffic more than we, For their own gain, their only God, rely:
And set a public price on Piety.
Industrious of the Needle and the Chart
They run full sail to their Japponian Mart:

They run full fail to their Japponian Mart:
Prevention fear, and prodigal of Fame,
Sell all of Christian to the very Name; [Shame.
Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked

Thus, of three Marks which in the Creed we view,
Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
Much less the fourth; in vain alas you feek
Th' ambitious Title of Apostolick:
God-like descent! 'tis well your Blood can be
Prov'd noble, in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our Store)
Was Error fulminated o'er and o'er.

U

Old Herefies condemn'd in Ages past, By care and time recover'd from the blaft,

'Tis faid with ease, but never can be prov'd, The Church her old Foundations has remov'd. And built new Doctrines on unstable Sands:

Judge that, ye Winds and Rains; you prov'd her, yet

she stands.

Those ancient Doctrines charg'd on her for new, Shew, when, and how, and from what Hands they We claim no Pow'r when Herefies grow bold [grew. To Coin new Faith, but still declare the old. How else cou'd that obscene Disease be purg'd, When controverted Texts are vainly urg'd? To prove Tradition new, there's somewhat more Requir'd, than faying, 'twas not us'd before. Those monumental Arms are never stirr'd 'Till Schifm or Herefie call down Goliath's Sword.

Thus, what you call Corruptions, are in truth, The first Plantations of the Gospel's youth, Old standard Faith: But cast your Eyes again, And view those Errors which new Sects maintain. Or which of old disturb'd the Church's peaceful

Reign, And we can point each Period of the time, When they began, and who begot the Crime; Can calculate how long th' Eclipse endur'd, Who interpos'd, what Digits were obscur'd: Of all which are already pass'd away,

We know the rife, the progress, and decay. Despair at our Foundations then to strike. 'Till you can prove your Faith Apostolic; A limpid Stream drawn from the native Source; Succession lawful in a lineal Course. Prove any Church oppos'd to this our Head, So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread, Under one Chief of the spiritual State, The Members all combin'd, and all subordinate. Shew fuch a feamless Coat, from Schism so free, In no Communion join'd with Herefie:

If such a one you find, let Truth prevail:
'Till when your Weights will in the Balance fail:
A Church unprincipled kicks up the Scale.

But if you cannot think, (nor fure you can Suppose in God what were unjust in Man,) That he, the Fountain of eternal Grace, Should fuffer Falshood for so long a space To banish Truth, and to usurp her place: That fev'n successive Ages should be lost, And preach Damnation at their proper Cost; That all your erring Ancestors should die, Drown'd in th' Abyss of deep Idolatry; If Piety forbid fuch Thoughts to rife, Awake, and open your unwilling Eyes: God hath left nothing for each Age undone, From this to that wherein he fent his Son: Then think but well of him, and half your Work is See how his Church adorn'd with ev'ry Grace, With open Arms, a kind forgiving Face, Stands ready to prevent her long-loft Son's embrace. Not more did Joseph o'er his Brethren weep, Nor less himself cou'd from discovery keep, When in the crowd of Supplicants they were feen, And in their Crew his best beloved Benjamin. That pious Joseph in the Church behold, To feed your Famine, and refuse your Gold; The Joseph you exil'd, the Joseph whom you fold. Thus, while with heavenly Charity she spoke, A streaming Blaze the filent Shadows broke; Shot from the Skies: A chearful azure Light: The Birds obscene to Forests wing'd their flight, And gaping Graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty

Spright.

Such were the pleasing Triumphs of the Sky,
For James his late Nocturnal Victory;
The Pledge of his Almighty Patron's Love,
The Fire-works which his Angels made above.

† I saw my self the lambent easie Light
Gild the brown Horror, and dispel the Night;

<sup>\*</sup> The Renunciation of the Benedictines to the Abby Lands. † Poëta loquitur.

The Messenger with speed the Tidings bore; News which three lab'ring Nations did restore, But Heaven's own Nuntius was arriv'd before.

By this, the Hind had reach'd her lonely Cell; And Vapours rose, and Dews unwholesome fell. When she, by frequent Observation Wise, As one who long on Heaven had fix'd her Eyes, Discern'd a change of Weather in the Skies. The Western Borders were with Crimson spread, The Moon descending look'd all flaming red; She thought good Manners bound her to invite The Stranger Dame to be her Guest that Night. 'Tis true, coarse Diet, and a short Repast, (She faid) were weak Inducements to the tafte Of one fo nicely bred, and fo unus'd to fast. But what plain fare her Cottage cou'd afford, A hearty welcome at a homely board, Was freely hers; and to supply the rest, An honest Meaning, and an open Breast. Last, with Content of Mind, the poor Man's Wealth; A grace-cup to their common Patron's Health. This she desir'd her to accept, and stay, For fear she might be wilder'd in her way, Because she wanted an unerring Guide, And then the Dew-drops on her filken Hide Her tender Constitution did declare, Too Lady-like a long fatigue to bear, And rough Inclemencies of raw nocturnal Air. But most she fear'd that travelling so late, Some evil-minded Beafts might lye in wait: And without witness wreak their hidden hate,

The Panther, though she lent a list'ning Ear, Had more of Lion in her than to sear: Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal With many Foes, their numbers might prevail, Return'd her all the thanks she cou'd afford; And took her friendly Hosses at her word, Who ent'ring sirst her lowly Roof, (a Shed With hoary Moss, and winding Ivy spread, Honest enough to hide an humble Hermit's head)

Thus

Thus graciously bespoke her welcome Guest: So might these Walls, with your fair Presence blest Become your dwelling-place of eyerlafting reft; Not for a Night, or quick revolving Year, Welcome an owner, not a sojourner. This peaceful Seat my Poverty fecures. War feldom enters but where Wealth allures: Nor yet despite it, for this poor aboad Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a God; A God Victorious of the Stygian race Here laid his facred Limbs, and fanctified the place. This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain; Be emulous of him, and pomp difdain, And dare not to debafe your Soul to Gain. The filent Stranger flood amaz'd to fee Contempt of Wealth, and wilful Poverty: And, though ill Habits are not foon control'd, A-while suspended her defire of Gold.

Not violating hospitable Laws,

And pacify'd her Tail, and lick'd her frothy Jaws.

The Hind did feet her County Cotton provides.

The Hind did first her Country Cates provide; Then couch'd her self securely by her side.

# The THIRD PART.

With Panthers, Bears and Wolves, and Beafts unAs if we were not flock'd with Monsters of our own.

Let Afop answer, who has fet to view,
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And Mother Hubbard in her homely dress
Has sharply blam'd a British Lioness,
That Queen, whose Feast the factious Rabble keep,
Expos'd obscenely naked and a-fleep.

Led

Led by those great Examples, may not I The wanted Organs of their Words supply? If Men transact like Brutes, 'tis equal then For Brutes to claim the privilege of Men.

Others our Hind of folly will indite,
To entertertain a dang'rous Guest by Night.
Let those remember that she cannot die
'Till rolling Time is lost in round Eternity;
Nor need she fear the Panther, though untam'd,
Because the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd;
The wary Salvage wou'd not give offence,
To forfeit the Protection of her Prince;
But watch'd the time her Vengeance to compleat,
When all her furry Sons in frequent Senate met.
Mean-while she quench'd her sury at the Flood,
And with a Lenten sallad cool'd her Blood. [scant,
Their Commons, though but coarse, were nothing
Nor did their Minds an equal Banquet want.

For now the Hind, whose noble Nature strove
T' express her plain simplicity of Love,
Did all the honours of her House so well,
No sharp Debates disturb'd the friendly Meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extream,
To common Dangers past, a sadly-pleasing Theam;
Remembring ev'ry Storm which toss'd the State,
When both were Objects of the public hate, [fate.]
And dropt a Tear betwixt, for her own Childrens

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
Of what the Panther suffer'd for her sake.
Her lost Esteem, her Truth, her Loyal Care,
Her Faith unshaken to an exil'd Heir,
Her Strength t'endure, her Courage to desse;
Her choice of honourable Insamy.
On these prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd,
Then with acknowledgments her self she charg'd:
For Friendship, of it self an holy tye,
Is made more sacred by adversity.
Now should they part, malicious Tongues wou'd say,
They met like chance Companions on the way,

Whom mutual Fear of Robbers had posses'd; While danger lasted, kindness was profes'd; But that once o'er, the short-liv'd Union ends: The Road divides, and there divide the Friends.

The Panther nodded when her Speech was done, And tank'd her coldly in a hollow Tone.

But I lid her Gratituc's had gone too far For common Offices of Christian Care.

If to the lawful Heir she had been true, She paid but Cafar what was Cafar's due.

I might, she added, with like praise describe Your suff'ring Sons, and so return your Bribe;

But Incense from my Hands is poorly priz'd, For Gifts are scorn'd where Givers are despis'd.

I serv'd a Turn, and then was cast away;

You, like the gawdy Fly, your Wings display, And sip the Sweets, and bask in your Great Patron's Day.

This heard, the Matron was not flow to find What fort of Malady had feiz'd her Mind; Difdain, with gnawing Envy, fell Despight, And canker'd Malice stood in open fight. Ambition, Int'rest, Pride without controul, And Jealousie, the Jaundice of the Soul; Revenge, the bloody Minister of Ill, With all the lean Tormenters of the Will. Twas easie now to guess from whence arose Her new-made Union with her ancient Foes, Her forc'd Civilities, her faint Embrace, Affected Kindness with an alter'd Face: Yet durst she not too deeply probe the Wound, As hoping still the nobler Parts were found; But strove with Anodynes t'asswage the Smart, And mildly thus her Med'cine did impart.

Complaints of Lovers help to ease their Pain,
It shows a Rest of Kindness to complain;
A Friendship loath to quit its former Hold,
And conscious Merit may be justly bold.
But much more just your Jealousie would show,
If others Good were Injury to you:

Witnes

Witness ye Heavens how I rejoice to see
Rewarded Worth, and rising Loyalty.
Your Warrior Offspring that upheld the Crown,
The scarlet Honours of your peaceful Gown,
Are the most pleasing Objects I can find,
Charms to my Sight, and Cordials to my Mind:
When Virtue spooms before a prosperous Gale,
My heaving Wishes help to fill the Sail;
And if my Pray'rs for all the Brave were heard,
Casar should still have such, and such should still reward.

The labour'd Earth your Pains have fow'd and till'd: 'Tis just you reap the Product of the Field, Your's be the Harvest, 'tis the Beggars gain To glean the Fallings of the loaded Wain. Such scatter'd Ears as are not worth your Care, Your Charity for Alms may fafely spare, And Alms are but the Vehicles of Pray'r. My daily Bread is litt'rally implor'd,. I have no Barns nor Granaries to hoard; If Cafar to his own his Hand extends, Say which of yours his Charity offends: [Friends. You know he largely gives, to more than are his Are you defrauded when he feeds the Poor? Our Mite decreases nothing of your Store; I am but few, and by your Fare you fee My crying Sins are not of Luxury. Some juster Motive fure your Mind withdraws, And makes you break our Friendship's Holy Laws, For barefac'd Envy is too base a Cause.

Shew more Occasion for your Discontent.
Your Love, the Wolf, wou'd help you to invent;
Some German Quarrel, or, as Times go now,
Some French, where Force is uppermost, will do.
When at the Fountain's Head, as Merit ought
To claim the Place, you take a swilling Draught,
How easie 'tis an envious Eye to throw,
And tax the Sheep for troubling Streams below;
Or call her, (when no farther Cause you find,)
An Enemy profess'd of all your Kind.

But

But then, perhaps, the wicked World wou'd think, The Wolf design'd to eat, as well as drink.

This last Allusion gaul'd the Panther more, Because indeed it rubb'd upon the Sore. Yet seem'd she not to winch, the shrew'dly pain'd:

But thus her paffive Character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my Foes report,
Your flaunting Fortune in the Lion's Court.
You have your Day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the fuff'ring Side:
You know my Doctrine, and I need not say
I will not, but I cannot disobey.
On this firm Principle I ever stood;
He of my Sons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious Act renounces to my Blood.

Ah, faid the Hind, how many Sons have you Who call you Mother, whom you never knew! But most of them who that Relation plead Are such ungracious Youths as wish you dead. They gape at rich Revenues which you hold, And fain would nibble at your Grandame Gold; Enquire into your Years and laugh to find Your crazy Temper shews you much declin'd, Were you not dim, and doated, you might fee A Pack of Cheats that claim a Pedigree, No more of Kin to you, than you to me, Do you not know, that for a little Coin, Heralds can foist a Name into the Line; They ask your Bleffing but for what you have, But once posses'd of what with Care you save, The wanton Boys wou'd piss upon your Grave.

Your Sons of Latitude that court your Grace,
Tho' most resembling you in Form and Face.
Are far the worst of your pretended Race.
And, but I blush your Honesty to blot,
Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot:
For, in some Popils Libels I have read,
The Wolf has been too busie in your Bed.
At least her hinder Parts, the Belly-piece,
The Paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.

Their

Their Malice too a fore Suspicion brings; For the they dare not bark, they snarl at Kings: Nor blame 'em for intruding in your Line, Fat Bishopricks are still of Right Divine.

Think you your new French Profelytes are come To flarve abroad, because they flarv'd at home? Your Benefices twinkl'd from afar, They found the new Meffiab by the Star: Those Swifes fight on any Side for Pay, And 'tis the Living that conforms, not they. Mark with what Management their Tribes divide Some stick to you, and some to t'other Side, That many Churches may for many Mouths provide. More vacant Pulpits wou'd more Converts make, All wou'd have Latitude enough to take; The rest unbenefic'd, your Sects maintain: For Ordinations without Cures are vain, And Chamber Practice is a filent Gain. Your Sons of Breadth at Home, are much like there, Their foft and yielding Metals run with eafe; They melt, and take the Figure of the Mould: But harden, and preserve it best in Gold.

Your Delphic Sword, the Panther then reply'd, Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either Side. Some Sons of mine, who bear upon their Shield Three Steeples Argent in a Sable Field, Have sharply tax'd your Converts, who unfed Have follow'd you for Miracles of Bread; Such who themselves of no Religion are, Allur'd with Gain, for any will declare. Bare Lies with bold Affertions they can face, But dint of Argument is out of Place. The grim Logician puts 'em in a Fright; 'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight. Thus our eighth Henry's Marriage they defame; They say the Schism of Beds began the Game, Divorcing from the Church to wed the Dame. Tho' largely prov'd, and by himfelf profes'd, That Conscience, Conscience wou'd not let him rest: I mean.

I mean, not 'till posses'd of her he lov'd, And old, uncharming Catharine was remov'd. For sundry Years before did he complain, And told his Ghostly Confessor his Pain. With the same Impudence, without a Ground, They say, that look the Reformation round, No Treatise of Humility is found. But if none were, the Gospel does not want, Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant, The Sermon in the Mount was Protestant.

No doubt, reply'd the Hind, as fure as all The Writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. On that Decision let it stand or fall. Now for my Converts, who you fay unfed Have follow'd me for Miracles of Bread, Judge not by hear-fay, but observe at least, If fince their Change, their Loaves have been increast. The Lion buys no Converts, if he did, Beafts wou'd be fold as fast as he cou'd bid. Tax those of Int'rest who conform for Gain, Or flay the Market of another Reign; Your broad-way Sons wou'd never be too nice To close with Calvin, if he paid their Price; Butrais'dthree Steeples high'r, wou'd change their Note, And quit the Cassock for the Canting-Coat. Now, if you damn this Censure, as too bold, Judge by your felves, and think not others fold.

Mean time my Sons accus'd, by Fame's Report,
Pay small Attendance at the Lion's Court,
Nor rise with early Crowds, nor flatter late,
(For silently they beg who daily wait.)
Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought,
Attendance is a Bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they shou'd speed, their Fortune is untry'd,
For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their God and King they bless,
And hope they shou'd not murmur, had they less.
But, if reduc'd Subsistence to implore,
In common Prudence they wou'd pass your Door;
Unpity'd

Unpity'd Hudibrass, your Champion Friend, Has shown how far your Charities extend. This lasting Verse shall on his Tomb be read, He shum'd you living, and upbraids you dead.

With odious Atheist Names you load your Foes, Your lib'ral Clergy why did I expose? It never fails in Charities like those. In Climes where true Religion is profess'd, That Imputation were no laughing Jest. But Imprimatur, with a Chaplain's Name, Is here sufficient Licence to defame. What Wonder is't that black Detraction thrives, The Homicide of Names is less than Lives; And yet the perjur'd Murtherer survives.'

This faid, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd The boiling Indignation of her Breaft; She knew the Virtue of her Blade, nor wou'd Pollute her Satyr with ignoble Blood: Her panting Foe she saw before her lye, And back she drew the shining Weapon dry. So when the gen'rous Lion has in Sight His equal Match, he rouses for the Fight; But when his Foe lyes prostrate on the Plain. He sheaths his Paws, uncurls his angry Mane; And, pleas'd with bloodless Honours of the Day, Walks over, and disdains th' inglorious Prey. So James, if great with less we may compare, Arrests his rowling Thunder-bolts in Air; And grants ungrateful Friends a lengthen'd Space, T' implore the Remnants of long-fuff'ring Grace. This breathing-time the Matron took; and then Resum'd the Thread of her Discourse again. Be Vengeance wholly left to Pow'rs Divine, And let Heaven judge betwixt your Sons and mine: If Joys hereafter must be purchas'd here With Loss of all that Mortals hold so dear, Then welcome Infamy and public Shame, And, last, a long Farewel to worldly Fame. Tis faid with ease, but oh, how hardly try'd By haughty Souls, to human Honour ty'd! O tharp Convulfive Pangs of agonizing Pride!

Down then thou Robel, never more to rife. And what thou didft, and do'ft fo dearly prize, That Fame, that darling Fame, make that thy Sacrifice. 'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n, then add thy Tears For a long Race of unrepenting Years: 'Tis nothing yet; yet all thou haft to give, Then add those may be Years thou hast to live. Yet nothing still: then poor, and naked come. Thy Father will receive his Unthrift home, [Sum. And thy bleft Saviour's Blood discharge the mighty Thus (she pursa'd) I discipline a Son, Whose uncheck'd Fury to Revenge wou'd run: He champs the Bit, impatient of his Lofs, And starts aside, and flounders at the Cross. Instruct him better, gracious God, to know, As thine is Vengeance, fo Forgiveness too. That fuff'ring from ill Tongues, he bears no more Than what his Sov'reign bears, and what his Saviour It now remains for you to School your Child, [bore. And ask why God's Anointed he revil'd; A King and Princess dead! did Shimei worse? The Curfer's Punishment should fright the Curse:

Your Son was warn'd, and wifely give it o'er, But he who counfell'd him, has paid the Score: The heavy Malice cou'd no higher tend, But woe to him on whom the Weights descend: So to permitted Ills the Damon flies: His Rage is aim'd at him who rules the Skies; Conftrain'd to quit his Cause, no Succour found, The Foe discharges ev'ry Tyre around, In Clouds of Smoke abandoning the Fight, But his own thund'ring Peals proclaim his Flight.

In Henry's Change his Charge as ill succeeds, To that long Story little Answer needs, Confront but Henry's Words with Henry's Deeds. Were Space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd What Springs his bleffed Reformation mov'd. The dire Effects appear'd in open Sight, Which from the Cause, he calls a distant Flight, And yet no larger Leap than from the Sun to Light.

Now

Now last your Sons a double Pean found,
A Treatise of Humility is found.
'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought,
Than thus in Protestant Procession brought.
The fam'd Original through Spain is known
Rodriguez work, my celebrated Son,
Which yours, by ill-translating, made his own;
Conceal'd its Author, and usurp'd the Name,
The basest and ignoblest Thest of Fame.
My Altars kindl'd first that living Coal,
Restore, or practise better what you stole:
That Virtue cou'd this humble Verse inspire,
'Tis all the Restitution I require.

And none of all her fav'rite Sons expos'd.

For Laws of Arms permit each injur'd Man,
To make himself a Saver where he can.

Perhaps the plunder'd Merchant cannot tell
The Names of Pyrates in whose Hands he fell;
But at the Den of Thieves he justly slies,
And ev'ry Algerine is lawful Prize.

No private Person in the Foe's Estate
Can plead Exemption from the public Fate.

Yet Christian Laws allow not such Redress;

But let th' Abettors of the Panther's Crime
Learn to make fairer Wars another time.
Some Characters may fure be found to write
Among her Sons; for 'tis no common Sight,
A spotted Dam, and all her Offspring white.

Then let the Greater superfede the Less.

The Salvage, though the faw her Plea controll'd, Yet wou'd not wholly feem to quit her Hold, But offer'd fairly to compound the Strife; And judge Convertion by the Convert's Life. 'Tis true, the faid, I think it fomewhat strange So few shou'd follow profitable Change: For present Joys are more to Flesh and Blood, Than a dull Prospect of a distant good. 'Twas well alluded by a Son of mine, (I hope to quote him is not to purloin;)

Twe

Two Magnets, Heav'n and Earth, allure to Blifs; The larger Loadstone that, the nearer this: The weak Attraction of the greater fails, We nod a-while, but neighbourhood prevails: But when the greater proves the nearer too, I wonder more your Converts come fo flow. Methinks in those who firm with me remain, It shows a nobler Principle than Gain.

Your Inf'rence wou'd be strong (the Hind reply'd) If yours were in effect the fuff'ring Side: Your Clergy's Sons their own in Peace poffess, Nor are their Prospects in Reversion less. My Proselytes are struck with awful dread, Your bloody Comet-Laws hang blazing o'er their Head. The Respite they enjoy but only lent, The best they have to hope, protracted Punishment. Be judge your felf, if Int'rest may prevail, Which Motives, yours or mine, will turn the Scale, While Pride and Pomp allure, and pienteous Ease, That is, 'till Man's predom'nant Passions cease, Admire no longer at my flow encrease.

By Education most have been mis-led, So they believe, because they so were bred. The Priest continues what the Nurse began, And thus the Child imposes on the Man. The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat : But Int'rest is the most prevailing Cheat, The fly Seducer both of Age and Youth; They study that, and think they study Truth: When Intrest fortifies an Argument, Weak Reason serves to gain the Will's Assent; For Souls, already warp'd, receive an easie Bent. Add long Prescription of establish'd Laws, And Picque of Honour to maintain a Caufe, And shame of Ghange, and fear of future Ill, And Zeal, the blind Conductor of the Will; And chief among the still-mistaking Crowd, The Fame of Teachers obstinate and proud, And more than all, the private Judge allow'd.

Disdain of Fathers, which the Dance began, And last, uncertain who's the narrower Span, The Clown unread, and half-read Gentleman.

To this the Panther, with a scornful Smile:
Yet still you travel with unwearied Toil,
And range around the Realm without controul,
Among my Sons, for Proselytes to prole,
And here and there you snap some filly Soul.
You hinted Fears of suture Change in State,
Pray Heav'n you did not Prophese your Fate;
Perhaps you think your time of Triumph near,
But may mistake the Season of the Year;
The Swallow's Fortune gives you cause to fear.

For Charity (reply'd the Matron) tell What sad Mischance those pretty Birds befel.

Nay, no Mischance, (the Salvage Dame reply'd)
But want of Wit in their unerring Guide,
And eager Haste, and gaudy Hopes, and giddy Pride.
Yet, wishing timely Warning may prevail,
Make you the Moral, and I'll tell the Tale.

The Swallow, privileg'd above the rest Of all the Birds, as Man's familiar Guest, Pursues the Sun in Summer brisk and bold, But wifely shuns the persecuting Cold: Is well to Chancels and to Chimnies known, Though 'tis not thought she feeds on Smoke alone. From hence she has been held of Heav'nly Line, Endu'd with Particles of Soul Divine. This merry Chorister had long posses'd Her Summer Seat, and feather'd well her Nest: 'Till frowning Skies began to change their Chear, And Time turn'd up the wrong fide of the Year; The shedding Trees began the Ground to strow With yellow Leaves, and bitter Blasts to blow. Sad Auguries of Winter thence she drew, Which by Instinct, or Prophecy, she knew: When Prudence warn'd her to remove betimes, And feek a better Heav'n, and warmer Climes.

Her Sons were summon'd on a Steeple's height, And call'd in common Council, vote a Flight;

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The Day was nam'd, the next that shou'd be fair,
All to the gen'ral Rendezvous repair, [in Air.]
They try their slutt'ring Wings, and trust themselves
But whether upward to the Moon they go,
Or dream the Winter out in Caves below,
Or hawk at slies elsewhere, concerns not us to know.

Southwards, you may be fure, they bent their Flight, And harbour'd in a hollow Rock at Night:
Next Morn they rose, and set up ev'ry Sail,
The Wind was fair, but blew a Mackret Gale:
The sickly Young sat shiv'ring on the Shore,
Abhor'd Salt-water, never seen before,
And pray'd their tender Mothers to delay
The Passage, and expect a fairer Day.

With these the Martyn readily concurr'd,
A Church-begot, and Church-believing Bird;
Of little Body, but of losty Mind,
Round belly'd, for a Dignity design'd,
And much a Dunce, as Martyns are by Kind.
Yet often quoted Canon-Laws, and Code,
And Fathers which he never understood,
But little Learning needs in noble Blood.
For, sooth to say, the Savallow brought him in,
Her Houshold Chaplain, and her next of Kin.
In Superstition filly to Excess,
And casting Schemes, by Planetary Guess:
In sine, short wing'd, unsit himself to say,
His Fear fore-told foul Weather in the Sky.

Besides, a Raven from a wither'd Oak,
Lest of their Lodging, was observ'd to croak.
That Omen lik'd him not, so his Advice.
Was present Safety, bought at any Price:
(A seeming pious Care, that cover'd Cowardise.)
To strengthen this, he told a boding Dream,
Of rising Waters, and a troubled Stream,
Sure Signs of Anguish, Dangers and Distress,
With something more, not lawful to express:
By which he styly seem'd to intimate
Some secret Revelation of their Fate.

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For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a Leaf inscrib'd with facred Rhyme,
Whose antic Characters did well denote
The Sibys's Hand of the Cumaan Grot:
The mad Divineress had plainly writ,
A time should come (but many Ages yet,)
In which, sinister Destinies ordain,
A Dame shou'd drown with all her feather'd Train,
And Seas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian Main.
At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
Arose, and bless'd themselves from Head to Foot.

'Tis true, fome Stagers of the wifer Sort
Made all these idle Wonderments their Sport:
They said, their only Danger was Delay,
And he who heard what ev'ry Fool cou'd say,
Wou'd never six his Thought, but trim his Time

away.

The Passage yet was good, the Wind, 'tis true, Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new, No more than usual Equinoxes blew. The Sun (already from the Scales declin'd) Gave little Hopes of better Days behind, But change from bad to worfe of Weather and of Nor need they fear the Dampness of the Sky Should flag their Wings, and hinder them to fly, 'Twas only Water thrown on Sails too dry. But, least of all Philosophy presumes Of Truth in Dreams, from melancholy Fumes: Perhaps the Martyn, hous'd in holy Ground, Might think of Ghosts that walk their midnight round, 'Till groffer Atoms tumbling in the Stream Of Fancy, madly met and clubb'd into a Dream. As little Weight his vain Presages bear, Of ill Effect to fuch alone who fear. Most Prophecies are of a Piece with these, Each Noftradamus can foretel with eafe: Not naming Persons and confounding Times, One casual Truth supports a thousand lying Rhymes. Th' Advice was true, but Fear had feiz'd the most, And all good Counsel is on Cowards loft.

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The Question crudely put, to shun Delay, 'Twas carry'd by the major Part to stay.

His Point thus gain'd, Sir Martyn dated thence His Power, and from a Priest became a Prince. He order'd all things with a busie Care, And Cells and Refectories did prepare, And large Provisions laid of Winter Fare. But now and then let fall a Word or two Of hope, that Heav'n fome Miracle might show, And, for their Sakes, the Sun shou'd backward go-Against the Laws of Nature upward climb, And, mounted on the Ram, renew the Prime: For which two Proofs in facred Story lay, Of Abez' Dial, and of Johua's Day. In Expectation of fuch Times as these A Chappel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of ease: For Martyn much Devotion did not ask, They pray'd fometimes, and that was all their Tak.

It happen'd (as beyond the Reach of Wit Blind Prophecies may have a lucky Hit) That, this accomplish'd, or at least in part, Gave great Repute to their new Merlin's Art. Some \* Swifts, the Giants of the Swallow Kind, Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid Mind, (For Swiffes, or for Gibeonites defign'd,) These Lubbers, peeping through a broken Pane, To fuck fresh Air, survey'd the neighbouring Plain; And faw (but scarcely could believe their Eyes) New Blossoms flourish, and new Flowers arise; As God had been abroad, and walking there, Had left his Eoot-sleps, and reform'd the Year: The Sunny Hills from far were feen to glow With glitt'ring Beams, and in the Meads below [flow. The burnish'd Brooks appear'd with liquid Gold to J At last they heard the foolish Cuckow sing, Whose Note proclaim'd the Holy-day of Spring. No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,

\* Ocherwise call'd Martlets,

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And reposses their Patrimonial Sky.

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The Priest before 'em did his Wings difolay ; And, that good Omens might attend their way, As luck wou'd have it, 'twas St. Martyn's Day.

Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone. The Canopy of Heav'n is all her own, Her youthful Offspring to their Haunts repair : And glide along in Glades, and skim in Air. And dip for Infects in the purling Springs, And stoop on Rivers to refresh their Wings. Their Mothers think a fair Provision made. That ev'ry Son can live upon his Trade. And now the careful Charge is off their Hands, Look out for Husbands, and new Nuptial Bands: The youthful Widow longs to be supply'd; But first the Lover is by Lawyers ty'd To fettle Jointure-Chimnies on the Bride. So thick they couple, in so short a Space, That Martyn's Marriage Offspring rife apace; Their ancient Houses running to decay, Are furbish'd up, and cemented with Clay; They teem already; store of Eggs are laid, And brooding Mothers call Lucina's Aid. Fame spreads the News, and foreign Fowls appear In Flocks to greet the new returning Year, To bless the Founder, and partake the Cheer.

And now 'twas time (so fast their Numbers rise) To plant abroad, and People Colonies; The Youth drawn forth, as Martyn had defir'd, (For fo their cruel Deftiny requir'd) was b'dling and Were fent far off on an ill-fated Day; The rest wou'd needs conduct 'em on their way, And Martyn went, because he fear'd alone to stay.

So long they flew with inconfiderate Hafte That now their Afternoon began to waste; And, what was ominous, that very Morn The Sun was enter'd into Capricorn in 19 ad word of Which, by their bad Aftronomers Account; 494 That Week the Virgin Balance shou'd remount; An Infant Moon eclips'd him in his way, And hid the small Remainders of his Day, of fored north and the firm of borred to

The Croud amaz'd, pursu'd no certain Mark;
But Birds met Birds, and justled in the Dark;
Few mind the Public in a Panic Fright;
And Fear increas'd the Horror of the Night.
Night came, but unattended with Repose,
Alone she came, no Sleep their Eyes to close,
Alone, and black she came, no friendly Stars arose.

What shou'd they do, beset with Dangers round, No neighb'ring Dorp, no Lodging to be found, But bleaky Plains, and bare unhospitable Ground. The latter Brood, who just began to sky, Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the Sky, For Succour to their helpless Mother call, She spread her Wings, some sew beneath 'em crawl, She spread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not cover all. T' augment their Woes, the Winds began to move Debate in Air, for empty Fields above, 'Till Boreas got the Skies, and pour'd amain His ratling Hail-stones mix'd with Snow and Rain.

The joyles Morning late arose, and found A dreadful Desolation reign a-round, Some bury'd in the Snow, some frozen to the Ground. The rest were struggling still with Death, and lay The Crows and Ravens Rights, an undefended Prey; Excepting Martyn's Race, for they and he Had gain'd the Shelter of a hollow Tree, But foon discover'd by a sturdy Clewn, He headed all the Rabble of a Town, And finish'd 'em with Bats, or poll'd 'em down. Martyn himself was caught alive, and try'd Por treas nous Crimes, because the Laws provide No Martyn there in Winter shall abide. High on an Oak which never Leaf shall bear. He breath'd his last, expos'd to open Air, And there his Corps, unblefs'd, is hanging still,

The Patience of the Hind did almost fail,
For well the mark'd the Malice of the Tale:
Which ribbald Art their Church to Luther owes,
In Malice it began, by Malice grows,
He low'd the Serpent's Teeth, an Iron-harvest rose.

To show the Change of Winds with his prophetic Bill.

But most in Martin's Character and Fate, She faw her flander'd Sons, the Panther's Hate, The People's Rage, the perfecuting State: Then faid, I take th' Advice in friendly Part, You clear your Conscience, or at least your Heart: Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing Skill, For Swallows are unlucky Birds to kill: As for my Sons, the Family is bles'd, Whose every Child is equal to the rest: No Church reform'd can boast a blameless Line; Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine: Or else an old Fanatic Author lyes, Who fumm'd their Scandals up by Centuries. But, through your Parable I plainly fee The bloody Laws, the Croud's Barbarity: The Sun-shine that offends the purblind Sight: Had some their Wishes, it wou'd soon be Night. Mistake me not, the Charge concerns not you. Your Sons are Malecontents, but yet are true. As far as Non refistance makes 'em so, But that's a Word of neutral Sense you know, A passive Term which no Relief will bring. But trims betwixt a Rebel and a King.

Rest well assur'd, the *Pardelis* reply'd,
My Sons wou'd all snpport the Regal Side, [try'd.]
Tho' Heaven borbid the Cause by Battel shou'd be

The Matron answer'd with a loud Amen, And thus pursu'd her Argument again. If as you fay, and as I hope no less, Your Sons will practife what your felves profes, What angry Pow'r prevents our present Peace? The Lion, studious of our common Good, Defires (and Kings Defires are ill withflood,) To join our Nations in a lasting Love; The Barrs betwixt are easie to remove, For fanguinary Laws were never made above. If you condemn that Prince of Tyranny Whose Mandate forc'd your Gallic Friends to fly, Make not a worse Example of your own. Or cease to rail at causeless Rigour shown, And let the guiltless Person throw the Stone, VOL. I.

His blunted Sword, your suff'ring Brotherhood
Have seldom felt, he stops it short of Blood:
But you have ground the persecuting Knife,
And set it to a Razor Edge on Life.
Curs'd be the Wit which Cruelty refines,
Or to his Father's Rod the Scorpions joins;
Your Finger is more gross than the great Monarch's
Loins,

But you perhaps remove that bloody Note, And stick it on the first Reformers Coat. Oh let their Crime in long Oblivion sleep, 'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep. Unjust, or just, is all the Question now, 'Tis plain, that not Repealing you Allow.

To name the Test wou'd put you in a Rage,
You charge not that on any former Age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand
Arm'd by a Weapon put into your Hand.
Yet still remember that you wield a Sword,
Forg'd by your Foes against your Sovereign Lord,
Design'd to hew th' Imperial Cedar down,
Desraud Succession, and disheir the Crown.
T' abhor the Makers, and their Laws approve,
Is to hate Traytors, and the Treason love.
What means it else, which now your Children say,
We made it not, nor will we take away.

Suppose some great Oppressor had by Slight
Of Law, disseis'd your Brother of his Right,
Your common Sire surrendring in a Fright;
Would you to that unrighteous Title stand,
Left by the Villain's Will to Heir the Land?
More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold;
The sacrilegious Bribe he could not hold, [Gold.]
Nor hang in Peace, before he render'd back the
What more could you have done, than now you de,
Had Oates and Bedlow, and their Plot been true?
Some specious Reasons for those Wrongs were
found;

Their dire Magicians threw their Mists around, And wise Men walk'd as on inchanted Ground.

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But now when time has made th' Imposture plain, (Late tho' he follow'd Truth, and limping held her Train,)

What new Delusion charms your cheated Eyes again?

The painted Harlot might a while bewitch,

But why the Hag uncas'd, and all obscene with Itch?

The first Reformers were a modest Race. Our Peers posses'd in Peace their native Place: And when rebellious Arms o'erturn'd the State, They fuffer'd only in the common Fate; But now the Sov'reign mounts the regal Chair, And mitr'd Seats are full, yet David's Bench is bare: Your answer is, they were not dispossest, They need but rub their Mettle on the Teft To prove their Ore: 'Twere well if Gold alone Were touch'd and try'd on your difcerning Stone; But that unfaithful Test, unfound will pass The Drofs of Atheifts, and Sectarian Brafs: As if th' Experiment were made to hold For base Production, and reject the Gold: Thus Men ungodded may to places rife, And Sects may be preferr'd without Disguise: No danger to the Church or State from thefe. The Papist only has his Writ of ease. No gainful Office gives him the Pretence To grind the Subject or defraud the Prince. Wrong Conscience, or no Conscience, may deserve To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to flarve.

Still thank your selves, you cry, your noble Race We banish not, but they forsake the place.
Our Doors are open: True, but ere they come.

You tofs your centing Test, and fume the Room;

As if 'twere Toby's Rival to expel,

And fright the Fiend who could not bear the smell.

To this the Pauther sharply had reply'd, But, having gain'd a Verdict on her side, She wisely gave the Loser leave to chide; Well satisfy'd to have the But and Peace, And for the Plaintiss's Cause she car'd the less, Because she su'd in forma Pauperis;

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Yet thought it decent something shou'd be said, For secret Guilt by Silence is betray'd: So neither granted all, nor much deny'd, But answer'd with a yawning kind of Pride.

Methinks fuch Terms of proffer'd Peace you bring As once Aneas to th' Italian King: By long Poffession all the Land is mine. You Strangers come with your intruding Line, To share my Sceptre, which you call to join. You plead like him an antient Pedigree, And claim a peaceful Seat by Fates Decree. In ready Pomp your Sacrificer stands, T' unite the Trojan and the Latin Bands, And that the League more firmly may be ty'd, Demand the fair Lavinia for your Bride. Thus plaufibly you weil th' intended Wrong, But still you bring your exil'd Gods along; And will endeavour in fucceeding space, Those houshold Poppits on our Hearths to place. Perhaps some barb'rous Laws have been prefer'd, I speak against the Test, but was not heard; These to rescind, and Peerage to restore, My gracious Sov'reign wou'd my Vote implore: I owe him much, but owe my Conscience more.

Conscience is then your Plea, reply'd the Dame. Which well-inform'd will ever be the same. But yours is much of the Camelion hue,
To change the Die with ev'ry diff'rent View.
When first the Lion sat with awful Sway
Your Conscience taught your Duty to obey:
He might have had your Statutes and your Test,
No Conscience but of Subjects was profes'd.
He found your Temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken Reed, your Church, rely'd.
In vain the Sects assay'd their utmost Art
With offer'd Treasure to espouse their Part,
Their Treasures were a Bribe too mean to move his

Heart.

But when by long Experience you had prov'd,

How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd;

A Goodness that excell'd his godlike Race. And only thort of Heav'n's unbounded Grace: A Flood of Mercy that o'rflow'd our Isle. Calm in the rife, and fruitful as the Nile, Forgetting whence your Ægypt was supply'd, You thought your Sov'reign bound to fend the Tide; Nor upward look'd on that immortal Spring, But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a King: Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by Fear, began To ftretch her Limits, and extend the Span, Did his Indulgence as her Gift dispole, And made a wife Alliance with her Foes. Can Conscience own th' affociating Name, And raise no Blushes to conceal her Shame? For fure she has been thought a bashful Dame. But if the Cause by Battel should be try'd, You grant she must espouse the regal side: O Proteus Conscience, never to be ty'd! What Phæbus from the Tripod shall disclose, Which are in last refort, your Friends or Foes? Homer, who learn'd the Language of the Sky. The feeming Gordian Knot wou'd foor unty; Immortal Powers the term of Conscience know. But Interest is her Name with Men below.

Conscience or Int'rest be't, or both in one; (The Panther answer'd in a surly Tone,). The first commands me to maintain the Crown. The last forbids to throw my Barriers down. Our penal Laws no Sons of yours admit, Our Test excludes your Tribe from Benefit. These are my Banks your Ocean to withstand, Which proudly rifing overlooks the Land; And once let in, with unrefifted Sway Wou'd sweep the Pastors and their Flocks away. Think not my Judgment leads me to comply With Laws unjust, but hard Necessity: Imperious Need which cannot be withstood Makes Ill authentic, for a greater Good. Possess your Soul with Patience, and attend: A more auspicious Planet may ascend;

Good Fortune may prefent some happier time, With means to cancel my unwilling Crime; (Unwilling, witness all ye Powers above) To mend my Errors and redeem your Love: That little Space you safely may allow, Your all-dispensing Power protects you now.

Hold, faid the Hind, 'tis needless to explain; You wou'd postpone me to another Reign: Till when you are content to be unjust, Your part is to possess, and mine to trust. A fair Exchange propos'd of future Chance, For present Profit and Inheritance: Few Words will serve to finish our dispute; Who will not now repeal, wou'd persecute; To ripen green Revenge your hopes attend, Wishing that happier Planet wou'd ascend: For shame let Conscience be your Plea no more, To will hereafter, proves she might before; But she's a Bawd to Gain, and holds the Door.

Your Care about your Banks, infers a fear
Of threatning Floods, and Inundations near;
If so, a just Reprise would only be
Of what the Land usurp'd upon the Sea;
And all your Jealousies but serve to show
Your Ground is, like your Neighbour-Nation, low.
T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous Laws,
Is to distrust the Justice of your Cause;
And argues that the true Religion lies
In those weak Adversaries you despise.

Tyrannic force is that which least you fear, The found is frightful in a Christian's Ear; Avert it, Heaven; nor let that Plague be fent To us from the diffeopled Continent.

But Piety commands me to refrain;
Those Pray'rs are needless in this Monarch's Reign.
Behold! how he protests your Friends oppress,
Receives the Banish'd, succours the Distress'd:
Behold, for you may read an honest open Breast.
He stands in Day light, and distains to hide
An Act, to which by Honour he is ty'd,
A Generous, laudable, and kingly Pride.

Your Test he would repeal, his Peers restore. This when he fays he means, he means no more. Well, faid the Panther, I believe him just,

And yet-

And yet, 'tis but because you must, You would be trufted, but you would not truft. The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd t' inlarge On Pow'r of Kings, and their superior Charge, As Heav'n's Trustees before the People's choice: Tho' fure the Panther did not much rejoice To hear those Ecchos giv'n of her once loyal Voice.

The Matron woo'd her Kindness to the last, But cou'd not win; her Hour of Grace was past. Whom, thus perfishing, when she could not bring To leave the Wolf, and to believe her King. She gave her up, and fairly with'd her Joy Of her late Treaty with her new Ally: Which well she hop'd won'd more successful prove. Than was the Pigeons, and the Buzzards Love. The Panther ask'd, what Concord there cou'd be Betwixt two kinds whose Natures difagree? The Dame reply'd 'Tis fung in ev'ry Street, The common chat of Gossips when they meet: But, fince unheard by you, 'tis worth your while To take a wholesome Tale, the' told in homely Style.

A plain good Man, whose Name is understood, (So few deferve the name of Plain and Good) Of three fair lineal Lordships stood posses'd, And liv'd, as Reason was, upon the best; Inur'd to Hardships from his early Youth, Much had he done, and fuffer'd for his Truth: At Land, and Sea, in many a doubtful Fight, Was never known a more advent'rous Knight, Who oftner drew his Sword, and always for the right.

As Fortune wou'd (his Fortune came tho' late) He took Poffession of his just Estate: Nor rack'd his Tenants with increase of Rent. Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent; But overlook'd his Hinds, their Pay was just, And ready, for he fcorn'd to go on Trust:

Slow

Slow to refolve, but in performance quick; So true, that he was awkard at a Trick. For little Souls on little Shifts rely, And Coward Arts of mean Expedients try; The noble Mind will dare do any thing but lye. False Friends, (his deadliest Foes) could find no way But shows of honest Bluntness, to betray; That unsuspected plainness he believ'd; He look'd into himfelf, and was deceiv'd. Some lucky Planet fure attends his Birth, Or Heav'n wou'd make a Miracle on Earth; For prosp rous Honesty is seldom seen To bear so dead a Weight, and yet to win. It looks as Fate with Nature's Law would strive, To shew Plain-dealing once an Age may thrive : And, when so tough a frame she could not bend, Exceeded her Commission to befriend.

This grateful Man, as Heaven encreas'd his Store, Gave God again, and daily fed his Poor; His House with all Convenience was purvey'd; The rest he found, but rais'd the Fabric where he

pray'd;

And in that facred Place, his beauteous Wife Employ'd her happiest Hours of holy Life,

Nor did their Alms extend to those alone
Whom common Faith more strictly made their own;
A fort of Doves were hous'd too near their Hall,
Who cross the Proverb, and abound with Gall.
Tho' some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,
The greater Part degenerate from their Kind;
Voracious Birds, that hotly Bill and breed,
And largely drink, because on Salt they feed.
Small Gain from them their Bounteous Owner draws;
Yet, bound by Promise, he supports their Cause,
As Corporations privileg'd by Laws.

That House which harbour to their Kind affords, Was built, long fince, God knows, for better Birds; But flutt'ring there they nestle near the Throne, And lodge in Habitations not their own, By their high Crops, and corny Gizzards known.

Like

Like Harpies they could scent a plenteous Board,
Then to be sure they never fail'd their Lord,
The rest was Form, and bare Attendance paid.
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd still for more,
They drain'd from Dan, and lest Beersbeba poor;
As this they had by Law, and none repin'd,
The pres'rence was but due to Lewi's Kind;
But when some Lay-Preserment sell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their Inheritance.
When once posses'd, they never quit their Claim,
For then 'tis sanctify'd to Heaven's high Name;
And Hallow'd thus they cannot give Consent
The Gift should be prophan'd by worldly Management.

Their Flesh was never to the Table serv'd. The' 'tis not thence inferr'd the Birds were starv'd: But that their Master did not like the Food, As rank, and breeding melancholy Blood. Nor did it with his gracious Nature suit,. Ev'n tho' they were not Doves, to persecute: Yet he refus'd, (nor could they take Offence) Their Glutton Kind should teach him Abstinence. Nor confecrated Grain their Wheat he thought, Which new from treading in their Bills they brought :: But left his Hinds, each in his private Pow'r, That those who like the Bran might leave the Flow'r. He for himself, and not for others chose, Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose; But in their Faces his Devotion paid, And Sacrifice with folemn Rites was made. And facred Incense on his Altars laid.

Besides these jolly Birds, whose Corps impure Repaid their Commons with their Salt-Manure; Another Farm he had behind his House, Not overstock'd, but barely for his Use: Wherein his poor Domestic Poultry sed, And from his pious Hands receiv'd their Bread. Our pamper'd Pigeons with malignant Eyes, Beheld these Inmates, and their Nurseries:

Tho' hard their Fare, at Ev'ning, and at Morn. A Cruise of Water, and an Ear of Corn; Yet still they grudg'd that Modicum, and thought A Sheaf in ev'ry single Grain was brought; Fain would they filch that little Food away, While unrestrain'd those happy Gluttons prey. And much they griev'd to see so nigh their Hall, The Bird that warn'd St. Peter of his Fall; That he should raise his miter'd Crest on high, And clap his Wings, and call his Family To sacred Rites; and vex th' Etherial Powers With midnight Mattins, at uncivil Hours: Nay more, his quiet Neighbours should molest, Just in the sweetness of their Morning Rest.

Beaft of a Bird, supinely when he might Lye foug and fleep, to rife before the light: What if his dull Forefathers us'd that cry, Cou'd he not let a bad Example die? The World was fall'n into an easier way; This Age knew better, than to Fast and Pray. Good Sense in facred Worship wou'd appear So to begin, as they might end the Year. Such feats in former times had wrought the falls Of crowing Chanticleers in cloyfter'd Walls, Expell'd for this, and for their Lands, they fled; And Sister Partlet with her hooded head Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-bed. J The way to win the restiff World to God, Was to lay by the disciplining Rod, Unnatural Fasts, and foreign Forms of Pray'r; Religion frights us with a Mein severe. Tis Prudence to reform her into Ease, And put her in undress to make her please: A lively Faith will bear aloft the Mind, And leave the Luggage of good Works behind.

Such Doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught, You need not ask how wond'rously they wrought; But sure the common Cry was all for these, Whose Life and Precepts both encouraged Ease.

Yet fearing those alluring Baits might fail, And holy Deeds o'er all their Arts prevail: (For Vice, tho' frontless, and of harden'd Face, Is daunted at the fight of awful Grace) An hideous Figure of their Foes they drew, Nor Lines, nor Looks, nor Shades, nor Colours true; And this Grotesque design expos'd to public View. One would have thought it some Ægyptian Piece, With Garden-Gods, and barking Deities, More thick than Ptolemy has fluck the Skies. All so perverse a Draught, so far unlike, It was no Libel where it meant to strike: Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and small To view the Monster crowded Pigeon-hall. There Chanticleer was drawn upon his Knees Adorning Shrines, and Stocks of Sainted Trees, And by him, a mif-shapen, ugly Race; The Curse of God was seen on ev'ry Face: No Holland Emblem could that Malice mend, But still the worse the Look, the fitter for a Fiend.

The Master of the Farm, displeas'd to find
So much of Rancour in so mild a Kind,
Enquir'd into the Cause, and came to know,
The Passive Church had struck the foremost blow:
With groundless Fears, and Jealousies possest,
As if this troublesome intruding Guest
Would drive the Birds of Venus from their Nest.
A Deed his inborn Equity abhor'd,
But Int'rest will not trust, tho' God should plight his.

A Law, the Source of many future harms, Had banish'd all the Poultry from the Farms; With Loss of Life, if any should be found To crow or peck on this forbidden Ground. That bloody Statute chiefly was defign'd For Chanticleer the white, of Clergy kind; But after-malice did not long forget The Lay that wore the Robe, and Coronet; For them, for their Inferiors and Allies, Their Foes a deadly Shibboleth devise:

By which unrighteously it was decreed:
That none to Trust, or Profit should succeed,
Who would not swallow first a possonous wicked

Weed:

Or that, to which old Socrates was curs'd, Or Henbane-Juice to swell 'em till they burst. The Patron (as in reason) thought it hard To see this Inquisition in his Yard, By which the Soveraign was of Subjects use debarr'd.

All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw Th' Effects of so unnatural a Law:
But still the Dove-house obstinately stood
Deaf to their own, and to their Neighbours good:
And which was worse, (if any worse could be)
Repented of their boasted Loyalty:
Now made the Champions of a cruel Cause,
And drunk with Fumes of Popular Applause;
For those whom God to ruin has design'd,

New Doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,
Suggested Dangers, interpos'd Delays;
And Emissary Pigeons had in store
Such as the Meccan Prophet us'd of yore,
To whisper Counsels in their Patron's Ear;
And veil'd their salse Advice with zealous Fear.
The Master smil'd to see 'em work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle Reign:
He saw, but suffer'd their Protractive Arts,
And strove by mildness to reduce their Hearts;
But they abus'd that Grace to make Allies,
And sondly clos'd with sormer Enemies;
For Fools are double Fools, endeav'ring to be wife.

He fits for Fate, and first destroys their Mind.

After a grave Consult what course were best,
One more mature in Folly than the rest,
Stood up, and told 'em, with his Head aside,
That desp'rate Cures must be to desp'rate Ills apply'd:
And therefore since their main impending Fear
Was from th' encreasing Race of Chanticleer:
Some Potent Bird of Prey they ought to find,
A Foe profess'd to him, and all his kind:

Some.

Some haggard Hawk, who had her Eyry nigh, Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly; One they might truft, their common Wrongs to wreak: The Musquet, and the Coystrel were too weak, Too fierce the Falron, but above the reft, The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best; Of small Renown, 'tis true, for not to lye, We call him but a Hawk by courtefie. I know he haunts the Pigeon-House and Farm, And more, in time of War, has done us harm; But all his Hate on trivial Points depends, Give up our Forms, and we shall soon be Friends. For Pigeons Flesh he seems not much to care, Cram'd Chickens are a more delicious Fare; On this high Potentate, without delay, I wish you would confer the Sov'reign sway: Petition him t' accept the Government, And let a splendid Embassy be sent.

This pithy Speech prevail'd, and all agreed, Old Enmities forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.

Their welcome Suit was granted foon as heard,
His Lodgings furnish'd, and a Train prepar'd,
With B's upon their Breast, appointed for his Guard.
He came, and Crown'd with great Solemnity,
God save King Buzzard, was the gen'ral Cry.

A Portly Prince, and goodly to the fight,
He seem'd a Son of Anach for his height:
Like those whom Stature did to Crowns prefer;
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:
Black-back'd, and brawny-built for Love's delight,
A Prophet form'd, to make a semale Proselyte.
A Theologue more need, than genial bent,
By Breeding sharp, by Nature consident.
Int'rest in all his Actions was discern'd;
More learn'd than Honest, more a Wit than learn'd,
Or forc'd by Fear, or by his Prosit led,
Or both conjoin'd, his Native Clime he sled:
But brought the Virtues of his Heav'n along;
A fair Behaviour, and a fluent Tongue.

And

And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive : The most unlucky Parasite alive. Loud Praises to prepare his Paths he sent, And then himself pursu'd his Compliment: But, by reverse of Fortune chac'd away, His Gifts no longer than their Author stay : He shakes the Dust against th' ungrateful Race, And leaves the stench of Ordures in the Place, Oft has he flatter'd, and blasphem'd the same, For in his Rage, he spares no Sov'raign's Name: The Heroe, and the Tyrant change their Style By the same measure that they frown or smile; When well receiv'd by hospitable Foes, The kindness he returns, is to expose: For Courtefies, tho' undeferv'd and great. No gratitude in Felon-minds beget. As tribute to his Wit, the Churlreceives the treat. His Praise of Foes is venomously nice. So touch'd, it turns a Virtue to a Vice: A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice. Seven Sacraments he wifely does disown, Because he knows Confession stands for one; Where Sins to facred Silence are convey'd: And not for Fear, or Love, to be betray'd: But he, uncall'd, his Patron to controul, Divulg'd the fecret Whispers of his Soul: Stood forth th' accusing Sathan of his Crimes, And offer'd to the Moloch of the Times. Prompt to affail, and careless of defence, Invulnerable in his impudence; He dares the World, and eager of a Name. He thrusts about; and justles into fame. Frontless, and Satyr-proof he scow'rs the Streets, And runs an Indian muck at all he meets. So fond of loud Report, that not to miss Of being known (his last and utmost bliss) He rather would be known, for what he is. Such was, and is the Captain of the Test, Tho' half his Virtues are not here express'd; The Modesty of Fame conceals the rest.

The splendid Pigeons never could create
A Prince more proper to revenge their hate:
Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save;
A King, whom in his Wrath, th' Almighty gave:
For all the Grace the Landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
Gave time to fix their Friends, and to seduce the crowd.

They long their Fellow-Subjects to inthral, Their Patron's Promise into question call, And vainly think he meant to make 'em Lords of all.

False Fears their Leaders fail'dnot to suggest, As if the Doves were to be disposses'd; Nor Sighs, nor Groans, nor gogling Eyes did want; For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant. The House of Pray'r is stock'd with large encrease; Nor Doors, nor Windows can contain the Press: For Birds of ev'ry Feather fill th' Abode; Even Atheists out of envy own a God: And reeking from the Stews Adult'rers come, Like Goths and Vandals to demolish Rome. That Conscience which to all their Crimes was mute. Now calls aloud, and cries to Perfecute. No rigour of the Laws to be releas'd, And much the lefs, because it was their Lord's requele They thought it great their Sov'raign to controul, And nam'd their Pride, Nobility of Soul.

'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their Prince Elect Were short of Pow'r, their purpose to effect: But with their Quills, did all the hurt they cou'd, And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their Food: And much the Buzzard in their Cause did stir, Tho' naming not the Patron, to infer With all respect, He was a gross Idolater.

But when th' Imperial Owner did espy
That thus they turn'd his Grace to Villany,
Not suff'ring Wrath to discompose his Mind,
He strove a Temper for th' Extreams to find,
So to be just, as he might still be kind;

Then,

Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a Doom Of facred Strength for ev'ry Age to come. By this the Doves their Wealth and State possess. No Rights infring'd, but Licence to oppress; Such Pow'r have they as Factious Lawyers long To Crowns afcrib'd, that Kings can do no Wrong. But, fince his own Domestic Birds have try'd The dire Effects of their destructive Pride, He deems that Proof a Measure to the rest, Concluding well within his Kingly Breaft, His Fowl of Nature too unjustly were opprest. He therefore makes all Birds of ev'ry Sect Free to his Farm, with promise to respect Their feveral Kinds alike, and equally protect. His Gracious Edict the same Franchise yields To all the wild encrease of Woods and Fields, And who in Rocks aloof, and who in Steeples builds. To Crows the like impartial Grace affords, And Choughs and Daws, and fuch Republic Birds: Secur'd with ample Privilege to feed, Each has his Diffrict, and his Bounds decreed: Combin'd in common Int'rest with his own, But not to pass the Pigeons Rubicon.

Here ends the Reign of his pretended Dove;
All Prophecies accomplish'd from above,
For Shiloh comes the Scepter to remove.
Reduc'd from her Imperial high Abode,
Like Dionysius to a private Rod:
The Passive Church, that with pretended Grace
Did her distinctive Mark in Duty place,
Now touch'd, Reviles her Maker to his Face.

What after happen'd is not hard to guess:
The finall Beginnings had a large Encrease,
And Arts and Wealth succeed (the secret Spoils of

Peace.)
'Tis faid the Doves repented, tho' too late,
Become the Smiths of their own foolish Fate:
Nor did their Owner hasten their ill Hour:
But, sunk in Credit, they decreas'd in Pow'r:

Like

Like Snows in warmth that mildly pass away,

Dissolving in the Silence of Decay.

The Buzzard not content with equal place, Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his Race, To hide the thinness of their Flock from light, And all together make a feeming, goodly Flight: But each have sep'rate Int'rests of their own, Two Czars, are one too many for a Throne. Nor can th' Usurper long abstain from Food, Already he has tasted Pigeons Blood: And may be tempted to his former Fare, When this indulgent Lord shall late to Heav'n repair. Bare benting times, and moulting Months may come, When lagging late, they cannot reach their home: Or Rent in Schism, (for so their Fate decrees,) Like the tumultuous College of the Bees; They fight their Quarrel, by themselves opprest; The Tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling Feast.

Thus did the gentle Hind her Fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected Yawnings at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural Repose,
For now the streaky Light began to peep;
And setting Stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The Dame withdrew, and, wishing to her Guest
The peace of Heav'n, betook her self to rest.
Ten thousand Angels on her Slumbers wait,
With glorious Visions of her future State.

THRENODIA

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A Funeral Pindaric POE M Sacred to the Happy Memory of King CHARLES II.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Fortunati Ambo, si quid mea Carmina possunt, Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet avo.

THUS long my Grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a Lethargy in mighty Woe,
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the sad Soul retires into her inmost Room:
Tears, for a Stroke foreseen, afford Relief;
But, unprovided for a sudden Blow,

Like Niebe we Marble grow; And Petrefie with Grief.

Our British Heav'n was all Serene,
No threatning Cloud was nigh,
Not the least wrinkle to deform the Sky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the first Age in Nature's golden Scene.

Supine amidst our flowing Store,
We slept securely, and we dreamt of more:
When suddenly the Thunder-clap was heard,
It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,

Already loft before we fear'd.

Th' amazing News of Charles at once was spread,
At once the general Voice declar'd,

Our Gracious Prince was dead.

No Sickness known before, no slow Disease, To soften Grief by just Degrees: But, like an Hurricane on Indian Seas.

The Tempest rose;

An unexpected Burst of Woes:

With scarce a breathing space betwixt,

This Now becalm'd, and perishing the next.

As if great Atlas from his Height Shou'd fink beneath his heavenly Weight,

And, with a mighty Flaw, the flaming Wall

(As once it shall) [this neather Ball;

Shou'd gape immense, and rushing down, o'erwhelm So swift and so surprizing was our Fear:

Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

H.

His Pious Brother, fure the best Who ever bore that Name,

Was newly risen from his Reft;

And, with a fervent Flame,

His usual Morning Vows had just addrest For his dear Sovereign's Health;

And hop'd to have 'em heard, In long increase of Years,

In Honour, Fame and Wealth:

Guiltless of Greatness thus he always pray'd,

Nor knew nor wish'd those Vows he made,

On his own Head show'd be repay'd.

Soon as th' ill-omen'd Rumour reach'd his Ear, (Ill News is wing'd with Fate, and flies apace)

Who can describe th' Amazement in his Face!

Horror in all his Pomp was there,

Mute and magnificent without a Tear:
And then the Here first was feen to fear.

Half unarray'd he ran to his Relief.

So hasty and so artless was his Grief:

Approaching Greatness met him with her Charms

Of Pow'r and future State;

But look'd fo ghaftly in a Brother's Fate,

He shook her from his Arms.

Arriv'd

Arriv'd within the mournful Room, he faw God's Image, God's Anointed, lay A wild Distraction, woid of Awe,

And arbitrary Grief unbounded by a Law.
Without Motion, Pulfe, or Breath,
A fenfeless Lump of facred Clay,
An Image, now, of Death.

Amidst his sad Attendants Groans and Cries, The Lines of that ador'd, forgiving Face, Distorted from their Native Grace;

An Iron Slumber sate on his Majestic Eyes.

The Pious Duke—forbear audacious Muse,

No Terms thy seeble Art can use

Are able to adorn so vast a Woe:
The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did show.
His like a Sovereign did transcend;

No Wife, no Brother, fuch a Grief cou'd know, Nor any Name, but Friend.

111

O wondrous Changes of a fatal Scene, Still varying to the last! Heav'n, though its hard Decree was past, Seem'd pointing to a gracious Turn agen: And Death's up-lifted Arm arrested in its haste.

Heav'n half repented of the doom,

And almost griev'd it had foreseen,

What by Forefight it will'd eternally to come.

Mercy above did hourly plead

For her Resemblance here below;

And mild Forgiveness intercede

To stop the coming Blow.

New Miracles approach'd th' Etherial Throne,
Such as his woud'rous Life had oft and lately, known,
And urg'd that still they might be shown.
On earth his pious Brother pray'd and vow'd,
Renouncing Greatness at so dear a rate,
Himself defending what he cou'd,

From all the Glories of his future Fate.

With him th' innumerable Croud Of armed Prayers

Knock'd at the Gates of Heav'n, and knock'd aloud; The first well-meaning rude Petitioners,

All for his Life affayl'd the Throne,

All wou'd have brib'd the Skies by offering up their own. So great a Throng not Heav'n itself cou'd bar; 'Twas almost born by force as in the Giants War.

The Pray'rs, at least, for his Reprieve were heard;

His Death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:

Against the Sun the Shadow went;

Five Days, those five Degrees, were lent To form our Patience, and prepare th' Event.

The fecond Causes took the swift Command, The Med'cinal Head, the ready Hand, All eager to perform their Part,

All but Eternal Doom was conquer'd by their Art:

Once more the fleeting Soul came back T' inspire the mortal Frame,

And in the Body took a doubtful Stand, Doubtful and hov'ring like expiring Flame,

That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the Brand.

#### IV.

The joyful short-liv'd News soon spread around, Took the same Train, the same impetuous bound: The drooping Town in Smiles again was drest,

Gladness in ev'ry Face exprest,

Their Eyes before their Tongues confest

Men met each other with erected Look, The Steps were higher that they took.

Each to congratulate his Friend made haste;

And long inveterate Foes faluted as they past; Above the rest Heroic James appear'd

Exalted more, because he more had fear'd:

His manly Heart, whose noble Pride Was still above

Dissembled Hate or varnish'd Love,

Its more than common transport cou'd not hide;
But like an \* Eagre rode in Triumph o'er the Tide,
Thus in alternate Course.

The Tyrant Passions, Hope and Fear, Did in extreams appear,

And flash'd upon the Soul with equal force.

Thus, at half Ebb, a rowling Sea Returns and wins upon the Shoar;

The watry Herd affrighted at the roar, Rest on their Fins a while, and stay, Then backward take their wondring way: The Prophet wonders more than they.

At Prodigies but rarely seen before,

And cries a King must fall, or Kingdoms change their

Such were our counter-tydes at Land, and so Presaging of the fatal Blow.

In their prodigious Ebb and Flow,

The Royal Soul, that like the labouring Moon, By Charms of Art was hurried down,

Forc'd with regret to leave her Native Sphere, Came but a-while on liking here: Soon weary of the painful Strife,

And made but faint Essays of Life:
An Evening light,
Soon shut in Night;

A strong Distemper, and a weak Relief; Short Intervals of Joy, and long Returns of Grief.

The Sons of Art all Med'cines try'd, And every noble Remedy apply'd; With Emulation each essay'd

His utmost Skill, nay more they pray'd:

Was never losing Game with better Conduct play'd.

Death never won a Stake with greater toyl,

Nor e'er was Fate so near a foil: But like a Fortress on a Rock,

Th' impregnable Disease their vain Attempts did mock:

\* An Eagre is a Tyde swelling above another Tyde, which I bave my self observed on the River Trent.

They

They min'd it near, they batter'd from afar With all the Cannon of the Med'cinal War;

No gentle means cou'd be effay'd,

'Twas beyond parly when the Siege was laid:

Th' extreamest ways they first ordain,

Prescribing such intolerable Pain,
As none but Casar cou'd sustain:

Undaunted Cafar underwent

The Malice of their Art, nor bent

Beneath what-e'er their Pious Rigour cou'd invent.

In five fuch Days he fuffer'd more

Than any fuffer'd in his Reign before;

More, infinitely more, than he Against the worst of Rebels cou'd decree,

A Traytor or twice pardon'd Enemy, Now Art was tir'd without Success.

No Racks cou'd make the stubborn Malady confess.

The vain Insurancers of Life,

And they who most perform'd and promis'd lefs, Even Short and Hobbes forfook th' unequal strife.

Death and Despair was in their Looks,

No longer they consult their Memories or Books; Like helpless Friends, who view from Shoar

The labouring Ship, and hear the Tempest roar,

So flood they with their Arms across

Not to affift; but to deplore Th' inevitable Loss.

#### VI.

Death was denounc'd; that frightful found Which ev'n the best can hardly bear,

He took the Summons void of fear;

And, unconcern'dly, cast his Eyes around;

As if to find and dare the grifly Challenger. What Death cou'd do he lately try'd,

When in four Days he more than dy'd. The fame affurance all his Words did grace; The fame Majestic Mildness held its Place; Nor lost the Monarch in his dying Face.

Intrepid, Pious, Merciful, and Brave, He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII. As

VII.

As if some Angel had been sent
To lengthen out his Government,
And to foretel as many Years again,
As he had number'd in his happy Reign,
So chearfully he took the Doom
Of his departing Breath;

Nor shrunk nor stept aside for Death: But, with unalter'd pace, kept on; Providing for Events to come,

When he refign'd the Throne.
Still he maintain'd his Kingly State;
And grew familiar with his Fate.

Kind, good and gracious to the last, On all he lov'd before, his dying Beams he cast: Oh truly Good, and truly Great,

For glorious as he rose, benignly so he set!

All that on Earth he held most dear,

He recommended to his Care,

To whom both Heav'n The Right had giv'n,

And his own Love bequeath'd supream Command:
He took and press'd that ever Loyal Hand,
Which cou'd in Peace secure his Reign,
Which cou'd in Wars his Pow'r maintain,

That Hand on which noplighted Vows were ever vain.

Well for so great a Trust, he chose A Prince who never disobey'd:

Not when the most severe Commands were laid; Nor Want, nor Exile with his Duty weigh'd: A Prince on whom (if Heav'n its Eyes cou'd close) The Welfare of the World it safely might repose.

VIII.

That King who liv'd to God's own Heart,
Yet less serenely died than he:
Charles lest behind no harsh decree
For Schoolmen with laborious Art
To salve from Cruelty:

Those, for whom Love cou'd no excuses frame, He graciously forgot to Name.

Thus

Thus far my Muse, though rudely, has design'd Some faint Refemblance of his Godlike Mind:

But neither Pen nor Pencil can express The parting Brother's Tendernefs:

Though that's a Term too mean and low; (The Bleft above a kinder Word may know:)

But what they did, and what they faid, The Monarch who triumphant went,

The Militant who staid.

Like Painters, when their heightning Arts are fpent.

I cast into a Shade.

That all-forgiving King. The Type of him above, That inexhaufted Spring Of Clemency and Love;

Himself to his next felf accus'd.

And ask'd that Pardon which he ne'er refus'd:

For Faults not his, for Guilt and Crimes Of Godless Men, and of Rebellious Times;

For an hard Exile, kindly meant, When his ungrateful Country fent

Their best Camillus into Banishment:

And forc'd their Sov'reign's Act, they cou'd not his Con-Oh how much rather had that injur'd Chief

Repeated all his Sufferings past, Than hear a Pardon begg'd at last,

Which giv'n cou'd give the dying no relief: He bent, he funk beneath his Grief: His dauntless Heart wou'd fain have held From Weeping, but his Eyes rebell'd.

Perhaps the Godlike Heroe in his Breaft Disdain'd, or was asham'd to show

So weak, so womanish a Woe,

Which yet the Brother and the Friend fo plenteoufly [confest.

Amidst that filent Show'r, the Royal Mind An easie Passage found,

And left its facred Earth behind: Nor murm'ring Groan exprest, nor labouring Sound, VOL. I.

Nor any least tumultuous Breath;
Calm was his Life, and quiet was his Death.
Soft as those gentle Whispers were,
In which th' Almighty did appear;
By the still Sound, the Prophet knew him there.
That Peace which made thy Prosperous Reign to shine,
That Peace thou leav'st to thy Imperial Line,
That Peace, Oh happy Shade, be ever thine!

For all those Joys thy Restauration brought,

For all the Miracles it wrought,

For all the healing Balm thy Mercy pour'd

Into the Nation's bleeding Wound,

And Care that after kept it sound,

For numerous Blessings yearly shour'd,

And Property with Plenty crown'd;

For Freedom, still maintain'd alive,

Freedom, which in no other Land will thrive,

Freedom, an English Subject's sole Prerogative,

Without whose Charms ev'n Peace wou'd be

But a dull quiet Slavery:
For these and more, accept our Pious Praise;
'Tis all the Subsidy

The present Age can raise,
The rest is charg'd on late Posterity:
Posterity is charg'd the more,
Because the large abounding Store
To them and to their Heirs, is still entail'd by thee.

Succession of a long Descent,
Which Chastly in the Channels ran,
And from our Demi-gods began,
Equal almost to Time in its extent,

Through Hazards numberless and great,
Thou hast deriv'd this mighty Blessing down,
And fixt the fairest Gem that decks th' Imperial Crown:
Not Faction, when it shook thy Regal Seat,
Not Senates, insolently loud,

Those Ecchoes of a thoughtless Crowd,)

Not Foreign or Domestic Treachery,
Could warp thy Soul to their unjust Decree.
So much thy Foes thy manly Mind mistook,
Who judg'd it by the Mildness of thy look:
Like a well-temper'd Sword, it bent at will;
But kept the Native toughness of the Steel.

Be true, O Clio, to thy Hero's Name!
But draw him strictly so

That all who view the Piece may know He needs no Trappings of fictitious Fame:

The Load's too weighty: Thou may'ft chuse Some Parts of Praise, and some refuse:

Write, that his Annals may be thought more lavish than the Muse.

In feanty Truth thou hast confin'd.
The Virtues of a Royal Mind.

Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just and kind: His Conversation, Wit, and Parts,

His Knowledge in the Noblest, useful Arts,
Were such, Dead Authors cou'd not give;
But habitudes of those who live;

Who, lighting him, did greater Lights receive:

He drain'd from all, and all they knew; His Apprehension quick, his Judgment true:

That the most Learn'd, with shame, confess His Knowledge more, his Reading only less.

XII.

Amidst the peaceful Triumphs of his Reign,
What Wonder if the kindly Beams he shed
Reviv'd the drooping Arts again,

If Science rais'd her Head,
And foft Humanity, that from Rebellion fled.
Our Isle, indeed, too fruitful was before;

But all uncultivated lay

Out of the Solar walk and Heaven's high Way; With rank Geneva Weeds run o'er, And Cockle, at the best, amidst the Corn it bore:

H 2

The

The Royal Husbandman appear'd, And Plough'd, and Sow'd, and Till'd, The Thorns he rooted out, the Rubbish clear'd, And Bleft th' obedient Field, When, ftraight, a double Harvest rose; Such as the fwarthy Indian mows; Or happier Climates near the Line, Or Paradise manur'd, and drest by Hands Divine.

As when the New-born Phænix takes his way, His rich Paternal Regions to survey, Of airy Choristers a numerous Train Attend his wondrous Progress o'er the Plain; So, rifing from his Father's Urn, So Glorious did our Charles return; Th' officious Muses came along,

A gay Harmonious Quire of Angels ever Young: (The Muse that mourns him now his happy Triumph fung)

Even they cou'd thrive in his Auspicious Reign; And fuch a plenteous Crop they bore Of purest and well-winow'd Grain, As Britain never knew before.

Tho' little was their Hire, and light their Gain, Yet fomewhat to their Share he threw; Fed from his Hand, they fung and flew,

Like Birds of Paradife, that liv'd on Morning Dew. Oh never let their Lays his Name forget! The Penfion of a Prince's Praise is great.

Live then, thou great Encourager of Arts, Live ever in our thankful Hearts;

Live bleft above, almost invok'd below; Live and receive this Pious Vow,

Our Patron once, our Guardian Angel now. Thou Fabius of a finking State, Who didft, by wife delays, divert our Fate,

When Faction like a Tempest rose, In Death's most hideous Form, Then, Art to Rage thou didft oppose, To weather out the Storm:

Not

#### THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS. 173

Not quitting thy Supream Command, Thou heldst the Rudder with a steady Hand, 'Till safely on the Shore the Bark did land: The Bark that all our Blessings brought,

Charg'd with thy Self and James, doubly Royal XIV. [fraught.

Oh frail Estate of human Things,
And slippery hopes below!

Now to our Cost your Emptiness we know,

(For 'tis a Lesson dearly bought)

Affurance here is never to be fought,

The best, and best below d of Kings, And best deserving to be so,

When scarce he had escap'd the fatal Blow Of Faction and Conspiracy,

Death did his promis'd Hopes destroy:

He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
What Mists of Providence are these

Through which we cannot fee! So Saints, by supernatural Pow'r fet free,

Are left at last in Martyrdom to die; Such is the end of oft repeated Miracles.

Forgive me Heav'n that impious Thought, 'Twas Grief for Charles, to Madness wrought,

That question'd thy Supream Decree!
Thou didst his gracious Reign prolong,
Even in thy Saints and Angels wrong,

His Fellow-Citizens of Immortality: For twelve long Years of Exile, born,

Twice twelve we number'd fince his blest Return: So strictly wer't thou Just to pay, Even to the driblet of a Day.

Yet still we murmur, and complain,
The Quails and Manna shou'd no longer rain;
Those Miracles 'twas needless to renew;
The chosen Flock has now the promis'd Land in view

The chosen Flock has now the promis'd Land in view.

A Warlike Prince ascends the Regal State, A Prince, long exercis'd by Fate: Long may he keep, tho' he obtains it late.

3 Heroes,

#### 174 THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS.

Heroes, in Heaven's peculiar Mold are cast,
They and their Poets are not form'd in haste;
Man was the first in God's design, and Man was made
False Heroes, made by Flattery so, [the last,
Heav'n can strike out, like Sparkles, at a Blow;
But ere a Prince is to Perfection brought,
He costs Omnipotence a second Thought.
With Toil and Sweat,

With hardning Cold, and forming Heat,
The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,
Before th' impenetrable Shield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker wou'd not own
The noble Work for his,

Before 'twas try'd and found a Master-piece.

View then a Monarch ripen'd for a Throne.

Alcides thus his Race began,
O'er Infancy he fwiftly ran;

The future God, at first, was more than Man:
Dangers and Toils, and Juno's Hate
Even o'er his Cradle lay in wait;
And there he grappled first with Fate:

In his young Hands the hissing Snakes he prest,
So early was the Deity confest;

Thus, by degrees, he rose to Jove's Imperial Seat; Thus difficulties prove a Soul legitimately Great.

Like his, our Hero's Infancy was try'd;
Betimes the Furies did their Snakes provide;
And, to his Infant Arms oppose

His Father's Rebels, and his Brother's Foes; The more oppress, the higher still he rose: Those were the Preludes of his Fate,

That form'd his Manhood, to subdue The Hydra of the many-headed, hissing Crew. XVII.

As after Numa's peaceful Reign,
The Martial Ancus did the Scepter wield,
Furbish'd the rusty Sword again,
Resum'd the long-forgotten Shield,
And led the Latins to the dusty Field:

So James the drowfie Genius wakes
Of Britain, long entranc'd in Charms,
Restiff and slumbring on its Arms:

'Tis rowz'd, and with a new strung Nerve, the Spearal' ready shakes.

No Neighing of the Warrior Steeds, No Drum, or louder Trumpet, needs T'inspire the Coward, warm the Cold,

His Voice, his fole Appearance makes 'em bold.

Gaul and Batavia dread th' impending blow;

Too well the Vigour of that Arm they know; They lick the Duft, and Crouch beneath their fatal Foe.

Long may they fear this awful Prince, And not provoke his lingring Sword. Peace is their only fure Defence, Their best Security his Word:

In all the Changes of his doubtful State, His Truth, like Heav'n's, was kept inviolate, For him to Promise is to make it Fate. His Valour can Triumph o'er Land and Main:

With broken Oaths his Fame he will not stain;
With Conquest basely bought, and with Inglorious Gain.
XVIII.

For once, O Heav'n, unfold thy Adamantine Book;
And let his wondring Senate see,
If not thy firm Immutable Decree,
At least the second Page of great Contingency;
Such as consists with Wills, Originally free:

Let them with glad Amazement look
On what their Happiness may be:
Let them not still be obstinately blind,
Still to divert the Good thou hast design d,

Or with Malignant Penury
To starve the Royal Virtues of his Mind.
Faith is a Christian's, and a Subject's Test;
Oh give them to believe, and they are surely bless?
They do; and, with a distant view, I see
Th' amended Vows of English Loyalty.

#### 176 BRITANNIA REDIVIVA.

And all beyond that Object there appears
The long Retinue of a prosperous Reign,
A Series of successful Years,
In orderly Array, a Martial, manly Train.
Behold ev'n to remoter Shores
A Conquering Navy proudly spread;
The British Cannon formidably roars,
While starting from his Oozy Bed,
Th' afferted Ocean rears his reverend Head;
To view and Recognize his ancient Lord again;
And, with a willing Hand, restores
The Fasces of the Main.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA: A Poem on the Prince, Born on the 10th of June, 1688.

#### By Mr. DRYDEN.

OUR Vowsare heard betimes! and Heav'n takescare
To grant, before we can conclude the Pray'r:
Preventing Angels met it half the way,
And fent us back to Praise, who came to Pray.
Just on the Day, when the high-mounted Sun
Did farthest in his Northern Progress run,
He bended forward, and ev'n stretch'd the Sphere
Beyond the Limits of the lengthen'd Year,
To view a brighter Sun in Britain born;
That was the Business of his longest Morn;
The glorious Object seen, 'twas time to turn.
Departing Spring con'd only stay to shed
Her gloomy Beauties on the genial Bed,

Her gloomy Beauties on the genial Bed,
But left the Manly Summer in her stead,
With timely Fruit the longing Land to chear,
And to sulfil the Promise of the Year.
Btewixt two Seasons comes th' Auspicious Heir,
This Age to blossom, and the next to bear.

\* Laft

The Paraclete in fiery Pomp descend;
But when his wond'rous † Octave roll'd again,
He brought a Royal Infant in his Train.
So great a Blessing to so good a King
None but th' Eternal Comforter cou'd bring.

Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,
As once, in Council to Create our Sire?
It seems as if they sent the new-born Guest
To wait on the Procession of their Feast;
And on their Sacred Anniverse decreed
To stamp their Image on the promis'd Seed.
Three Realms united, and on One bestow'd,
An Emblem of their Missic Union show'd:
The mighty Trine the triple Empire shar'd,
As every Person wou'd have one to guard.

Hail Son of Pray'rs! by Holy Violence
Drawn down from Heav'n; but long be banish'd thence.
And late to thy Paternal Skies retire.
To mend our Crimes whole Ages wou'd require:
To change th' inveterate habit of our Sins,
And finish what thy Godlike Sire begins.
Kind Heaven, to make us English men again.

No less can give us than a Patriarch's Reign.

The Sacred Cradle to your Charge receive Ye Seraphs, and by turns the Guard relieve;

Thy Father's Angel and thy Father join To keep Possession, and secure the Line;
But long defer the Honours of thy Fate.

Great may they be like his, like his be late,

That James his running Century may View,

And give this Son an Auspice to the New.

Our Wants exact at least that moderate stay: For see the † Dragon winged on his way, To watch the § Travail, and devour the Prey.

<sup>\*</sup> Whit-Sunday. † Trinity-Sunday. ‡ Alluding only to the Common-wealth Party, here and in other Places of the Poem. § Rev. 12. V. 4.

Or, if Allusions may not rife so high,
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his Infant Cry,
The Snakes belieg'd his Young Divinity:
But vainly with their forked Tongues they threat;
For Opposition makes a Hero Great.
To needful Succour all the Good will run;
And Jove affert the Godhead of his Son.

O still repining at your present State,
Grudging yourselves the Benefits of Fate,
Look up, and read in Characters of Light
A Blessing sent you in your own Despisht.
The Manna falls, yet that Cœlessial Bread
Like Jews you munch, and murmur while you seed.
May not your Fortune be like theirs, Exil'd,
Yet Forty Years to wander in the Wild:
Or if it be, may Moses live at least
To lead you to the Verge of promis'd Rest.

Tho' Poets are not Prophets, to foreknow
What Plants will take the Blite, and what will grow,
By tracing Heav'n his Footsteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and wond'rous in his ways,
The Rife of Empires, and their Fall surveys;
More (might I say) than with an usual Eye,
He sees his bleeding Church in Ruin lye,
And hears the Souls of Saints beneath his Altar cry.

Already has he listed high, the \* Sign
Which Crown'd the Conquering Arms of Constantine:
The † Moon grows pale at that presaging sight,
And half her Train of Stars have lost their Light.

Behold another ‡ Sylvester, to bless
The sacred Standard, and secure Success;
Large of his Treasures, of a Soul so great,
As fills and crowds his Universal Seat.

Now view at home a § fecond Constantine; (The former too was of the British Line)

<sup>\*</sup> The Cross. † The Crescent, which the Turks bear for their Arms. † The Pope in the time of Constantine the Great, alluding to the present Pope. \* § K. James the Second.

Has not his healing Balm your Breaches clos'd, Whose Exile many sought, and sew oppos'd? Or did not Heav'n by its Eternal Doom Permit those Evils, that this Good might come? So manifest, that even the Moon-ey'd Sects See Whom and What this Providence protects. Methinks, had we within our Minds no more Than that one Shipwrack on the Fatal \* Ore, That only thought may make us think again, What Wonders God reserves for such a Reign. To dream that Chance his Preservation wrought, Were to think Noah was preserv'd for nought; Or the Surviving Eight were not design'd To People Earth, and to restore their Kind.

When humbly on the Royal Babe we gaze,
The Manly Lines of a Majestic Face
Give awful Joy: 'Tis Paradise to look.
On the fair Frontispiece of Nature's Book;
If the first opening Page so charms the sight,
Think how th' unfolded Volume will delight!
See how the Venerable Infant lies
In early Pomp; how through the Mother's Eyes
The Father's Soul, with an undaunted view
Looks out, and takes our Homage as his due.
See on his future Subjects how he smiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with Crast beguiles;
But with an open Face, as on his Throne,
Affures our Birthrights, and assumes his own.

Born in broad Day-light, that th' ungrateful Rout. May find no room for a remaining Doubt: Truth, which it felf is Light, does Darkness shun, And the true Eaglet safely dares the Sun.

† Fain wou'd the Friends have made a dubious Birth.

Loth to confess the Godhead cloath'd in Earth.

But sicken'd after all their bassled Lies.

To find an Heir apparent in the Skies:

The Lemmon Ore. † Alluding to the Temptations in the Wilderness.

#### 180 BRITANNIA REDIVIVAL

Abandon'd to Despair, still may they grudge, And owning not the Saviour, prove the Judge.

Not great \* Æneas stood in plainer Day,
When, the dark mantling Mist dissolv'd away,
He to the Tyrians shew'd his sudden Face,
Shining with all his Goddess Mother's Grace:
For she herself had made his Count'nance bright,
Breath'd Honour on his Eyes, and her own Purple Light.

Gave Wales a Prince on that propitious Day,
Why may not Years revolving with his Fate
Produce his Like, but with a longer Date?
One who may carry to a distant Shoar
The Terrour that his Fam'd Forefather bore.
But why shou'd James or his young Heroe stay
For slight Presages of a Name or Day?
We need no Edward's Fortune to Adorn
That happy Moment when our Prince was born:
Our Prince Adorns his Day, and Ages hence
Shall wish his Birth-day for some future Prince.

§ Great Michael, Prince of all the Ætherial Hosts, And whate'er Inn-born Saints our Britain boasts; And thou, th' adopted § Patron of our Isle, With chearful Aspects on this Infant smile: The Pledge of Heav'n, which dropping from above, Secures our Bliss, and reconciles his Love.

Enough of Ills our dire Rebellion wrought,
When, to the Dregs, we drank the bitter Draught;
Then Airy Atoms did in Plagues confpire,
Nor did th' avenging Angel yet retire,
But purg'd our still-encreasing Crimes with Fire.
Then perjur'd Plots, the still impending Test,
And worse; but Charity conceals the rest:
Here stop the Current of the sanguine Flood,
Require not, gracious God, thy Martyr's Blood;
But let their dying Pangs, their living Toil,
Spread a rich Harvest through their Native Soil:

Virg. Eneid. 1. † Edward the Black Prince, born on Trinity-Sunday. § The Motto of the Poem explain'd, § St. George. A HarA Harvest ripening for another Reign, to a smill Of which this Royal Babe may reap the Grain.

Enough of Early Saints one Womb has giv'n;
Enough encreas'd the Family of Heav'n:
Let them for his, and our Atonement go;
And Reigning bleft above, leave him to Rule below.

And Reigning blest above, leave him to Rule below.

Enough already has the Year foreshow'd.

His wonted Course, the Seas have overslow'd,

His wonted Course, the Seas have overslow'd,
The Meads were sloated with a weeping Spring,
And frighten'd Birds in Woods forgot to sing;
The strong-limb'd Steed beneath his Harness faints,
And the same shiv'ring Sweat his Lord attaints.
When will the Minister of Wrath give o'er?
Behold him; at † Araunab's threshing-sloor.
He stops, and seems to sheath his slaming Brand;
Pleas'd with burnt Incense, from our David's Hand.

David has bought the Jebuste's Abode, And rais'd an Altar to the Living God. Heav'n to reward him, make his Joys sincere;

No future Ills, nor Accidents appear,
To fully and pollute the Sacred Infant's Year.
Five Months to Discord and Debate were giv'n:
He fanctifies the yet remaining Seven.

Sabbath of Months! henceforth in him be bleft, And prelude to the Realms perpetual Rest!

Let his Baptismal Drops for us attone;
Lustrations for + Offences not his own.
Let Conscience, which is Int'rest ill disguis'd,
In the same Font be cleans'd, and all the Land Baptiz'd.

§ Un-nam'd as yet: at least unknown to Fame:
Is there a strife in Heaven about his Name?
Where every famous Predecessor vies,
And makes a Faction for it in the Skies?
Or must it be reserved to Thought alone is
Such was the Sacred § Tetragrammaton.

<sup>\*</sup> Alluding to the Passage in the 1st Book of Kings, Ch. 24.
v. 20. † Original Sin. § The Prince Christen'd but not nam'd:
§ Jehovah, or the name of God, unlawful to be pronounc'd by the Jews.

Things.

#### 182 BRITANNIA REDIVIVA.

Things worthy Silence must not be reveal'd:
Thus the true Name of \* Rome was kept conceal'd,
To shun the Spells, and Sorceries of those
Who durst her Infant Majesty oppose.
But when his tender Strength in time shall rife
To dare ill Tongues, and fascinating Eyes;
This Isle, which hides the little Thunderer's Fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his Name:
Th' Artillery of Heav'n shall make him known;
† Crete could not hold the God, when Fove was grown.

As Jove's ‡ Increase, who from his Brain was born. Whom Arms and Arts did equally adorn, Free of the Breast was bred, whose milky Taste Minerva's Name to Venus had debas'd; So this Imperial Babe rejects the Food That mixes Monarchs with Plebeian Blood: Food that his inborn Courage might controul, Extinguish all the Father in his Soul, And, for his Estian Race, and Saxon Strain, Might re-produce some second Richard's Reign, Mildness he shares from both his Parents Blood, But Kings too tame are despicably good: Be this the Mixture of this Regal Child, By Nature Manly, but by Virtue Mild.

Thus far the Furious Transport of the News,
Had to Prophetic Madness fir'd the Muse;
Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd;
Was it for me the dark Abyss to tread,
And read the Book which Angels cannot read?
How was I punish'd when the studden Blast,
The Face of Heav'n, and our young Sun o'er-cast!
Fame, the swift Ill, encreasing as she rowl'd,
Disease, Despair, and Death, at three reprises told:

<sup>\*</sup> Some Authors say, That the true Name of Rome was kept a secret; ne hostes incantamentis Deos elicerent. † Candie where Jupiter was born and bred secretly. † Pallas or Minerva; said by the Poets, to have been bred up by Hand. § The sudden salse Report of the Prince's Death.

At

At three insulting Strides she stalk'd the Town,
And, like Contagion, struck the Loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd Wheat; but mounted high,
The Whirl-wind bore the Chass, and hid the Sky.
Here black Rebellion shooting from below
(As Earth's \* Gigantic Brood by Moments grow)
And here the Sons of God are petrify'd with Woe:

An Apoplex of Grief! so low were driv'n
The Saints, as hardly to defend their Heav'n.

As, when pent Vapours run their hollow round,
Earth-quakes, which are Convulsions of the Ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no Confinement brook,
'Till the Third settles, what the former shook;
Such Heavings had our Souls; 'till slow and late,
Our Life with his return'd, and Faith prevail'd on Fate.
By Prayers the mighty Blessing was implor'd,
To Pray'rs was granted, and by Pray'rs restor'd.

So ere the + Shanamite a Son conceiv'd,
The Prophet promis'd, and the Wife believ'd.
A Son was sent, the Son so much desir'd,
But soon upon the Mother's Knees expir'd.
The troubled Seer approach'd the mournful Door,
Ran, pray'd, and sent his Past'ral Staff before,
Then stretch'd his Limbs upon the Child, and mourn'd,
'Till warmth, and Breath, and a new Soul return'd.

Thus Mercy stretches out her Hand, and saves

Desponding Peter finking in the Waves.

As when a sudden Storm of Hail and Rain Beats to the Ground the yet unbearded Grain, Think not the Hopes of Harvest are destroy'd On the stat Field, and on the naked Void; The light, unloaded Stem, from Tempest freed, Will raise the youthful Honours of his Head; And, soon restor'd by native Vigour, bear The timely product of the bounteous Year.

Nor yet conclude all hery Trials past,
For Heav'n will exercise us to the last;

golden bus gala Weengale

<sup>\*</sup> Those Giants are feign'd to have grown 15 Ells every day, † In the second Book of Kings, Chap. 4.

### 184 BRITANNIA REDIVIVA

Sometimes will check us in our full Career,
With doubtful Bleffings, and with mingled Fear;
That, still depending on his daily Grace,
His every Mercy for an Alms may pass,
With sparing Hands will Dyet us to good;
Preventing Surfeits of our pamper'd Blood.
So feeds the Mother bird her craving Young,
With little Morsels, and delays em long,

True, this last Hlessing was a Royal Feast, But, where's the Wedding-Garment on the Guest? Our Manners, as Religion were a Dream, Are such as teach the Nations to Blaspheme. In Lusts we wallow, and with Pride we swell, And Injuries with Injuries repel; Prompt to Revenge, not daring to forgive, Our Lives unteach the Doctrine we believe; Thus Ifrael fin'd, impenitently hard, And vainly thought the \* prefent Ark their Guard; But when the haughty Philistines appear, They fled, abandon'd to their Foes and Fear; Their God was absent, though his Ark was there. Ah! left our Crimes shou'd snatch this Pledge away, And make our loys the Bleffings of a Day! For we have fin'd him hence, and that he lives, God to his Promife, not our Practice gives. Our Crimes wou'd foon weigh down the guilty Scale, But James, and Mary, and the Church prevail. Nor + Amaleck can rout the Chosen Bands, While Hur and Aaron hold up Moles' Hands.

Mod'rate in Hopes, and humble in our Ways.

No force the free born Spirit can constrain,
But Charity, and great Examples gain.

Forgiveness is our Thanks for such a Day;

'Tis God-like, God in his own Coin to pay.

But you, Propitious Queen, translated here, From your mild Heav'n, to Rule our rugged Sphere, Beyond the Sunny Walks, and circling Year:

<sup>\*</sup> I Sam. 4. v. 10. + Exed. 17. v. 8.

You who your native Climate have bereft. Of all the Virtues, and the Vices left; Whom Piety and Beauty make their Boaft, Though Beautiful is well in Pious loft; So loft as Star-light is diffolv'd away, And melts into the brightness of the Day; Or Gold about the Regal Diadem, Loft to improve the Luftre of the Gem. What can we add to your Triumphant Day? Let the Great Gift the beauteous Giver pay. For shou'd our Thanks awake the Rising-Sun, And lengthen, as his latest shadows run, Idone. That, tho' the longest Day, wou'd soon, too soon be Let Angels Voices, with their Harps conspire, But keep th' Auspicious Infant from the Quire; Late let him fing above, and let us know No sweeter Music, than his Cries below.

Nor can I wish to you, Great Monarch, more Than such an Annual Income to your Store; The Day, which gave this Unit, did not shine For a less Omen, than to fill the Trine.

After a Prince, an Admiral beget,
The Royal Sov'reign wants an Anchor yet.
Our Isle has younger Titles still in store,
And when th' exhausted Land can yield no more,
Your Line can force them from a foreign Shore.

The Name of Great, your Martial Mind will suit, But Justice is your Darling Attribute:
Of all the Greeks, 'twas but † one Heroe's due,
And, in him, Plutarch Prophecy'd of you.
A Prince's Favours but on few can fall,
But Justice is a Virtue shar'd by all.

Some Kings the name of Conqu'rors have affum'd, Some to be Great, some to be Gods presum'd; But boundless Pow'r, and Arbitrary Lust Made Tyrants still abhor the Name of Just; They shun'd the Praise this God-like Virtue gives, And sear'd a Title, that reproach'd their Lives.

<sup>†</sup> Aristides, see bis Life in Plutarch.

#### 186 BRITANNIN REDIVIVA

The Pow'r from which al! Kings derive their State, Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate, Is equal both to punish and reward; For few wou'd love their God, unless they fear'd.

Resistless Force and Immortality
Make but a Lame, Impersect Deity:
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
And Deathless Being ev'n the Damn'd enjoy;
And yet Heaven's Attributes, both last and first,
One without Life, and one with Life accurst;
But Justice is Heaven's Self, so strictly He,
That cou'd it fail, the God-head cou'd not be.
This Virtue is your own; but Life and State
Are one to Fortune subject, One to Fate:
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile,
Nor Hopes, nor Fears your steady Hand beguile;
Your self our Ballance hold, the World's our Isle.

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Pura Melecunia, apera all une Tivie. Alles a Prodes, and abayed perces,

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ELEONORA:

# ELEONORA:

APANEGYRICAL

POEM,

Dedicated to the

MEMORY

Of the Late

COUNTESS

OF

ABINGDON.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

•

ALE OF THE PROPERTY.

APANECYRICAE

Dedicated to the

MEMORY

etal est 10

B B B T M U O D

OF

ABTNGDOWN

BIME DRYDEN.

## To the Right Honourable the

# Earl of Abingdon, &c.

My LORD,

HE Commands, with which You honour'd me fome Months ago, are now perform'd: They had been sooner; but betwixt ill Health, some Business, and many Troubles, I was forc'd to defer them 'till this time. Ovid, going to his Banishment, and Writing from on Ship-board to his Friends, excus'd the Faults of his Poetry by his Misfortunes; and told them. that good Verses never flow, but from a ferene and compos'd Spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with Wings fasten'd to his Head and Heels, can fly but flowly, in a damp Air. I therofore chose rather to Obey You late than ill: if at least I am capable of Writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy Your Perusal and Your Patronage. I cannot say that I have escap'd from a Shipwreck; but have only gain'd a Rock by hard Swimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath: For the Doctors give me a fad Affurance, that my Disease never took its leave of any Man, but with a promise to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the Interval, and manag'd the fmall Stock which Age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconfiderable fervice to my Lady's Memory. We, who are Priests of Apollo, have not the Inspiration when we please; but must wait 'till the God comes rulhing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to refift: which gives

gives us double Strength while the Fit continues. and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not feem to boaft, my Lord; for I have really felt it on this Occasion; and prophecy'd beyond my Let me add, and hope to be believ'd, natural Power. that the Excellency of the Subject contributed much to the Happiness of the Execution: And that the weight of thirty Years was taken off me, while I was writing. I fwom with the Tyde, and the Water under me was buoyant. The Reader will eafily observe, that I was transported, by the multitude and variety of my Similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant Fancy, and the wantonness of Wit. Had I called in my Judgment to my affiftance, I had certainly retrench'd many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better fort of Critiques: For the whole Poem, though written in that which they call Heroique Verse, is of the Pindarique nature, as well in the Thought as the Expression; and as such, requires the fame grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as Your Lordship sees in the Title, not for an Elegie, but a Panegyrique. A kind of Apotheofis, indeed; if a Heathen Word may be applied to a Christian use. And on all Occasions of Praise, if we take the Ancients for our Patterns, we are bound by Prescription to employ the magnificence of Words, and the force of Figures, to adorn the fublimity of Thoughts. Ifocrates amongst the Grecian Orators, and Cicero, and the younger Pliny, amongst the Romans, have left us their Precedents for our security: For I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who kretches on these Pinions out of fight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another World.

This at least my Lord, I may justly plead, that if I have not perform'd so well as I think I have, yet I have us'd my best endeavours to excel my self. One Disadvantage I have had, which is, never to have known or seen my Lady: And to draw the Lineaments of her Mind, from the Description which

I have

I have receiv'd from others, is for a Painter to set himself at work without the living Original before him. Which the more beautiful it is will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive; when he has only a Relation given him of such and such Features by an Acquaintance or a Friend; without the Nice Touches which give the best Resemblance, and make the Graces of the Picture. Every Artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I amongst the rest) that their own ocular Observations would have discover'd more Persections, at least others, than have been deliver'd to them: Though I have receiv'd mine from the best Hands, that is, from Persons who neither want a just Understanding of my Lady's Worth, nor a due Veneration for her Memory.

Doctor Doune, the greatest Wit, though not the greatest Poet of our Nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made Immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had the same Fortune; though I have not succeeded to the same Genius. However, I have follow'd his Footsteps in the Design of his Panegyric; which was to raise an Emulation in the Living, to Copy out the Example of the Dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have call'd this Poem the Pattern: And though on a second Consideration, I chang'd the Title into the Name of that Illustrious Person, yet the Design continues, and Eleonora is still the Pattern of Charity, Devotion and Humility; of the best Wife, the best Mother, and the best of Friends.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavour'd to answer Your Commands, yet I cou'd not answer it to the World, nor to my Conscience, if I give not Your Lordship my Testimony of being the best Husband now living: I say my Testimony only: For the Praise of it, is given You by Your self. They who despise the Rules of Virtue both in their Practice and their Morals, will think this a very trivial Commendation. But I think it the peculiar Happiness of the Countess of Abingdon, to have been so truly lov'd by You, while

while she was living, and so gratefully honour'd, after she was dead. Few there are who have either had or cou'd have fuch a Loss; and yet fewer who carried their Love and Constancy beyond the Grave. The exteriors of Mourning, a decent Funeral, and black Habits, are the usual stints of common Husbands: and perhaps their Wives deferve no better than to be mourn'd with Hypocrifie, and forgot with Ease. But you have diftinguish'd yourself from ordinary Lovers, by a real and lasting Grief for the Deceas'd: And by endeavouring to raife for her the most durable Monument, which is that of Verse. And To it would have prov'd, if the Workman had been equal to the Work; and your Choice of the Artificer, as happy as your Defign. Yet, as Phidias when he had made the Statue of Minerva, cou'd not forbear to ingrave his own Name, as Author of the Piece: fo give me leave to hope, that by Subscribing mine to this Poem, I may live by the Goddess, and transmit my Name to Posterity by the Memory of Hers. no Flattery to affure Your Lordship, that she is remember'd in the present Age, by all who have had the Honour of her Conversation and Acquaintance: And that I have never been in any Company fince the News of her Death was first brought me, where they have not extoll'd her Virtues; and even spoken the same things of her in Prose, which I have done in Verse.

I therefore think myself oblig'd to thank Your Lordship for the Commission which you have given me: How I have acquitted my self of it, must be left to the Opinion of the World, in spight of any Protestation, which I can enter against the present Age, as Incompetent, or corrupt Judges. For my Comfort they are but Englishmen, and as such, if they Think ill of me To-day, they are inconsistent enough to Think well of me To-morrow. And after all, I have not much to thank my Fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both Sexes are so few in England, that they stand like Exceptions against

gainst General Rules: And though one of them has deserv'd a greater Commendation than I cou'd give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my Pen, with frequent exercise on the like Subjects; that Praises, like Taxes, shou'd be appropriated; and left almost as Individual as the Person. They say my Talent is Satyr; if it be fo, 'tis a fruitful Age; and there is an extraordinary Crop to gather. But a fingle Hand is infufficient for such a Harvest: They have fown the Dragons Teeth themselves, and 'tis but just they should reap each other in Lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the Character of Honour, though 'tis not my Happiness to know You, may stand aside, with the small Remainders of the English Nobility, truly fuch, and, unhurt your felves, behold the mad Combat. If I have pleas'd You, and some few others, I have obtain'd my end. You fee I have difabled myfelf like an Elected Speaker of the House; yet like him I have undertaken the Charge; and find the Burden fufficiently recompene'd by the Honour. Be pleas'd to accept of these my unworthy Labours. this Paper Monument; and let her Pious Memory. which I am fure is Sacred to You, not only plead the Pardon of my many Faults, but gain me Your Protection, which is ambitiously fought by,

My Lord, which is a second of the

Your Lordships

Most Obedient Servant,

Seed Multiplies he tell, pher death d, die m That fire, bereikh, 1934 he fear ther wanting nich

And to few Tayes, it wordsout fam, was not but A

is estimated and the first when the d

But most the Poor, whom daily

John Dryden.

da selliff bramb

ELEONORA: A Panegyrical Poem, Dedicated to the Memory of the late Countefs of Abingdon.

S when some Great and Gracious Monarch dies, Soft Whispers, first, and mournful Murmurs rife Among the fad Attendants; then the Sound Soon gathers Voice, and spreads the News around. Through Town and Country, 'till the dreadful blaft Is blown to distant Colonies at last; Who, then perhaps, were off'ring Vows in vain, For his long Life, and for his happy Reign: So slowly, by Degrees, unwilling Fame Did Matchles Eleonora's Fate proclaim, Till public as the Loss, the News became, The Nation felt it, in th' extremest Parts; With Eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding Hearts; But most the Poor, whom daily she supply'd; Beginning to be fuch, but when she dy'd. For, while she liv'd, they slept in Peace by Night; Secure of Bread, as of returning Light; And, with such firm Dependance on the Day, That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray; So fure the Dole, so ready at their Call, They flood prepar'd to fee the Manna fall. Such Multitudes she fed, she cloath'd, she nurst, That she, her self, might fear her wanting first.

Of her five Talents, other five she made;
Heaven, that had largely giv'n, was largely pay'd:
And in few Lives, in wond'rous few, we find
A Fortune better fitted to the Mind.

ARCHORA

Nor

Nor did her Alms from Ostentation fall, Or proud desire of Praise; the Soul gave all: Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a Bribe appear,

No less than Heaven; to heap huge Treasures there.

Want pass'd for Merit, at her open Door, Heaven saw, he safely might increase his Poor, And trust their Sustenance with her so well, As not to be at charge of Miracle. None cou'd be needy, whom she saw, or knew; All in the Compass of her Sphere, she drew: He who cou'd touch her Garment, was as fure, As the first Christians of th' Apostle's Cure. The distant heard, by Fame, her pious Deeds; And laid her up, for their extreamest Needs; A future Cordial, for a fainting Mind; For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find; Each in his turn: The Rich might freely come, As to a Friend; but to the Poor, 'twas Home. As to some Holy House th' Afflicted came; The Hunger-starv'd, the Naked, and the Lame; Want and Diseases sled before her Name. For Zeal like hers, her Servants were too flow; She was the first, where need requir'd, to go; Her self the Foundress, and Attendant too.

Sure she had Guests sometimes to entertain,
Guests in Disguise, of her great Master's Train:
Her Lord himself might come, for ought we know;
Since in a Servant's Form he liv'd below:
Beneath her Roof, he might be pleas'd to stay:
Or some benighted Angel, in his way
Might ease his Wings; and seeing Heav'nappear
In its best Work of Mercy, think it there,
Where all the Deeds of Charity and Love
Were in as constant Method, as above,
All carry'd on; all of a Piece with theirs;
As free her Alms, as diligent her Cares;
As loud her Praises, and as warm her Pray'rs.

Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste, And wisely manag'd, that the Stock might last;

That

That all might be supply'd; and she not grieve When Crouds appear'd, she had not to relieve. Which to prevent, she still increas'd her Store; Laid up, and fpar'd, that she might give the more. So Pharaoh, or some Greater King than he, Provided for the feventh Necessity: Taught from above, his Magazines to frame; That Famine was prevented ere it came. Thus Heaven, though All-sufficient, shows a thrift In his Oeconomy, and bounds his Gift: Creating for our Day, one fingle Light; And his Reflection too supplies the Night; Perhaps a thousand other Worlds, that lye Remote from us, and latent in the Sky, Are lighten'd by his Beams, and kindly nurst; Of which our earthly Dunghil is the worst.

Now, as all Virtues keep the middle Line, Yet somewhat more to one Extream incline, Such was her Soul; abhorring Avarice, Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a Vice: Had she giv'n more, it had Profusion been, And turn'd th' Excess of Goodness into Sin.

These Virtues rais'd her Fabric to the Sky;
For that which is next Heav'n, is Charity.
But, as high Turrets, for their Ay'ry steep
Require Foundations, in Proportion deep:
And losty Cedars as far upwards shoot,
As to the neather Heavens they drive the Root;
So low did her secure Foundation lye,
She was not humble, but Humility.
Scarcely she knew that she was Great, or Fair,
Or Wise, beyond what other Women are,
Or, which is better, knew; but never durst compare.
For to be conscious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances Virtue high'r:
But still the found, or rather thought she found

And not be vain, advances Virtue high'r:
But still she found, or rather thought she found,
Her own Worth wanting, others to abound:
Ascrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,
Unjust and scanty to her self alone.

Such

Such her Devotion was, as might give Rules
Of Speculation to disputing Schools;
And teach us equally the Scales to hold
Betwixt the two Extreams of hot and cold;
That pious Heat may mod'rately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with Zeal.
Business might shorten, not disturb her Pray'r;
Heaven had the best, if not the greater share.
An active Life, long Oraisons forbids;
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by Deeds.

Her ev'ry Day was Sabbath: Only free From Hours of Pray'r, for Hours of Charity. Such as the Jews from servile Toil releast: Where Works of Mercy were a part of Rest: Such as bleft Angels exercise above, Vary'd with Sacred Hymns and Acts of Love; Such Sabbaths as that one she now enjoys, Ev'n that perpetual one, which she employs, (For fuch Viciflitudes in Heav'n there are) In Praise alternate, and alternate Pray'r. All this she practis'd here; that when she sprung Amidst the Quires, at the first fight she fung. Sung, and was fung her felf, in Angels Lays; For praising her, they did her Maker praise. All Offices of Heav'n so well she knew, Before she came, that nothing there was new. And she was so familiarly receiv'd, As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse, down again precipitate thy Flight;
For how can Mortal Eyes sustain Immortal Light!
But as the Sun in Water we can bear,
Yet not the Sun, but his Reslection there,
So let us view her here, in what she was;
And take her Image, in this wat'ry Glass:
Yet look not ev'ry Lineament to see;
Some will be cast in Shades; and some will be
So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know, 'tis she.
For where such various Virtues we recite,
'Tis ille the Milky-Way, all over bright,
But wan so thick with Stars, 'tis undistinguish'd Light.

I 3

Her

Her Virtue, not her Virtues let us call,
For one Heroic comprehends 'em all:
One, as a Constellation is but one;
Though 'tis a Train of Stars, that, rolling on,
Rise in their turn, and in the Zodiac run.
Ever in Motion; now 'tis Faith ascends,
Now Hope, now Charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffusive Good descends.

As in Perfumes compos'd with Art and Coft,
'Tis hard to say what Scent is uppermost;
Nor this part Musk or Civet can we call,
Or Amber, but a rich Result of all;
So, she was all a Sweet; whose ev'ry part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's Art,
No single Virtue we cou'd most commend;
Whether the Wise, the Mother, or the Friend;
For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That, as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
The sev'ral parts lay hidden in the Piece;
Th' Occasion but exerted that, or this.

A Wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first Woman was before her Fall:
Made for the Man, of whom she was a part;
Made, to attract his Eyes, and keep his Heart.
A second Eve, but by no Crime accurst;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
And Death had found no Entrance by her Sin.
So she not only had preserv'd from ill
Her Sex and ours, but liv'd their Pattern still.

Love and Obedience to her Lord she bore,
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more.
Not aw'd to Duty by superior Sway,
But taught by his Indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God, as Author of our Good;
So Subjects love just Kings, or so they shou'd.
Nor was it with Ingratitude return'd;
In equal Fires the blissful Couple burn'd:
One Joy possess'd 'em both, and in one Grief they mourn'd.

His

His Passion still improv'd; he lov'd so fast
As if he fear'd each Day would be her last.
Too true a Prophet to foresee the Fate
That shou'd so soon divide their happy State:
When he to Heav'n entirely must restore
That Love, that Heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the Soul is all in ev'ry part,
So God and He might each have all her Heart.

So had her Children too; for Charity Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she: Each under other by degrees they grew; A goodly Perspective of distant View: Achifes look'd not with so pleas'd a Face, In numb'ring o'er his future Roman Race, And Marshalling the Heroes of his Name, As, in their Order, next, to Light they came; Nor Cybele with half so kind an Eye, Survey'd her Sons and Daughters of the Sky. Proud, shall I say, of her immortal Fruit? As far as Pride with Heav'nly Minds may fuit. Her pious Love excell'd to all she bore; New Objects only multiply'd it more. And as the Chosen found the pearly Grain As much as ev'ry Veffel cou'd contain; As in the Blissful Vision each shall share As much of Glory, as his Soul can bear; So did she love, and so dispense her Care. Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best; As longer cultivated than the reft: The Babe had all that Infant care beguiles, And early knew his Mother in her Smiles: But when dilated Organs let in Day To the young Soul, and gave it room to play, At his first Aptness, the Maternal Love Those Rudiments of Reason did improve: The tender Age was pliant to command; Like Wax it yielded to the forming Hand: True to th' Artificer, the labour'd Mind With Ease was pious, generous, just and kind;

Soft

Soft for Impression from the first, prepar'd,
'I ill Virtue with long Exercise, grew hard;
With ev'ry Act confirm'd; and made at last
So durable, as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to Habit; and from Vices free,
Goodness resolv'd into Necessity.

Thus fix'd she Virtue's Image, that's her own,
'Till the whole Mother in the Children shone;
For that was their Perfection: She was such,
'They never cou'd express her Mind too much.
So unexhausted her Perfections were,
That, for more Children, she had more to spare;
For Souls unborn, whom her untimely Death
Depriv'd of Bodies, and of mortal Breath;
And (cou'd they take th' Impressions of her Mind)
Enough still left to fanctise her Kind.

Then wonder not to fee this Soul extend The Bounds, and feek fome other felf, a Friend: As fwelling Seas to gentle Rivers g'ide, To feek Repose, and empty out the Tide; So this full Soul, in narrow Limits pent, New Ow Unable to contain her, fought a Vent, To iffue out, and in some friendly Breaft Discharge her Treasures, and securely rest. out mich T' unbosom all the Secrets of her Heart, Take good Advice, but better to impart. For 'tis the Blifs of Friendship's holy State To mix their Minds, and to communicate; Though Bodies cannot, Souls can penetrate. Fixt to her Choice; inviolably true; And wifely chufing, for the chofe but few. Some the must have; but in no one cou'd find A Tally fitted for fo large a Mind.

The Souls of Friends, like Kings in Progress are; Still in their own, though from the Palace far: Thus her Friend's Heart her Country Dwelling was, A sweet Retirement to a coarser Place; Where Pomp and Ceremonies enter'd not; Where Greatness was shut out, and Bus'ness well forgot. This is th' imperfect Draught; but short as far As the true Height and Bigness of a Star Exceeds the Measures of th' Astronomer. She shines above, we know; but in what Place, How near the Throne, and Heav'n's Imperial Face, By our weak Optics is but vainly guest; Distance and Altitude conceal the rest.

Tho' all these rare Endowments of the Mind.
Were in a narrow Space of Life confin'd,
The Figure was with full Persection crown'd;
Though not so large an Orb, as truly round.

As when in Glory, through the public Place,
The Spoils of conquer'd Nations were to pais,
And but one Day for Triumph was allow'd,
The Conful was conftrain'd his Pomp to crowd;
And so the swift Procession hurry'd on,
That all, though not distinctly, might be shown;
So in the straiten'd Bounds of Life confin'd,
She gave but glimpses of her glorious Mind:
And Multitudes of Virtues pais'd along;
Each pressing foremost in the mighty Throng;
Ambitious to be seen, and then make Room,
For greater Multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no Minute slipt away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of Heav'n to have her was so great,
That some were single Acts, though each compleat;

But ev'ry Aft flood ready to repeat.

Her fellow Saints with busic Care will look
For her blest Name, in Fate's eternal Book.
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with Joy will see
Numberless Virtues, endless Charity;
But more will wonder at so short an Age;
To find a Blank beyond the thirti'th Page;
And with a pious Fear begin to doubt
The Piece impersect, and the rest torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, cou'd there be
A Copy near th' Original, 'twas she.

As precious Gums are not for lasting Fire:
They but perfume the Temple, and expire:

15

So was she soon exhal'd; and vanish'd hence;
A short sweet Odour, of a vast Expense.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd;
For but a Now, did Heav'n and Earth divide:
She pass'd serenely with a single Breath,
This Moment perfect Health, the next was Death:
One Sigh, did her eternal Bliss assure;
So little Penance needs, when Souls are almost pure.
As gentle Dreams our waking Thoughts pursue;
Or, one Dream pass'd; we slide into a new;
(So close they follow, such wild Order keep,
We think our selves awake, and are asser)
So softly Death succeeded Life in her;

She did but dream of Heav'n, and the was there. No Pains the fuffer'd, nor expir'd with Noise; Her Soul was whisper'd out with God's still Voice: As an old Friend is beckon'd to a Feaft, And treated like a long-familiar Guest; He took her as he found; but found her fo. As one in hourly Readiness to go. Ev'n on that Day, in all her Trim prepar'd; As early Notice the from Heav'n had heard, And some descending Courtier, from above, Had giv'n her timely Warning to remove: Or counfell'd her to dress the Nuptial Room; For on that Night the Bridegroom was to come. He kept his Hour, and found her where the lay Cloath'd all in white, the Liv'ry of the Day:
Scarce had the finn'd, in Thought, or Word, or Act; Unless Omissions were to pass for Fact: That hardly Death a Confequence cou'd draw, To make her liable to Nature's Law. And that she dy'd we only have to show, The mortal part of her she lest below: The rest (so smooth, so suddenly she went) Look'd like Translation, through the Firmament; Or like the fiery Carr, on the third Errand fent. O happy Soul! if thou canst view from high,

Where thou art all Intelligence, all Eye,

If looking up to God, or down to us, Thou find'st, that any way be pervious, ... Survey the Ruins of thy House, and see Thy widow'd, and thy Orphan Family; Look on thy tender Pledges left behind: And, if thou canst a vacant Minute find From Heavenly Joys, that Interval afford To thy fad Children, and thy mourning Lord. See how they grieve, mistaken in their Love, And shed a Beam of Comfort from above; Give 'em, as much as mortal Eyes can bear, A transient View of thy full Glories there; That they with mod rate Sorrow may fustain. And mollifie their Losses, in thy Gain. Or elfe divide the Grief, for fuch thou wert, That shou'd not all Relations bear a part, It were enough to break a fingle Heart.

Let this suffice: Nor thou, great Saint, resuse
This humble Tribute of no vulgar Muse:
Who, not by Cares, or Wants, or Age deprest,
Stems a wild Deluge with a dauntless Breast:
And dares to sing thy Praises in a Clime
Where Vice triumphs, and Virtue is a Crime;
Where ev'n to draw the Picture of thy Mind,
Is Satyr on the most of Human Kind:
Take it, while yet 'tis Praise; before my Rage,
Unsafely just, break loose on this bad Age;
So bad, that thou thy self hadst no Defence
From Vice, but barely by departing hence.

Be what, and where thou art: To wish thy place, Were, in the best, Presumption more than Grace. Thy Reliques (such thy Works of Mercy are). Have in this Poem, been my holy care. As Earth thy Body keeps, thy Soul the Sky, So shall this Verse preserve thy Memory; For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee.

Where Timking Blood and his young Lights imbrow.
If your thence is strike with delay a Amelooding to the country of the hole of the contract of the country of the country

## An EPITAPH on the Lady WHITMORE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

AlR, Kind, and True, a Treasure each alone;
A Wise, a Mistress, and a Friend in one;
Rest in this Tomb, rais'd at thy Husband's cost,
Here sadly summing, what he had, and lost.
Come Virgins, ere in equal Bands you join,
Come first and offer at her sacred Shrine;
Pray but for half the Virtues of this Wise,
Compound for all the rest, with longer Life.
And wish your Vows like hers may be return'd,
So Lov'd when Living, and when Dead so Mourn'd.

## An EPITAPH on Sir PALMES FAIR-BONE'S Tomb in Westminster-Abby.

Sacred to the Immortal Memory of Sir Palmes Fairbone
Knight, Governor of Tangier; in Execution of which
Command, he was mortally wounded by a Shot from
the Moors, then Befieging the Town, in the Forty Sixth
Tear of his Age: October 24, 1680.

## By the fame Hundson and bed of

" A had and no shoot waste of the violate

Here undiffurb'd by Wars in quiet fleep:
Discharge the Trust which when it was below
Fairbone's undaunted Soul did undergo,
And be the Town's Palladium from the Foe.
Alive and dead these Walls he will desend,
Great Actions great Examples must attend.
The Candian Siege his early Valour knew,
Where Turkish Blood did his young Hands imbrew.
From thence returning with deserv'd Applause,
Against the Moors his well-stesh'd Sword he draws:
The same the Courage, and the same the Cause.

His

His Youth and Age, his Life and Death combine. As in some great and regular Defign, All of a Piece throughout, and all Divine. Still nearer Heaven his Virtues shone more bright Like rifing Flames expanding in their height, The Martyr's Glory Crown'd the Soldier's Fight More bravely British General never fell. Nor General's Death was e'er reveng'd so well, Which his pleas'd Eyes beheld before their close, Follow'd by thousand Victims of his Foes. To his lamented Lofs for time to come, His pious Widow Confecrates this Tomb.

#### RONDELAY.

By the same Hand.

How rounged Virging Daughter HLOE found Amyntas lying All in Tears, upon the Plain; Sighing to himself, and crying, Wretched I, to love in vain Kiss me, Dear, before my dying; Kiss me once, and ease my Pain! A Hospit all dien b'wolf Sighing to himself, and crying and a blas o Wretched I, to love in vain! Ever fcorning and denying no and vacad vacad To reward your faithful Swain: Kiss me, Dear, before my dying; Kiss me once, and ease my Pain! Hear then a Morial Muching Perile Ever fcorning, and denying To reward your faithful Swain : Wo you down toll Chloe, laughing at his crying, Kiss me, Dear, before my dying Kiss me once, and eate my Pain! IV. Chlos

## 206 An Ode to the Pious Memory of

Childe, laughing at his crying,

Told him, that he lev d in vain: All of a floce thios But repenting, and complying, When he kis'd, she kis'd again: Kis'd him up, before his dying; Kîs'd him up, and eas'd his Pain.

To the Pious Memory of the Accomplished Young Lady, Mrs. ANNE KILLIGREW, Excellent in the two Sifter-Arts of Poefic, and Painting. An ODE.

## By the fame Hand.

Po the Ame Mand. Hou youngest Virgin-Daughter of the Skies, Made in the last Promotion of the Bleft; Whose Palms, new pluckt from Paradife, In spreading Branches more sublimely rife, Rich with Immortal Green above the reft: Whether, adopted to some Neighbouring Star, Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring Race, Or, in Procession fixt and regular, Mov'd with the Heav'n's Majestic Pace; Or, call'd to more Superior Blifs, Thou tread'st, with Seraphims, the vast Abysi: Whatever happy Region is thy Place, Cease thy Celestial Song a little space; (Thou wilt have time enough for Hymns Divine, Since Heav'n's Eternal Year is thine) Hear then a Mortal Muse thy Praise rehearse, In no ignoble Verfe But fuch as thy own Voice did practife here, When thy first Fruits of Poelie were giv'n; To make thy felf a welcome Inmate there: While yet a young Probationer, And and and And Candidate of Heav'n!

Dillie willing

Where Harmony was highlighted about If by Traduction came thy Mind, San Trad Our Wonder is the less to find

A Soul fo charming from a Stock fo good

Thy Father was transfus'd into thy Blood: So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,

(An early, rich, and inexhaufted Vein.)

But if thy Præ-existing Soul

Was form'd, at first, with Myriads more,

It did through all the Mighty Poets roll,

Who Greek or Latin Lawrels wore, was if 1911.

And was that Sappho last, which once it was before. If fo, then cease thy flight, O Heav'n-born Mind!

Thou haft no Drofs to purge from thy rich Ore, Nor can thy Soul a fairer Mansion find,

Than was the Beauteous Frame she left behind:

Return to fill or mend the Quire, of thy Celestial

A stoo The series well. Always of hose kind

May we prefume to fay, that at thy Birth,

New joy was sprung in Heav'n, as well as here on Earth.

For fure the milder Planets did combine

On thy Auspicious Horoscope to shine, And ev'n the most Malicious were in Trine.

Thy Brother-Angels at thy Birth

Strung each his Lyre, and tun'd it high,

That all the People of the Sky

Might know a Poetels was born on Earth.

And then, if ever, Mortals Ears

Had heard the Music of the Spheres !

And if no clust'ring Swarm of Bees

On thy fweet Mouth distill'd their golden Dew,

"Twas that, fuch vulgar Miracles

Heav'n had not Leifure to renew :

For all thy Bleft Fraternity of Love

Solemniz'd there thy Birth, and kept thy Holy-day

IV. above.

O Gracious God ! How far have we Prophan'd thy Heav'nly Gift of Poefie Made proflitute and profligate the Mule, would all Made profittute and profits

Debas'd to each obscence and impious Use,

Whose

## 208 An ODE to the Pious Memory of

Whose Harmony was first ordain'd Above
For Tongues of Angels, and for Hymns of Love?
O wretched We! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adult rate Age,
(Nay added fat Pollutions of our own)
T' increase the steaming Ordures of the Stage?
What can we say t' excuse our Second Fall?
Let this thy Vestal, Heav'n, attone for all:
Her Aretbusian Stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmixt with Foreign Filth, and undefil'd,
Her Wit was more than Man, her Innocence a Child!

Art fhe had none, yet wanted none:
For Nature did that Want supply:
So rich in Treasures of her Own,
She might our boasted Stores defy:
Such noble Vigour did her Verse adorn,

That it feem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.

Her Morals too were in her Bosom bred,

By great Examples daily fed,
What in the best of Books, her Father's Life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear.
Each Test, and ev'ry Light, her Muse will bear,
Though Epistetus with his Lamp were there.
Ev'n Love (for Love sometimes her Muse express)
Wasbut a Lambent stame which play'd about her Breast:
Light as the Vapours of a Morning Dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such Warmth express,
Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's Stream.

Born to the Spacious Empire of the Nine,
One wou'd have thought, the thou'd have been content.
To manage well that mighty Government;
But what can young ambitious Souls confine?

To the next Realm she stretcht her Sway,

A plenteous Province, and alluring Prey.

A Chamber of Dependences was fram'd,

(As Conquerors will never want Pretence,

When arm'd, to justifie th' Offence)

And

And the whole Fief, in right of Poetry the claim'd. The Country open lay without Defence: For Poets frequent Inrodes there had made,

And perfectly cou'd represent

The Shape, the Face, with ev'ry Lineament;

And all the large Domains which the Dumb-fifter fway'd. All bow'd beneath her Government,

Receiv'd in Triumph wherefoe'er she went. Her Pencil drew, whate'er her Soul defign'd,

And oft the bappy Draught surpass'd the Image in her The Sylvan Scenes of Herds and Flocks, Mind. And fruitful Plains and barren Rocks.

Of shallow Brooks that flow'd so clear,

The bottom did the top appear; Of deeper too and ampler Floods,

Which, as in Mirrors, shew'd the Woods;

Of lofty Trees, with Sacred Shades, And Perspectives of pleasant Glades,

Where Nymphs of brightest Form appear, wo

And shaggy Satyrs standing near, Which them at once admire and fear.

The Ruins too of some Majestic Piece

Boafting the Powir of ancient Rome or Green, 1

Whose Statues, Freezes, Columns broken lie. And the defac'd, the Wonder of the Eye,

What Nature, Art, bold Fistion eler durft frame.

Her forming Hand gave Feature to the Name. So strange a Concourfe neter was feen before,

But when the peopl'd Ark the whole Orgation bore. As couch were their Souls. Hyogual was treat mate,

The Scene then chang'd, with bold erected Look Our Martial King the fight with Rev rence frook: For not content the express his outward Part, Her Hand call'd out the Image of his bleart, wo V bal His warlike Mind. his Soul devoid of Fear. His High-defigning Thoughts were figur'd there. As when, by Magic, Chofts are made appear.

Our Phenix Queen was pourtrai'd too to bright, Beauty alone con'd Beauty take do right: stell seem of

Tell hall already bad her ish Embrace: of the

### 210 An ODE to the Pious Memory of

Her Drefs, her Shape, her matchless Grace, Were all observed, as well as Heavenly Face. With such a Peerless Majesty she stands, As in that Day she took the Crown from sacred Hands: Before a Train of Heroines was seen, In Beauty foremost, as in Rank, the Queen!

Thus nothing to her Genius was deny'd,
But like a Ball of Fire the further thrown,

Still with a greater Blaze she shone,
And her bright Soul broke out on ev'ry side,
What next she had design'd, Heaven only knows,
To such Immod'rate Growth her Conquest rose,
That Fate alone its Progress cou'd oppose.

VIII.

Now all those Charms, that blooming Grace,
The well-proportion'd Shape, and beauteous Face,
Shall never more be seen by Mortal Eyes;
In Earth the much-lainented Virgin lies!

Not Wit, nor Piety cou'd Fate prevent;

Nor was the cruel Destiny content

To finish all the Murder at a blow,

To sweep aronce her Life, and Beauty too;
But, like a harden'd Felon, took a pride

To work more Mischievously slow,

And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.

O doub'e Sacrilege on things Divine,

To rob the Relique, and deface the Shrine!

But thus Orinda dy'd:

Mean-time her Warlike Brother on the Seas
His waving Streamers to the Winds displays,
And Vows for his Return, with vain Devotion, pays.

Ah, Generous Youth, that Wish forbear,
The Winds too foon will wast thee here!

Slack all thy Sails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know's not, thou are wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy Sister's Face,
Thou hast already had her last Embrace.

But

But look aloft, and if thou ken'ft from far, Among the Pleiads a New-kindled Star, If any Sparkles, than the reft, more bright, 'I is she that shines in that propitious Light. Or a Protection of the Action of X at 10

When in mid-Air the Golden Trump shall found To raise the Nations under Ground When in the Valley of Jehosaphat,

The Judging God shall close the Book of Fate; And there the last Assigns keep, For those who Wake, and those who Sleep: When ratling Bones together fly, From the four Corners of the Sky,

When Sinews o'er the Skeletons are spread, Those cloath'd with Flesh, and Life inspires the Dead; The Sacred Poets first shall hear the Sound,

And foremost from the Tomb shall bound. For they are cover'd with the lightest Ground. And streight, with in-born Vigour, on the Wing, Like mounting Larks, to the New Morning fing. I here Thou, Iweet Saint, before the Quire shalt go, As Harbinger of Heaven, the Way to show, The Way which thou fo well haft learnt below.

#### A SONG.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

TLVIA the Fair, in the Bloom of Fifteen, Felt an innocent Warmth, as the lay on the Green; She had heard of a Pleasure, something the guest By the towzing and tumbling and touching her Breaft; She faw the Men eager, but was at a Lofs, What they meant by their fighing, and kiffing so close;

By their praying and whining, And clasping and twining, And panting and wishing, And fighing and kiffing, And fighing and kiffing to close, Will no sypal said

II. Ah!

and House the day of the state of the land

Ah! she cry'd; ah for a languishing Maid In a Country of Christians to die without Aid! Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at leaft, Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholic Priest, To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a Loss, What they meant by their fighing, and kiffing so close!

By their praying and whining, And clasping and twining, And panting and wishing, And fighing and kiffing, And fighing and kiffing fo close,

Wishte Chand out mot 1/

Cupid in Shape of a Swain did appear, He faw the fad Wound, and in Pity drew near, Then show'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear, For the Pain was no more than a Maiden may bear; When the Balm was infus'd the was not at a Lofs, What they meant by their fighing, and kiffing so close.

By their praying and whining, And clasping and twining, And panting and wishing, And fighing and kiffing, And fighing and kiffing fo close.

Otell Amynta, gentle Swain, I I wou'd not die, nor dare complain: Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join, Thy Words will more prevail than mine. To Souls oppress'd and dumb with Grief, The Gods ordain this kind Relief; That Music shou'd in Sounds convey, What dying Lovers dare not fay.

In the parties of but A A Sigh or Tear perhaps the ligive, But Love on Pity cannot live.

Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only paid.
Tell her my Pains fo fast encrease,
That soon they will be past Redress;
But ah! the Wretch that speechless lyes,
Attends but Death to close his Eyes,

To the Lady CASTLEMAIN, upon ber incouraging his first Play.

### By the Same Hand.

S Seamen, Shipwrack'd on fome happy Shore, Discover Wealth in Lands unknown before; And, what their Art had labour'd long in vain, By their Misfortunes happily obtain; So my much envy'd Muse, by Storms long toft, Is thrown upon your hospitable Coast, And finds more favour by her ill Success, Than she cou'd hope for by her Happiness. Once Cato's Virtue did the Gods oppole; While they the Victor, he the Vanquish'd chose : But you have done what Cato cou'd not do, To chuse the Vanquish'd, and restore him too. Let others still Triumph, and gain their Cause By their Deferts, or by the World's Applause; Let Merit Crowns, and Justice Lawrels give, But let me happy by your Pity live. True Poets empty Fame and Praise despise, Fame is the Trumpet, but your Smile the Prize: You fit above, and see vain Men below Contend, for what you only can bestow: But those great Actions, others do by chance, Are, like your Beauty, your Inberitance So great a Soul, fuch Sweetness join'd in one, Cou'd only fpring from noble Grandifon: You, like the Stars, not by Reflection bright, Are born to your own Heaven, and your own Light; Like

### 214 DRYDEN'S POEMS.

Like them are good, but from a nobler Cause, From your own Knowledge, not from Nature's Laws. Your Pow'r you never use, but for Defence, To guard your own, or others Innocence: Your Foes are such, as they, not you, have made, And Virtue may repel, the not invade. Such Courage did the antient Heroes show, Who, when they might prevent, wou'd wait the Blow: With fuch affurance as they meant to fay, We will o'ercome, but fcorn the fafest way. What further fear of danger can there be? Beauty, which captives all things, fets me free. Posterity will judge by my Success, I had the Grecian Poet's Happiness, Who, waving Plots, found out a better way, Some God descended, and preserv'd the Play. When first Triumphs of your Sex were sung By those old Poets, Beauty was but young, And few admir'd the native Red and White. 'Till Poets dreft them up, to charm the fight; So Beauty took on truft, and did engage For Sums of Praises, 'till she came to Age. But this long growing Debt to Poetry You juftly (Madam) have discharg'd to me. When your Applause and Favour did infuse New Life to my condemn'd and dying Muse.

PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford,

By Mr. J. DRYDEN.

THE fam'd Italian Muse, whose Rhymes advance Orlando, and the Paladins of France, Records, that when our Wit and Sense is flown, 'Tis lodg'd within the Circle of the Moon In Earthen Jars, which one, who thither soar'd, Set to his Nose, snufft up, and was restor'd.

Whate'er

Whate'er the Story be, the Moral's true, The Wit we lost in Town, we find in you. Our Poets their fled Parts may draw from hence, And fill their windy Heads with fober Senfe. When London Votes with Southwark's disagree, Here may they find their long-loft Loyalty. Here busie Senates, to th' old Cause inclin'd, May fouff the Votes their Fellows left behind: Your Country Neighbours, when their Grain grows May come and find their last Provision here: [dear, Whereas we cannot much lament our Lofs. Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one Cross; We look'd what Representatives wou'd bring, But they help'd us, just as they did the King. Yet we despair not, for we now lay forth The Sibyll's Books, to those who know their Worth: And the first was Sacrific'd before, These Volumes doubly will the Price restore. Our Poet bade us hope this Grace to find, To whom by long Prescription you are kind. He, whose undaunted Muse, with Loyal Rage, Has never spar'd the Vices of the Age, Here finding nothing that his Spleen can raife, Is forc'd to turn his Satyr into Praise.

## PROLOGUE

West down of theire, and defeative 2001

lie elle to lyane, localisa

oblin By Mr. DRYDEN.

Allants, a bashful Poet bids me say T He's come to lose his Maidenhead to-day. Be not too fierce, for he's but green of Age; And ne'er, 'till now, debauch'd upon the Stage. He wants the fuff ring part of Resolution; And comes with Blushes to his Execution. Ere you deflow'r his Muse, he hopes the Pit Will make some Settlement upon his Wit.

Promife

### 216 DRYDEN'S POEMS.

Promise him well, before the Play begin; For he wou'd fain be cozen'd into Sin. 'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail; But, if you leave him after being frail, He'll have, at least, a fair Pretence to rail; To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill, And put you in the new Deferters Bill Lord, what a Troop of perjur'd Men we fee; Enow to fill another, Mercury I have virging and But this the Ladies may with Patience brook: Theirs are not the first Colours you for look langual WI He would be loth the Beauties to offend sally But, if he shou'd, he's not too old to mend. He's a young Plant, in his first Year of bearing; But his Friend swears, he will be worth the rearing. His Gloss is still upon him: Tho' 'tis true He's yet unripe, yet take him for the Blue. You think an Apricor half green is bellemin ov all all There's fweet and four: And one Side good at leaft. Mango's and Limes, whose Nourishment is little, or Tho' not for Food, are yet preferv'd for Pickle. So this green Writer may pretend, at least, To whet your Stomachs for a better Feast. He makes this difference in the Sexes too, He fells to Men, he gives himself to you. To both, he wou'd contribute some Delight; A meer Poetical Hermaphrodite. Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd, and woo; With Arms offensive, and defensive too; "Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

I ble's come to lade his hordernheed to div.

no not too heree, for he's but green of her;

shade no erry talk now, debauch dupon the brage.

He was to the half ting part of Relbartion;

P. Character his blotheen her bracksorm.

For you deflow'r his blotheen preshoper her it half will traker four feet but on when

Simon The Make which they are not referred to

Allants, a bathful Poet bids marting

Song, to a Fair Young Lady, going out of the Town in the Spring.

As K not the Cause, why sullen Spring To So long delays her Flow'rs to bear; why warbling Birds forget to sing, and Why warbling Birds forget to sing, and Winter Storms invert the Year?

Chloris is gone; and Fate provides and Videous and To make it Spring, where the resides.

Chloris is gone, the Cruel Fair;
She cast not back a pitying Eye:
But left her Lover in Despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die:
Ah, how can those fair Eyes endure
To give the Wounds they will not cure!

Great God of Love, why hast thou made
A Face that can all Hearts command,
That all Religions can invade,
And change the Laws of every Land?
Where thou hadst plac'd such Power before,
Thou should'st have made her Mercy more.

When Chloris to the Temple comes,
Adoring Crowds before her fall;
She can reftore the Dead from Tombs,
And every Life but mine recall.
I only am by Love defign'd
To be the Victim for Mankind.

procurate to the stand

A Song fer St. CECILIA's Day, 1687

ROM Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony
This Universal Frame began
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring Atoms lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,

The tuneful Voice was heard from high;

Arise ye more than dead.

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,

In order to their stations leap,
And Music's Power obey.

From Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony This Universal Frame Began :

From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.

What Passion cannot Musick raise and quell!

When Jubal struck the corded Shell,

His list ning Brethren stood around,

And wond ring, on their Faces sell.

To worship that Celestial Sound.

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that Shell

That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What Paffion cannot Music raile and quell!

The Trumpet's loud Clangor

Excites us to Arms.

With shrill Notes of Anger.
And mortal Alarms.

Of the thund ring Drum

Cries, heark the Foes come;

Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV. The

IV.

The foft complaining Flute
In dying Notes discovers The Woes of hopeless Lovers, Management of the Wood of the Court of the Wood of the Wood of the Court of the Wood of the W

Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling Lute.

Sharp Violine proclaims between Spirit. World's Foundamistration of The World's Foundamistration, vivial the Violent Pangs, and Department of the Violent Pangs, and Department of the Violent Pangs, and Department of the Violent Pangs of the

Depth of Pains, and height of Palicon to bear me and I

O, Source of uncreated IV

But oh! what Art camteach and beimong stradad ad T

What human Voice can reach mood viol wind!

The facred Organ's praife! vinewell into area in and

Come, and by Sacred Defineved what gairique satoN

Notes that wing their Heavenly start on stiffend of To mend the Choirs above. avoid to successful!

Rich in thy feet afold ModeLIV

Orpheus cou'd lead the favage race and lo drynall court

And Trees unrooted left their places and this sould

Sequacious of the Lyse: 100 , inique gaillosson

But bright Cecilia rais'd the wander highers

When to her Organ vocal Breath was giv'hinwois but An Angel heard, and straightappear'dur has a side of

Mistaking Ranti for Heaving smaler 10 and

Grand CHORUS

As from the power of Sacred Lays terns and the sale of the The Spheres beganto nouse in the ment and

And Jung the great Creator's praise four sale some I but

And, dest our Free land avaded a bour word and she forest. So when the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour which the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour which the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour which are the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour we will be a free from the last and drandful bour will be a free from the last and drandful bour will

This crumbling Pageont ball devote served as salely

The Trumpet Shall be beard on higher and its side and

The Dead Shall live, the Living die of Mist was and

And Music Shall untime the Sky and and have and and

bijoumi

K 2

VENE

### VENICREATOR SPIRITUS, Translated in Paraphrase.

Whole Dirge is whilper'd by the warbling Leto. Reator Spirit, by whose aid The World's Foundations first were laid and Come visit ev'ry pious Mind; man rama anotasi ried T Come pour thy Joys on Human Kind pat schaest . you'l From Sin and Sorrow fet us free; and and in it is discount and make thy Temples worthy Thee. O, Source of uncreated Light, The Father's promis'd Paraclete plan the sanw I do sall Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire, was the W Our Hearts with Heavenly Love infpire; Datal all Come, and thy Sacred Unction bring of antique seto!

To Sanctifie us, while we fing! Plenteous of Grace, descend from high, tont of Rich in thy fev nfold Energy! Thou strength of his Almighty Hand, and b'uon wast 10 Whose Pow'r does Heaven and Earth Command. Proceeding Spirit, our Defence to enciosing Who do it the Gift of Tongues difference, I thigh all And crown'st thy Gift with Eloquence of ran of man W Refine and purge our Eagthly Parts caused legal. al But, Oh, inflame and fire our Hearts Initiality Our Frailties help, our Vice controul; Submit the Senses to the Soul; busine And when Rebellions they are grown. Then, lay thy hand, and hold m down. Chace from our Minds th infernal Foe And Peace, the fruit of Love, bellowing sot your back And, left our Feet should step astray, and the of Protect, and guide us in the ways how had set notice of Make us Eternal Truche receive and guildening and? And practife all that we believe and and togamen and Give us thy felf, that we may feet avil flad based at? The Father, and the Son, by thee than land anuly bak

INENE

Immorta!

Immortal Honour, endless Fame, Attend th' Almighty Father's Name: The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd, And equal Adoration be, Eternal Paraclete, to thee. Sadd on the Toka Line pro I

have Marik and Tayang acra transference

Tab Gos krumstere e

T O

The Tears of AMYNTA, for the Death of DAMON.

## To make Sto N. G.

O N a Bank, befide a Willow, Heav'n her Cov'ring, Earth her Pillow, Sad Amynta figh'd alone: From the chearless dawn of Morning 'Till the Dews of Night returning, Singing thus the made her moan; Hope is banish'd, Joys are vanish'd,

Damen, my belov'd, is gone !

what a continued that has to the Days of has ofte

II.

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a Youth, and such a Lover,
Oh so true, so kind was he!

Damon was the pride of Nature,
Charming in his every Feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me;

Melting Kiffes Melting Kiffes,

Murmuring Bliffes,

Who fo liv'd and lov'd as we!

and the same of the state of the later of th Never shall we curse the Morning. Never blefs the Night returning, now sall viscos well Far-off

Never shall we both lye dying,
Nature failing, Love supplying
All the Joys he drain'd before:

Death come end me

To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more.

### AMARTLLIS:

Or the Third Idyllium of

### THEOCRITUS, Paraphras'd

O Amaryllia Love compels my way, My browzing Goars upon the Mountains stray : O Tityrus, tend them well, and fee them fed In Pastures fresh, and to their watering led; And 'ware the Ridgling with his butting head. Ah beauteous Nymph, can you forget your Love, The conscious Grettos, and the shady Grove; Where stretcht at ease your tender Limbs were laid. Your nameless Beauties nakedly display'd? Then I was call'd your Darling, your Defire, With Kisses such as set my Soul on fire: But you are chang'd, you I am fill the fame, My Heart maintains for both a double Flame, Griev'd but unmov'd, and patient of your Scorn, So faithful I, and you fo much forfworn! I die, and Death will finish all my pain, Yet ere I die, behold me once again: Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late? What partial Judges are our Love and Hate? Ten wildings have I gather'd for my Dear, 13931 How ruddy like your Lips their Breaks appear! Sweet Far-off

Far-off you view'd them with a longing Eye Upon the topmost branch (the Tree was high;) Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd: And for to-morrow have Ten more referv'd. Look on me kindly and fome pity shew, Or give me leave at least to look on you. Some God transform me by his Heav'nly Pow'r Ev'n to a Bee to buzz within your Bow'r. The winding Ivy-chaplet to invade. And folded Fern that your fair Forehead shade. Now to my coft the force of Love I find; The heavy hand it bears on human kind! The Milk of Typers was his Infant food, Taught from his tender years the tafte of blood; His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood. Ah Nyasph, train'd up in his Tyrannic Court, To make the fuff rings of your Slaves your fport ! Unheeded Ruin t treacherous Delight! O polish'd hardness soften'd to the fight! Whose radiant Eyes your Ebon Brows adorn, Like Midnight those, and these like break of Morn, Smile once again, revive me with your Charme; And let me die contented in your Arms. I would not ask to live another Day, Might I but fweetly kifs my Soul away! Ah, why am I from empty Joys debarr'd, For Kisses are but empty, when compar'd? I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear The Garland which I wove for you to wear, Of Parfly, with a wreath of Ivy bound; And border'd with a Rofie edging round. What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard! Since I must die, why is my Fate deferr'd! I ftrip my Body of my Shepherd's Frock. Behold that dreadful downfal of a Rock. Where you old Fifter views the Waves from high! 'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try. You would be pleas'd, to fee me plunge to shore, But better pleas'd if I should rife no more. I might K 4

I might have read my Fortune long ago, When, feeking my fuccess in Love to know, I try'd th' infallible Prophetic way, A Poppy-leaf upon my Palm to lay; I ftruck, and yet no lucky crack did follow, Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow. And which was worse, if any worse could prove, The with'ring Leaf foreshew'd your with'ring Love. Yet farther (Ah, how far a Lover dares!) My last recourse I had to Sieve and Sheers; And told the Witch Agree my disease, ( Agree that in Harvest us'd to lease; But Harvest done, to Chare-work did aspire; Meat, Drink, and two Pence was her daily hire;) To work she went, her Charms she mutter'd o'er, And yet the resty Sieve wagg'd ne'er the more; I wept for woe, the testy Beldame swore, And foaming with her God, foretold my Fate; That I was doom'd to Love, and you to Hate. A milk white Goat for you I did provide; Two milk-white Kids run frisking by her fide, For which the Nut brown Lass, Erithacis, Full often offer'd many a favoury Kis; Hers they shall be, fince you refuse the price: What madman would o'erstand his Market twice! My right Eye itches, some good-luck is near, Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear, I'll fet up fuch a Note as she shall hear. What Nymph but my melodious Voice would move? She must be Flint, if she refuse my Love. Hippomenes, who ran with noble strife To win his Lady, or to lofe his Life, (What shift some men will make to get a Wife?) Threw down a golden Apple in her way, For all her hafte she could not chuse but stay: Renown faid Run, the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd Hold; The Man might have been hang'd but for his Gold. Yet some suppose 'twas Love (some few indeed,) That stopt the fatal fury of her speed: angua.

She faw, she figh'd; her nimble Feet refuse Their wanted speed, and she took pains to lose, A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry, (No matter which, so neither of them lye,) From steepy Othyrs' top, to Pylus drove His Herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his Love: If fuch another wager should be laid, I'll find the Man, if you can find the Maid. Why name I Men, when Love extended finds His pow'r on high, and in Coelestial Minds? Venus the Shepherd's homely habit took, And manag'd fomething elfe besides the Crook. Nay when Adonis dy'd, was heard to roar, And never from her heart forgave the Boar. How blest was fair Endymion with his Moon, Who sleeps on Latmos' top from Night to Noon! What Jason from Medea's Love possest, You thall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest. My aking Head can scarce support the pain; This curfed Love will furely turn my brain: Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no pity Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty. A clammy fweat does o'er my Temples creep; My heavy Eyes are org'd with Iron sleep: I lay me down to gasp my latest Breath, The Wolves will get a Breakfast by my Death : Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply, For Love has made me Carrion ere I die.

PROLOGUE, to the University of Oxon, spoken by Mr. Hart, at the Acting of the Silent Woman.

Chald noter thell Grammar, would be reading. Man-

Such build their Pocus the Lucy winn way.

Our 1 det. could be find Porcivenis he

WHAT Greece, when learning flourish'd, only (Athenian Judges,) you this day renew.

Here too are Annual Rites to Pallas done, will sale And here Poetic Prizes loft or won. Methinks I fee you, crown'd with Olives fit, 1901 A And strike a facred Horrour from the Pit. 1931819 3/ A Day of Doom is this of your Decree, Where even the Best are but by Mercy free: fiee. A Day which none but Johnson durft have wish'd to J Here they who long have known the ufeful Stage, Come to be taught themselves to teach the Age. As your Commissioners our Poets go, To cultivate the Virtue which you fow : In your Lycaum first themselves refin'd. And delegated thence to Human-kind. But as Embaffadors, when long from home, 10 1911 har For new Instructions to their Princes come; well So Poets who your Precepts have forgot, Return, and beg they may be better taught: Follies and Paults elsewhere by them are shown, But by your Manners they correct their own. Th' illiterate Writer, Emperic like, applies To Minds difeas'd, unfafe, chance Remedies: The Learn'd in Schools, where Knowledge first began, Studies with 'Care th' Anatomy of Man; Sees Virtue, Vice, and Passions in their Cause, And Fame from Science, not from Fortune, draws. So Poetry, which is in Oxford made An Art, in London only is a Trade. There haughty Dunces, whose unlearned Pen Could ne'er spell Grammar, would be reading Men. Such build their Poems the Lucretian way, So many huddled Atoms make a Play; And if they hit in Order by some Change, They call that Nature, which is Ignorance. To such a Fame let mere Town-Wits aspire, And their gay Nonsense their own Citts admire. Our Poet, could he find Forgiveness here, Would wish it rather than a Plaudit there. He owns no Crown from those Pratorian Bands But knows that Right is in the Senate's Flands. Not

Not impudent enough to hope your Praise,
Low at the Muses Feet his Wreath he lays,
And where he took it up, refigns his Bays.
Kings make their Poets whom themselves think fit,
But 'tis your Suffrage makes authentic Wit.

### EPILOGUE, Spoken by the same.

en dina Wareshada akadi bashi i Madahar 12 manasaran mengala

O poor Dutch Peafant, wing'd with all his Fear,,
Flies with more haste, when the French Arms
draw near.

Than we with our Poetic Train come down For refuge hither, from th'infected Town; Heaven for our Sins this Summer has thought fit. To vifit us with all the Plagues of Wit.

A French Troop first swept all things in its way,
But those hot Monsieurs were too quick to stay;
Yet, to our Cost in that short time, we find
They left their Itch of Novelty behind.

Th' Italian Merry-Andrews took their place,.
And quite debauch'd the Stage with lewd Grimace;.
Instead of Wit, and Humours, your Delight
Was there to see too Hobby-horses sight,
Stout Scaramoucha with Rush Lance rode in,
And ran a Tilt at Centaure Arlequin.
For Love you heard how amorous Asses bray'd,
And Cats in Gutters gave their Serenade.
Nature was out of Countenance, and each Day.
Some new-born Monster shewn you for a Play.

But when all fail'd, to strike the Stage quite dumb, Those wicked Engines call'd Machines are come. Thunder and Lightning now for Wit are play'd, And shortly Scenes in Lapland will be laid: Art Magic is for Poetry profest, And Cats and Dogs, and each obscener Beast. To which Egyptian Dotards once did bow, Upon our English Stage are worship'd now.

Witchcraft

Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to Renown

Macheth, the Simon Magus of the Town.

Fletcher's despis'd, your Johnson out of Fashion,

And Wit the only Drug in all the Nation.

In this low Ebb our Wares to you are shown,

By you those Staple Authors Worth is known,

For Wit's a Manufacture of your own

When you, who only can, their Scenes have prais'd,

We'll boldly back, and say their Price is rais'd.

## PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford, 1674. Spoken by Mr. Hart.

DOets, your Subjects, have their Parts affign'd T'unbend, and to divert their Sov'reign's Mind: When tir'd with following Nature, you think fit To seek repose in the cool Shades of Wit, And from the fweet Retreat, with Joy furvey What refts, and what is conquer'd, of the way. Here, free your felves from Envy, Care and Strife, You view the various Turns of human Life: Safe in your Scene, through dangerous Courts you go, And undebauch'd, the Vice of Cities know. Your Theories are here to Practice brought, As in Mechanic Operations wrought; And Man, the little World, before you fet, As once the Sphere of Chrystial shew'd the Great: Bleft fure are you above all Mortal Kind, If to your Fortunes you can fuit your Mind. Content to fee, and shun, those Ills we show, And Crimes, on Theatres alone, to know: With joy we bring what our dead Authors writ, And beg from you the value of their Wit. That Shake spear's, Fletcher's, and great Johnson's Claim May be renew'd from those who gave them Fame.

None of our living Poets dare appear : Manotta 1 10 1 For Mufes fo severe are worthing here. Out visve is O That conscious of their Faults they shun the Eye. And as Prophane, from facred Places fly, Visitable Land Rather than fee th' offended God, and die. 3 and W We bring no Imperfections, but our own, John o'T Such Faults as made, are by the Makers shown. And you have been fo kind, that we may boaft, The greatest Judges still can pardon most. Poets must stoop, when they would please our Pit. Debas'd even to the Level of their Wit. Disdaining that, which yet they know, will take, Hating themselves, what their Applause must make: But when to Praise from you they would aspire Though they like Eagles mount, your Yove is higher, So far your Knowledge all their Pow'r transcends. As what should be, beyond what Is, extends.

### EPILOGUE Spoken at Oxford, by Mrs. MARSHALL.

Of Thas our Poet wisht, this happy Seat

I wonder'd at his Wish, but now I find
He sought for quiet, and content of Mind;
Which noiseful Towns, and Courts can never know,
And only in the shades like Laurels grow.
Youth, ere it sees the World, here studies Rest,
And Age returning thence concludes it best.
What wonder if we court that happiness
Yearly to share, which hourly you posses,
Teaching ev'n you, (while the vext World we show,)
Your Peace to value more, and better know?
Tis all we can return for favours past,
Whose holy Memory shall ever last,

For Patronage from him whose care presides O'er every noble Art, and every Science guides: Bathurft, a name the learn'd with reverence know, And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe: Whose Age enjoys but what his Youth deserv'd, To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd. His Learning, and untainted Manners too We find (Athenians) are deriv'd to you; Such antient Hospitality there refts In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian Breasts. Whose kindness was Religion to their Guests. Such Modefty did to our Sex appear, As had there been no Laws, we need not fear, Since each of you was our Protector here. Converse so chast, and so strict Virtue shown, As might Apollo with the Muses own, Till our return we must despair to find Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

## PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford.

Iscord, and Plots, which have undone our Age, With the fame ruin, have o'erwhelm'd the Stage. Our House has suffer'd in the common Woe. We have been troubled with Scotch Rebels too: Our Brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed, And of our Sisters, all the kinder-hearted, To Edenborough gone, or Coacht, or Carted, With Bonny Blewcap there they act all Night For Scotch half Crown, in English Three-pence hight. One Nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falftaff's lean, There with her fingle Person fills the Scene. Another, with long Use and Age decay'd, Div'd her old Woman, and rofe there a Maid, Our Trusty Door-keepers of former time, There strut and swagger in Heroic Rhime: Tack

Tack but a Copper-lace to Drugget Suit, The many And there's a Heroe made without dispute: 1500 gsl And that which was a Capon's Tail before, dueb W Becomes a Plume for Indian Emperor 1 1900 rot , bal But all his Subjects, to express the Care in mand agout Of Imitation, go, like Indians, bare; Lac'd Linen there would be a dangerous thing, It might perhaps a new Rebellion bring; The Scot who wore it, wou'd be chosen King. But why shou'd I these Renegades describe, When you your felves have feen a lewder Tribe? Teague has been here, and to this learned Pit, With Life Action flander'd English Wit, You have beheld fuch barb'rous Mac's appear, As Merited a fecond Maffacre: Such as like Cain were branded with diffrace, And had their Country frampt upon their Face. When Stronlers durft presume to pick your Purfe, We humbly thought our broken Troop not worke, How ill foe'er our Action may deferve, Oxford's a Place, where Wit can never flarve. Bee in your moust, left, proclimated Bend.

# PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford. Oxford.

Wolf Carle very notification

Of all who want it, we admire it most,
We love the Praises of a learned Pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.
We speak our Poets Wit, and Trade in Ore,
Like those who touch upon the Golden Shore:
Betwixt our Judges can distinction make,
Discern how much, and why, our Poems take and
Mark if the Fools, or Men of Sense, rejoice,
Whether th' Applause he only Sound or Voice.

### PROLOGUE at Oxford, 1680.

Thebes did his green, unknowing Youth ingage,

Oxford to him a dearer Name shall be, Than his own Mother University.

He chuses Athens in his riper Age.

The spis, the first Professor of our Art,
At Country Wakes, Sung Ballads from a Cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no Trespass,
Dicitur & Plaustris, verife Poemata Thespis.
But Æschylus, says Horace in some Page,
Was the first Mountebank that trod the Stage:

Yet Athens never knew your learned Sport, Of tossing Poets in a Tennis-Court; But 'tis the Talent of our English Nation, Still to be plotting some new Reformation: And few Years hence, if Anarchy goes on, Jack Presbyter shall here erect his Throne, Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a Day, And every Prayer be longer than a Play. Then all your Heathen Wits shall go to pot, For disbelieving of a Popish-plot: Your Poets shall be us'd like Infidels, And worst the Author of the Oxford Bells: Nor should we scape the Sentence, to depart, Ev'n in our first Original, a Cart.
No Zealous Brother there wou'd want a Stone, To maul us Cardinals, and pelt Pope Joan: Religion, Learning, Wit, wou'd be supprest, Rags of the Whore, and Trappings of the Beaft: Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down, As chief Supporters of the Triple Crown; And Aristotle's for destruction ripe, Some say he call'd the Soul an Organ-pipe, Which by some little help of Derivation, Shall then be prov'd a Pipe of Inspiration. Such Men and houses are added a chart Park

### The Prologue to ALBUMAZAR.

And thought, where is not water to us and or less than the land.

Posternos Westernos Translation of the World will

and the castill all and O fay this Comedy pleas'd long ago, Is not enough to make it pass you now. Yet, Gentlemen, your Ancestors had wit; When few Men censur'd, and when fewer writ. And Johnson (of those few the best) chose this As the best Model of his Master-piece: Subtle was got by our Albumazar, That Alchymist by this Astrologer; I now blood not Herer water that which no Man elfe would for

### 234 DRYDEN'S POLMS.

Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose He lik'd the fashion well, who wore the Cleaths. But Ben made nobly his, what he did Mould, What was another's Lead, becomes his Gold: Like an unrighteous Conqueror he Reigns, Yet Rules that well, which he unjuftly Gains. But this our Age fuch Authors does afford, As make whole Plays, and yet scarce write one word: Who in this Anarchy of Wit, rob all; And what's their Plunder, their Poffession call. Who, like bold Padders, fcorn by Night to prey, But rob by Sun-fine, in the Face of Day. Nay scarce the common Ceremony use, Of Stand Sir, and deliver up your Muse; But knock the Poet down, and, with a Grace, Mount Pegafus before the Owner's Face. Faith, if you have such Country Toms abroad; 'Tis time for all true Men to leave that Road, Yet it were modest, could it but be said They strip the Living, but these rob the Dead: Dare with the Mummies of the Muses play, And make Love to them the Ægyptian way: Or as a Rhiming Author would have faid, Join the Dead Living, to the Living Dead. Such Men in Poetry may claim some Part, They have the License, tho' they want the Art. And might, where Theft was prais'd, for Laureats stand, Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand. They make the Benefits of others studying, Much like the Meals of Politic Jack Pudding, Whose dish to challenge no Man has the Courage, 'Tis all his own when once h'has fpit i'th' Porridge. But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this, You are in fault for what they do amis: For they their Thefts ftill undifcover'd think, And durst not steal, unless you please to wink. Perhaps, you may award by your Decree, They shou'd refund, but that can never be. For should you Letters of Reprisal seal, These Men write that which no Man else would steal.

### Prologue to Aviragus Reviv'd:

Likeng's Most & Alleg after the

O thiowrecke Paffengers efeate to Land,

Spoken by Mr. HART.

D So look they when on the face Beach they flend 71TH fickly Actors and an old House too. We're match'd with glorious Theatres and new. And with our Ale-house Scenes, and Clouds bare worn. Can acither raise old Plays, nor new adorn, If all these Ilis could not undo us quite, and and and A brisk French Troop is grown your dear delight. Who with broad bloody Bills call you each day, To laugh and break your Buttons at their Play, 120 2 Or fee some serious Piece, which we presume Is fal'n from fome incomparable Plume; And therefore, Messeurs, if you'll do us Grace, Send Lacquies early to preferve your Place. We dare not on your Privilege intrench, is a stal air Or ask you why you like 'em I they are French. Therefore some go with Countelle exceeding, Neither to hear nor fee, but thow their Breeding. Each Lady striving to out-laugh the reft; To make it feem they understood the fest: Their Countrymen come in, and nothing pay, To teach us English were to clap the Play: Civil Igad: Our Hospitable Land Bears all the Charge, for them to understand : 11 d W Mean time we languish, and neglected lye, 2 2 W 100 Like Wives, white you keep better Company ill but And wish for your own sakes, without a Satyr, with You'd less good Breeding, or had more good Nature. nere (for which n we humbly Will grave Oid Thearres, and belld up New.

### Prologue spoken the first Day of the King's House Acting after the Fire.

raal All ve neslook

CO shipwreckt Passengers escape to Land, So look they, when on the bare Beach they stand Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er, Expecting Famine on a Defart Shore. The Work From that hard Climate we must wait for Bread, bak Whence ev'n the Natives, forc'd by hunger, fled. Our Stage does human Chance present to view, it it But ne'er before was feen fo fadly true sand heid A You are chang'd too, and your Pretence to fee, on W Is but a Nobler Name for Charity, and ban agual o'T Your own Provisions furnish out our Feasts, and and o While you the Founders make your felves the Guests. Of all Mankind befide Fate had some Care, But for poor Wit no portion did prepare, 'Tis left a Rent-Charge to the Brave and Fair. You cherish'd it, and now its Fall you mourn, as . O Which blind unmanner'd Zealors make their fcorn, Who think that Fire a Judgment on the Stage, waste Which spar'd not Temples in its furious Rage. But as our new-built City rifes higher, So from old Theatres may new aspire, was and the Since Fate contrives Magnificence by Fire. Our great Metropolis does far furpass Whate'er is now, and equals all that was: Our Wit as far does Foreign Wit excel, And, like a King, shou'd in a Palace dwell. But we with Golden Hopes are vainly fed, Aliva Land Talk high, and entertain you in a Shed; Your Presence here (for which we humbly sue) Will grace Old Theatres, and build up New.

a dioble year Leneral Carry

as her Sound from hines his mercal.

PROLOGUE for the Women, when they
Acted at the old Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

rings ab these types wards three they the

Tried the Authorities a section of

7Ere none of you, Gallants, e'er driven so hard, As when the poor kind Soul was under grand, And could not do't at home, in some By-street To take a Lodging and in private meet?

Such is our Cafe, we can't appoint our House, The Lovers old and wonted Rendezvouz: But hither to this truffy Nook remove.

The worle the Lodging is, the more the Love. For much good Pastime, many a dear sweet hug Is stol'n in Garrets on the humble Rug.
Here's good Accommodation in the Pit, The grave demurely in the midst may fit. And so the hot Burgundian on the Side, Ply Vizard Mask, and o'er the Benches stride: Here are convenient upper Boxes too,

For those that make the most triumphant show, All that keep Coaches must not sit below. There Gallants, you betwixt the Acts retire, And at dull Plays have fomething to admire : We who look up, can your Addresses mark; And see the Creatures coupled in the Ark: So we expect the Lovers, Braves, and Wits, The gaudy House with Scenes, will serve for Cits. But & p Fools, and they of valt Edace,

The extremely of Andes will inchese.
The danging Knee-fringe, and the Joh-Cravat.
Vet if some fearle with Want may be allowed,

indT'

We as a result of the state of

### Projectif for the Women, when the A PROLOGUE Spoken at the opening of the New House, March 26, 1674.

30 thipspiecké Baffergers wience of La

A Plain-built House, after so long a stay, Will send you half unset it When fall'n from your expected Pomp, you find A bare Convenience only is defign'd. You who each Day can Theatres behold, Like Nero's Palace, thining all with Gold, Our mean unguilded Stage will foarn, we fear, And for the homely Room, disdain the Chear, Yet now cheap Druggets to a Mode are grown, And a plain Suit (fince we can make but one) Is better than to be by tarnish'd gawdry known. They who are by your Favours wealthy made, With mighty Sums may carry on the Trade: We, broken Bankers, half destroy'd by Fire, With our small Stock to humble Roofs retire; Pity our Loss, while you their Pomp admire. For Fame and Honour we no longer strive, We yield in both and only beg to live, at all of order Unable to support their wast Expence, Who build, and treat with fuch Magnificence; That like th' ambitious Monarchs of the Age; They give the Law to our provincial Stage. Great Neighbours enviously promote Excess, While they impose their Splendor on the less. But only Fools, and they of vast Estate, Th' extremity of Modes will imitate, The dangling Knee-fringe, and the Bib-Cravat. Yet if some Pride with Want may be allow'd, We in our Plainness may be justly proud: Our Royal Master will'd it should be fo, Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no show: That

That facred Name gives Ornament and Grace. And like his Stamp makes basest Metals pass. 'Twere Folly now a stately Pile to raise. To build a Play-house while you throw down Plays. Whilft Scenes, Machines, and empty Opera's reign, And for the Pencil you the Pen diffain. While Troops of famila'd Frenchmen hither drive, And laugh at those upon whose Alms they live: Old English Anthors vanish, and give place To these new Conqu'rers of the Norman Race More tamely than your Fathers you lubrait, You're now grown Vaffals to 'em in your Wit: Mark, when they play, how our fine Fops advance The mighty Merits of these Men of France, Keep time, cry Bon, and humour the Cadence: Well, please yourselves; but fure 'tis understood, That French Machines have ne'er done England good: I wou'd not prophetic our House's Pate: But while vain Shows and Scenes you over-rate, Tis to be fear di sous en la consulatorem sui a se That as a Fire the former House o'erthrew, Machines and Tempests will destroy the New.

### E B I L O G U E.

e bed which they referr'd they now will purt.

I roop of frishing Monticurs to facceed:

Yet, Gentlemen, our homely House is new,
A Charm that seldom fails with, wicked, you.
A Country Lip may have the Velvet touch,
Though she's no Lady, you may think her such,
A strong Imagination may do much.
But you, loud Sirs, who tho' your Curls look big,
Critics in plume and white Vallancy Wig,
Who lolling on our foremost Benches sit,
And still charge first, (the true forlorn of Wit)
Whose favours, like the Sun, warm where you roul,
Yet you, like him, have neither Heat nor Soul;

So may your Hats our Foretops never prefs, Untouch'd your Ribbons, facred be our Drefs; So may you flowly to old Age Advance, low I And have th' Excuse of Youth for Ignorance. So may Fop-corner tull of Noise remain, And drive far off the full attentive Train; So may our Midnight Scowrings happy prove, And Morning Batt'ries force your way to love; of bath So may not France your warlike Hands recal, A MO But leave you by each other's Swords to fall: 1963 oT As you come here to ruffle Vizard Pank, and store When, fober, rail, and roar when you are drunk, But to the Wits we can some Merit plead, And urge what by themselves has oft been said: Our House relieves the Ladies from the frights Of ill pav'd Streets, and long dark Winter Nights; The Flanders Horses from a cold bleak Road. Where Bears in Furs dare fcarcely look abroad. The Audience from worn Plays and Fustian Stuff, Of Rhime more nauseous than three Boys in Buff. Though in their House the Poets Heads appear, We hope we may presume their Wits are here. The best which they referv'd they now will play, For, like kind Cuckolds, tho w' have not the way To please, we'll find you abler Men who may. If they shou'd fail, for last Recruits we breed A Troop of frisking Monsieurs to succeed: (You know the French fure Cards at time of need.)

### An EPILOGUE.

Our youthful Poet should not need to fear:
To his green Years your Censures you would suit,
Not blast the Blossom, but expect the Fruit.

The

The Sex that best does Pleasure understand, 2000 104 Will always chuse to err on t'other hand. and add 10 They check not him that's aukard in delight. and wo But clap the young Rogue's Cheek, and fet him right, Thus hearten'd well and flesh'd upon his Prey, The Youth may prove a Man another Day. Your Ben and Fletcher in their first young flight, Did no Volpone, no nor Arbates write. But hopp'd about, and fhort Excursions made wanted From Bough to Bough, as if they were afraid, And each was guilty of some flighted Maid. Shakespear's own Muse her Pericles first bore, The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moore: 'Tis Miracle to fee a first good Play, All Hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day. A slender Poet must have time to grow, a doidy 10 And spread and burnish as his Brothers do. Who still looks lean, fure with some Pox is curst, But no Man can be Falflaf fat at first. Valoren bal Then damn not, but indulge his flew'd Estays, and Encourage him and bloat him up with Praife, That he may get more bulk before he dies: He's not yet fed enough for Sacrifice. Perhaps if now your Grace you will not grudge, He may grow up to write, and you to judge. Paids, they may bong their heavy spect also Willows

## An Epilogue for the King's House.

Its judilike Children when they box with Pilloys.

W E act by fits and starts, like drowning Men,
But just peep up, and then pop down again,
Let those who call us wicked, change their Sense,
For never Men liv'd more on Providence.
Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half so poor,
Nor broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore,
Vol. I

### 242 DRYDENS POEMS.

Not Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents Of the three last ungiving Parliaments. So wretched, that if Pharaob could Divine, He might have spar'd his Dream of seven lean Kine, And chang'd his Vision for the Muses Nine. The Comet, that they say portends a Dearth, Was but a Vapour drawn from Play-house Earth : Pent there fince our last Fire, and Lilly fays, Foreshews our change of State, and thin Third-days. Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor, and another For then the Printer's Press would fuffer more. Their Pamphleteers each Day their Venom spit. They thrive by Treason, and we starve by Wit. Confess the truth, which of you has not laid [Looking Four Farthings out to buy the Hatfield Maid? above. Or which is duller yet, and more wou'd fpite us, Democritus his Wars with Heraclitus. Such are the Authors who have run us down, And exercis'd you Critics of the Town. Yet these are Pearls to your Lumpooning Rhimes, Y' abuse your selves more dully than the Times. Scandal, the Glory of the English Nation, Is worn to Raggs, and scribbled out of Fashion. Such harmless Thrusts, as if, like Fencers wife, They had agreed their Play before their Prize: Faith, they may hang their Harps upon the Willows, Tis just like Children when they box with Pillows. Then put an end to Civil Wars for shame, Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame. Throw down his Pen, and give her as he can, The Satisfaction of a Gentleman.

E att by finenal flatte, blisedrowning idea, Burjan jeur op, and then popowaragair.

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### Prologue to the Princess of CLEVES.

Adies! (I hope there's none behind to hear.) I long to whisper something in your Ear: A Secret, which does much my Mind perplex. There's Treason in the Play against our Sex. A Man that's false to Love, that vows and cheats And kiffes every living thing he meets! A Rogue in Mode, I dare not speak too broad. One that does fomething to the very Bawd. Out on him, Traitor, for a filthy Beaft, to bussies I Nay, and he's like the pack of all the reft; None of 'em stick at mark: They all deceive, Some Few has chang'd the Text, I half believe, There Adam cozen'd our poor Grandame Eve. To hide their Faults they rap out Oaths and tear: Now tho' we lye, we're too well-bred to fwear. So we compound for half the Sin we owe. But Men are dipt for Soul and Body too. And when found out, excuse themselves, Pox cant em. With Latin Stuff, perjuria ridet Amantum. I'm not Book learn'd, to know that word in vogue, But I suspect 'tis Latin for a Rogue. I'm fure I never heard that Scritch-Owl hollow'd In my poor Ears, but Separation follow'd. How can fuch perjur'd Villains e'er be fav'd? Achitopher's not half fo falfe to David. With Vows and fost Expressions to allure, They stand, like Foremen of a Shop, demure: No sooner out of fight, but they are gadding, And for the next new Face ride out a padding. Yet, by their Favour, when they have been kiffing, We can perceive the ready Mony miffing: Well! we may rail, but 'tis as good e'en wink, Something we find, and fomething they will fink. But fince they're at renouncing, 'tis our Parts, To trump their Diamonds, and they trump our Hearts.

### Epilogue to the Princefs of CLEVES.

Qualm of Conscience brings me back again, To make amends to you bespatter'd Men! We Women love like Cats, that hide their Joys, By growling, fqualing, and a hideous Noise. I rail'd at wild young Sparks, but without lying; Never was Man worse thought on for high flying. The Prodigal of Love gives each her Part, And Squand'ring shows, at least, a noble Heart. I've heard of Men, who in some lewd Lampoon, Have hir'd a Friend, to make their Valour known. That Accusation straight this Question brings, What is the Man that does fuch naughty things? The Spaniel Lover, like a fneaking Fop, Lies at our Feet: He's scarce worth taking up. Tis true, fuch Heroes in a Play go far, But Chamber Practice is not like the Bar. When Men fuch vile, fuch feint Petitions make. We fear to give, because they fear to take; Since Modesty's the Virtue of our Kind, Pray let it be to our own Sex confin'd. When Men usurp it from the Female Nation, 'Tis but a Work of Supererogation 'Tis true, We show'd a Princess in the Play. Who gave her Cafar more than all his due. Told her own Faults; but I shou'd much abhor, To chuse a Husband for my Confessor. You fee what Fate follow'd the Saint-like Fcol, For telling Tales from out the Nuptial School. Our Play a merry Comedy had prov'd, Had the confess'd as much to him the lov'd. True Presbyterian-Wives the means wou'd try But damn'd Confessing is flat Popery. Something we find, and fomething they will agic.

Par Ance they le at schonacing, 'tin our larry,

To my dear Friend Mr. Congreve, on bis Comedy, call'd the Double-Dealer.

TELL then; the promis'd Hour is come at last; The prefent Age of Wit obscures the past: Strong were our Sires; and as they Fought they Writ. Conqu'ring with Force of Arms, and dist of Wit; Theirs was the Giant Race, before the Flood; And thus, when Charles Return'd, our Empire stood. Like Janus he the stubborn Soil manur'd. With Rules of Husbandry the Rankness cur'd: Tam'd us to Manners, when the Stage was rude; And boistrous English Wit, with Art indu'd. Our Age was cultivated thus at length; But what we gain'd in Skill we loft in Strength. Our Builders were with want of Genius curft; The fecond Temple was not like the first: 'Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length; Our Beauties equal; but excel our Strength. Firm Dorigue Pillars found your solid Base: The Fair Corinthian crowns the higher Space: Thus all below is Strength, and all above is Grace. J In easie Dialogue is Fletcher's Praise: He mov'd the Mind, but had not Power to raise. Great Johnson did by Strength of Judgment please: Yet doubling Fletcher's Force, he wants his Ease. In differing Talents both adorn'd their Age; One for the Study, t'other for the Stage. But both to Congreve justly shall submit, One match'd in Judgment, both o'ermatch'd in Wit. In him all Beauties of this Age we see; Etherege his Courtship, Southern's Purity; The Satyr, Wit, and Strength of Manly Wicherly. All this in blooming Youth you have atchiev'd: Nor are your foil'd Contemporaries griev'd;

#### DRYDEN'S POEMS. 246

So much the Sweetness of your Manners move, We cannot envy you, because we Love. Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he faw . A Beardless Conful made against the Law, And join his Suffrage to the Votes of Rome; Though He with Hannibal was overcome. Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's Fame; And Scholar to the Youth he taught became.

O that your Brows my Lawrel had fustain'd, Well had I been Depos'd, if you had Reign'd! The Father had descended for the Son; For only you are lineal to the Throne. Thus when the State one Edward did depose; A Greater Edward in his room arose. But now, not I, but Poetry is curs'd; For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first. But let 'em not mistake my Patron's Part; Nor call his Charity their own Defert. Yet this I Prophecy; Thou shalt be seen, and and and (Tho' with some short Parenthesis between) High on the Throne of Wit; and feated there, Not mine (that's little) but thy Lawrel wear. Thy first Attempt an early Promise made; That early Promise this has more than paid. So bold, yet so judiciously you dare, That your least Praise is to be Regular. Time, Place, and Action, may with pains be wrought, But Genius must be born, and never can be taught. This is your Portion; this your native Store: Heav'n that but once was Prodigal before, [more. To Shakespear gave as much; she cou'd not give him ]

Maintain your Post: That's all the Fame you need; For 'tis impossible you shou'd proceed. For 'tis impossible you shou'd proceed.

Already I am worn with Cares and Age; And just abandoning th' ungrateful Stage: Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's Expence, I live a Rent-Charge on his Providence But you, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace adorn, Whom I foresee to better Fortune born, odd er a da IIA Host had now our Be

Be kind to my Remains; and oh defend, Against your Judgment, your departed Friend! Let not th' Insulting Foe my Fame pursue, But shade those Lawrels which descend to You: And take for Tribute what these Lines express: You merit more; nor cou'd my Love do less.

## To Sir Godfrey Kneller, Principal Painter to his Majesty.

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her Kind;

(And still the sweet Idea charms my Mind:)

True, she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her Work, that she forgot her Tongue:
But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the Prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her Eyes.
Such are thy Pictures, Kneller: Such thy Skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy Will:
Comes out, and meets thy Pencil in the Draught:
Lives there, and wants but words to speak her thought.
At least thy Pictures look a Voice; and we
Imagine Sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.

Shadows are but Privations of the Light

Shadows are but Privations of the Light,
Yet when we walk, they shoot before the Sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy Pieces; imitating Life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife;
And from their animated Canvass came,
Demanding Souls; and loosen'd from the Frame.

Prometheus, were he here, wou'd cast away
His Adam, and refuse a Soul to Clay:
And either wou'd thy noble Work inspire;
Or think it warm enough, without his Fire.

But vulgar Hands may vulgar Likeness raise, This is the least Attendant on thy Praise:

From

#### 248 DRYDEN'S POEMS.

From hence the Rudiments of Art began;
A Coal, or Chalk, first imitated Man:
Perhaps, the Shadow, taken on a Wall,
Gave Out-lines to the rude Original:
Ere Canvass yet was strain'd: before the Grace
Of blended Colours found their use and place,
Or Cypress Tablets first receiv'd a Face.

By flow degrees, the Godlike Art advanc'd;
As Man grew polish'd, Picture was inhanc'd;
Greece added Posture, Shade, and Perspective;
And then the Mimic Piece began to Live.
Yet Perspective was lame; no distance true;
But all came forward in one common View:
No point of Light was known, no bounds of Art;
When Light was there, it knew not to depart:
But glaring on remoter Objects play'd:
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not Art, but barely kept alive;
And with Old Greece, unequally did strive:
'Till Goths, and Vandals, a rude Northern Race,
Did all the matchless Monuments deface.
Then all the Muses in one ruin lye;
And Rhime began t'enervate Poetry.
Thus in a stupid Military State,
'The Pen and Pencil sind an equal Fate.
Flat Faces, such as wou'd disgrace a Skreen,
Such as in Bantam's Embassy were seen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight

Long time the Sister Arts, in Iron sleep,
A heavy Sabbath did supinely keep:
At length in Raphael's Age, at once they rise;
Stretch all their Limbs, and open all their Eyes.

Of Brutal Nations, only born to Fight,

Thence rose the Roman, and the Lombard Line: One colour'd best, and one did best design.

Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler Part;

But Titian's Painting look'd like Virgil's Art,

Thy Genius gives thee both; where true Defign, Postures unforc'd, and lively Colours join.

Likeness

Likepes is ever there; but still the best, Like proper Thoughts in losty Language drest. Where Light to Shades descending, plays, not strives; Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives. Of various Parts a perfect Whole is wrought: Thy Pictures think, and we Divine their Thought?

\* Shakespear, thy Gift, I place before my Sight; With awe, Lafk his Bleffing ere I write; With Rev'rence look on his Majestic Face; Proud to be less; but of his Godlike Race. His Soul inspires me, while thy Praise I write, And I like Toucer, under Ajax Fight. Bids thee, thro' me, be bold; with dauntless Breast Contemn the bad, and emulate the best. Like his, thy Critics in th' Attempt are loft: When most they rail, know then, they envy most. In vain they marl a-loof; a noise Crowd, Like Womens Anger, impotent and loud. While they their barren Industry deplore, Pass on secure; and mind the Goal before: Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind; Bear off the Blast, and intercept the Wind. Our Arts are Sifters; though not Twins in Birth; For Hymns were fung in Eden's happy Earth: But oh, the Painter Muse, tho' last in place, Has feiz'd the Bleffing first, like Jacob's Race. Apelles' Art an Alexander found ; And Raphael did with Lea's Gold'abound; But Homer was with barren Laurel crown'd. Thou hadft thy Charles a while, and fo had I; But pass we that unpleasing Image by... Rich in thy felf; and of thy felf Divine, All Pilgrims come and offer at thy Shrine. A graceful Truth thy Pencil can Command: The Fair themselves go mended from thy Hand: Likeness appears in every Lineament; But Likeness in thy Work is Eloquent:

<sup>\*</sup> Shakespear's Picture drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and given to the Author.

Tho' Nature there, her true Refemblance bears.

A nobler Beauty in thy Piece appears.

So warm thy Work, fo glows the gen'rous Frame,
Flesh looks less living in the lovely Dame.

Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,
When on wild Nature we ingraft our Skill:

But not creating Beauties at our Will.

But Poets are confin'd in narr'wer space,
To speak the Language of their Native Place;
The Painter widely stretches his Command:
Thy Pencil speaks the Tongue of ev'ry Land,
From hence, my Friend, all Climates are your own;
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All Nations all Immunities will give
To make you theirs; where-e'er you please to live;
And not sev'n Cities, but the World wou'd strive.

When first you were conducted to this Isle: World (Our Genius brought you here, t'inlarge our Fame) (For your good Stars are ev'ry where the same) Thy matchless Hand, of ev'ry Region free, Adopts our Climate; not our Climate thee.

\*Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee th' Examples of their wondrous Art.
Those Masters then, but seen, not understood,
With gen'rous Emulation fir'd thy Blood:
For what in Nature's Dawn the Child admir'd,
The Youth endeavour'd, and the Man acquir'd.

If yet thou hast not reach'd their high Degree,
Tis only wanting to this Age, not thee.
Thy Genius, bounded by the Times, like mine,
Drudges on petty Draughts, nor dare design
A more exalted Work, and more Divine.
For what a Song, or senseless Opera
Is to the living Labour of a Play;
Or, what a Play to Virgit's Work wou'd be,
Such is a single Piece to History.

Shakespear's.

<sup>\*</sup> He travel'd very young into Italy.

But we, who Life bestow, ourselves must live; Kings cannot Reign, unless their Subjects give. And they who pay the Taxes, bear the Rule: Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a Fool; But so his Follies in thy Posture sink, The senseless Ideot seems at last to think.

(Good Heav'n! that Sotsand Knaves shou'd be so vain, To wish their vile Resemblance may remain! And stand recorded, at their own Request, To suture Days, a Libel or a Jest.)

Else shou'd we see your noble Pencil trace
Our Unities of Action, Time, and Place.
A Whole compos'd of Parts; and those the best;
With ev'ry various Character exprest.
Heroes at large; and at a nearer View;
Less, and at Distance, an ignobler Crew.
While all the Figures in one Action join,
As tending to compleat the main Design.

More cannot be by mortal Art express;
But venerable Age shall add the rest.
For Time shall with his ready Pencil stand;
Retouch your Figures, with his ripening Hand;
Mellow your Colours, and imbrown the Teint;
Add every Grace, which Time alone can grant;
To suture Ages shall your Fame convey;
And give more Beauties than he takes away.

To the Earl of Roscommon, on his excellent Essay on translated Verse.

tarbash altangal a latin, alta at espain issis

WHether the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian Shore,
The Seeds of Arts and Infant Science bore,
'Tis fure the noble Plant, translated first,
Advanc'd its Head in Grecian Gardens nurst.
The Grecians added Verse, their tuneful Tongue
Made Nature first, and Nature's God their Song;

Nor

Nor stope Translation here: For conqu'ring Rome, With Grecian Spoils, brought Grecian Numbers home; Enrich'd by those Athenian Muses more, Than all the vanquish'd World cou'd yield before. 'Till barb'rous Nations and more barb'rous Times Debas'd the Majesty of Verse to Rhimes; Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling Prose, That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close: But Italy reviving from the Trance Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish Ignorance, With Pauses, Cadence, and well-vowell'd Words, And all the Graces a good Ear affords, Made Rhyme an Art, and Dante's polish'd Page Restor'd a Silver, not a Golden Age: Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see, What Rhyme improv'd in all its height can be: At best a pleasing Sound, and fair Barbarity: The French pursu'd their Steps; and Britain, last In manly Sweetness all the rest surpass'd. The Wit of Greece, the Gravity of Rome Appear exalted in the British Loom The Muses Empire is restor'd again, In Charles his Reign, and by Roscommon's Pen. Yet modestly he does his Work survey, And calls a finish'd Poem an ESSAY; For all the needful Rules are scatter'd here; Truth fmoothly told, and pleasantly severe; So well is Art difguis'd, for Nature to appear.) Nor need those Rules, to give Translation light: His own Example is a Flame fo bright; That he, who but arrives to copy well, Unguided will advance; unknowing will excel. Scarce his own Horace could fuch Rules ordain; Or his own Virgil fing a nobler Strain. How much in him may rifing Ireland boaft, How much in gaining him has Britain loft! Their Island in revenge has ours reclaim'd, The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd. "Tis well for us his gen'rous Blood did flow Deriv'd from British Channels long ago, That

That here his conqu'ring Ancestors were nurst; And Ireland but translated England first: By this Reprisal we regain our Right, Else must the two contending Nations fight, A nobler Quarrel for his Native Earth. Than what divided Greece for Homer's Birth. To what Perfection will our Tongue arrive, How will Invention and Translation thrive. When Authors nobly born will bear their part. And not disdain th' inglorious Praise of Art! Great Generals thus descending from Command, With their own Toil provoke the Soldiers Hand. How will fweet Ovid's Ghoft be pleas'd to hear His Fame augmented by an English Peer, How he embellishes His Helen's Loves. Out-does his Softness, and his Sense improves? When these translate, and teach Translators too, Nor Firstling Kid; nor any Vulgar Vow Shou'd at Apollo's grateful Altar stand; Roscommon writes, to that auspicious Hand) Muse feed the Bull that spurns the yellow Sand. Rofcommon, whom both Court and Camps commend,. True to his Prince, and faithful to his Friend; Roscommon first in Fields of Honour known, First in the peaceful Triumphs of the Gown; Who both Minerva's justly makes his own. Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better Clay, On equal Terms with ancient Wit ingage, Nor mighty Homer fear, nor facred Virgil's Page : Our English Palace opens wide in State; And without stooping they may pass the Gate.

\* The Earl of Mulgrave.

Sillio Diano more in columny de column oriente oriente Whole Morning Lage the exceptible will work

Whom general happing the that the this of a EPILOGUE

### EPILOGUE

Intended to bave been spoken by the Lady Hen. Mar. Wentworth, when Califto was Asted at Court.

S Jupiter I made my Court in vain. I'll now assume my Native shape again. I'm weary to be fo unkindly us'd, And would not be a God to be refus'd. State grows uneafie when it hinders Love, A glorious Burden, which the wife remove. Now as a Nymph I need not fue, nor try, The force of any lightning but the Eye. Beauty and Youth more than a God command; No Jove could e'er the force of these withstand. 'Tis here that Sovereign Power admits dispute, Beauty sometimes is justly absolute. Our fullen Cato's whatfoe'er they fay, E'en while they frown and dictate Laws, obey. You, mighty Sir, our Bonds more easie make, And gracefully what all must suffer, take. Above these forms the Grave affect to wear; For 'tis not to be wife to be fevere. True wisdom may some gallantry admit, And foften business with the charms of wit. These paceful Triumphs with your Cares you bought. And from the midst of fighting Nations brought. You only hear it thunder from afar, And fit in Peace the Arbiter of War. Peace, the loath'd Manna, with hot Brains despise, You knew its worth, and made it early prize: And in its happy leifure fit and fee, The promises of more felicity. Two glorious Nymphs of your own Godlike line, Whose Morning Rays like Noontidestrike and shine. Whom you to suppliant Monarchs shall dispose, To bind your Friends and to difarm your Foes.

# Upon the Death of the LORD HASTINGS.

Written in the Year 1649, when at Westminster School,

TUST noble Hastings immaturely die, (The Honour of his ancient Family;) Beauty and Learning thus together meet, To bring a Winding for a Wedding-Sheet? Must Virtue prove Death's Harbinger? must She, With him expiring feel Mortality? Is Death (Sin's wages) Grace's now? shall Art Make us more Learned, only to depart; If Merit be disease, if Virtue Death; To be Good, not to be, who'd then bequeath be Himself to Discipline? who'd not esteem was 15 Labour a Crime, Study felf-murther deem ? Miles Our noble Youth now have pretence to be Dunces securely, Ign'rant healthfully. Rare Linguist! whose worth speaks itself, whose praise, Tho' not his own, all Tongues besides do raise: Than whom, great Alexander may feem lefs; Who conquer'd Men, but not their, Languages. In his Mouth Nations spake; his Tongue might be Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy last sallow of His native Soil was the four parts o'th' Earth : ... All Europe was too narrow for his Birth. A young Apostle; and (with rev'rence may I speak it) inspir'd with gift of Tongues, as they. Nature gave him, a Child, what Men in vain Oft strive, by Art though further'd to obtain. His body was an Orb, his fublime Souled on and O Did move on Virtue's, and on Learning's Pole: Whole reg lar motions better to our view, hand call Than Archimede's Sphere, the Heavens did shew. Grades and Virtues, Languages and Arts, Beauty and Learning, filled up all the parts. ... Jan Heaven's

Heaven's Gifts, which do, like falling Stars, appear Scatter'd in others; all as in their Sphere, Were fix'd and conglobat in's Soul; and thence Shone th'row his Body, with sweet influence; Letting their Glories so on each Limb fall, The whole Frame render'd was Celestial. Come, learned Ptolemy, and tryal make, If thou this Hero's altitude canst take: But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy all, Could we but prove thus Aftronomical. Liv'd Tycho now, struck with this Ray, (which shone More bright i'th' Morn, than other Beams at Noon) He'd take his Aftrolabe, and feek out here. What new Star 'twas did gild our Hemisphere. Replenish'd then with such rare Gifts as these, Where was room left for fuch a foul Disease? The Nation's Sin hath drawn that Veil, which shrouds Our day-spring in so sad benighting Clouds. Heaven would no longer trust its Pledge; but thus Recall'd it; rapt its Ganymede from us. Was there no milder way but the Small-Pox, The very filth'ness of Pandora's Box ? So many Spots, like næves, our Venus foil? One Jewel fet off with so many a foil; Blifters with Pride swell'd, which through's flesh did Like Rose buds, stuck i'th' Lilly-skin about. [sprout Each little Pimple had a Tear in it, To wail the Fault its rifing did commit: Who, Rebel-like, with their own Lord at strife, Thus made an Infurrection 'gainst his Life. Or were these Gems sent to adorn his Skin, The Cab'net of a richer Soul within; No Comet need foretel his change drew on Whose Corps might seem a Constellation O had he dy'd of old, how great a strife . [Life; Had been, who from his death should draw their Who should by one rich draught, become what-e'er Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cafar, were; Learn'd, Virtuous, Pious, Great; and have by this An Universal Metempsychofis. Muft

Must all these ag'd Sires in one Funeral Expire? all die in one so young, so small? Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great Fame Had swoln bove any Greek or Roman Name. But hafty Winter, with one blaft, had brought The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to nought. Thus fades the Oak i'th' fpring, i'th' blade the Corn; Thus without Young, thus Phanix dies, new born. Must then old three-legg'd gray Beards with their Catarhs, Rheums, Aches, live three ages out? [Gout. Time's Offal, only for th' Hospital, Or to hang Antiquaries Rooms withal; Must Drunkards, Leachers, spent with sinning, live With fuch helps as Broths, Poffets, Physic give; None live, but fuch as should die? shall we meet With none but ghoftly Fathers in the Street? Grief makes me rail; Sorrow will force its way; And Showers of Tears Tempestuous Sighs bett lay. The Tongue may fail; but over-flowing Eyes Will weep out lasting streams of Elegies. But thou, O Virgin-widow, left alone, Now thy beloved. Heaven-ravisht Spoule is gone. (Whose skilful Sire in vain strove to apply, Med'cines when thy Balm was no remedy) With greater than Platonic Love, O wed His Soul, tho' not his Body to thy Bed: Let that make thee a Mother; bring thou forth Th' Idea's of his Virtue, Knowledge, Worth; Transcribe th' Original in new Copies; give Haftings o'th' better part: fo shall he live In's nobler half; and the great Grandfire be Of an Heroic Divine Progeny: An Issue, which t' Eternity shall last, Yet but th' Irradiations which he cast. Erect no Mausoleums: for his best Monument is his Sponses marble Breaft.



## HIND

ANDTHE

## PANTHER

TRANSVERSED

To the STORY of the

COUNTRY-MOUSE,

AND THE

CITY-MOUSE.

By CHARLES MONTAGUE, late Earl of Hallifax, and MATTHEW PRIOR, Efq;

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit.

Hind and Panther.

Nec vult PANTHERA domari.

Quæ Genus.

V. Carl-of-hallifay 's works.